



# REBIRTH: HOW A LOSER BECAME A PRINCE CHARMING

BOOK 02

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EPUB CREATION BY LISA HAYES

# Rebirth: How A Loser Became A Prince Charming

(重生之抠脚大汉变男神)

by

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# Synopsis

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Qin Guan was reborn and sent back to his final semester in High School 18 years ago.

Getting a second chance at life, he works hard to turn things around and eventually become a Prince Charming.

What will his life be like the second time around? What will he have to go through?

How will he succeed in turning from a loser into a Prince Charming?

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# Chapter 101: Final Rejection

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With his cartoon shirt and his pure smile, Qin Guan had won the girls' favor. After having dined and wined to satiety, they considered Qin Guan a member of their group. After lunch, Qin Guan took Cong Nianwei to her dormitory and bid her farewell, unwilling to part with her. Taking advantage of her waving her hand, he ran up to her and kissed her on the face. Then he sped up and ran away. As he was running, he shouted at the girls, "Now we are at the kissing stage! Ha ha!"

The girls laughed and shouted, making fun of Cong Nianwei. Cong Nianwei's cheeks started burning at once. Touching the spot where Qin Guan had kissed her unconsciously, she grumbled flirtingly, "So much saliva!" Then she ran back to her dormitory.

After kissing her, Qin Guan felt like he was walking on a cloud for the whole afternoon. It was dark by the time he left the library and went back to his dormitory. Before he went to bed, he received a call from Cong Nianwei. She rarely calls me at night. What's happened?

He heard Cong Nianwei sobbing on the other end of the line. "What should I do, Qin Guan? Chi Hailin has committed suicide!"

What? Chi has dared commit suicide? Qin Guan's first thought was to misdoubt her words, but he comforted Cong Nianwei calmly, "Calm down. Tell me more, and I'll be there soon." Then he got dressed to go out. After walking a short distance outside the door, he went back. If the matter proves to be significant, I won't be dressed well enough to face a crowd. I have to ask someone to go

with me.

Qin Guan returned to his dormitory and asked Wang Lei and Liu Xiaoyang to go with him without any further explanation. He hadn't know much about the matter himself after all.

In the taxi, Cong Nianwei gave Qin Guan more context. Apparently, Chi Hailin had wanted to put an end to his first love. He hadn't gone to class that afternoon. He had bought a bouquet to confess his love to Cong Nianwei instead. When Cong Nianwei had returned to her dormitory at dusk, she had found Chi with the bouquet under a tree. Her friends had realized what the guy was about to do immediately, so they'd left Cong Nianwei alone. Before Cong Nianwei could reject him, Chi Hailin had gotten down on one knee and told her excitedly, "I love you, Cong Nianwei. Will you be my girlfriend?"

His resounding confession had attracted the attention of the students passing by. They had all turned to the secret corner and watched the drama unfold. Onlookers had gathered rapidly. Even the sills of the dormitory building had been full of heads. That boy is so brave to dare confess his love outside the girls' dormitory! (In 1999, such a thing was unexpected. It wasn't like nowadays, when confessions take place everywhere.)

Finishing his confession. Chi had tried to hand Cong Nianwei the bouquet.

Embarrassed, Cong Nianwei had told Chi, "I already have a boyfriend. I appreciate the sentiment though. I'm sorry."

Then she'd planned on leaving for her dormitory. The word sorry had crushed Chi's heart like a giant rock. Looking up, he had seen that Cong Nianwei was about to leave. He had stood up unconsciously and taken hold of her wrist. Slightly excited, Chi had refused to accept her answer. He had shouted at Cong Nianwei loudly, "In which aspect am I inferior to that guy? Is there anything he's better at than me?" Cong had felt her wrist hurt in his hand.

She had been thinking calmly of a way to get away. What shall I say to him? That we don't know each other that well? That Qin Guan is better than him in all aspects except studying? Such a truth was inappropriate to say out loud. She had to state the facts. "You are a good man, but love is not reasonable. I love him, not you."

Queen Cong Nianwei's words had hurt him. Her roommates had seen Chi pulling at her. For fear that Cong Nianwei would be in danger, they had run downstairs to help. When they had gotten there, Chi had still been shouting loudly at her, "You didn't even try to get along with me! How do you know that you wouldn't fall in love with me?"

Love was a mystery that could be generated in time, but in most cases, it happened at first sight, in one second, one moment. The image of one's lover was imprinted on their heart, eyes, and brain, never fading away. In one's youth, if they made a choice by listening to their heart, that choice was made with love.

Cong Nianwei had thought Chi was unreasonable and had

planned on not engaging with him anymore. With the help of her roommates, she had escaped his hands. Massaging her hurting wrist, she had told him ruthlessly, "I think I have made myself clear. Don't mess with me anymore. I'm telling you once more that I already have a boyfriend and I love him very much."

How powerful her majesty was! That final rejection was the best way to avoid more serious harm in the future. Returning to her dormitory, Cong Nianwei had taken a deep, relaxing breath. Chi had been pursuing her for a long time. Other boys would have given up at her rejection, but he had kept fighting.

She hadn't gotten the chance to reject him this openly and officially before. That day would be the end of this affair.

Cong Nianwei was resolute, but Chi Hailin had lost his mind. Muddle-headed, he had watched his goddess leave with her roommates, her final words haunting his mind. Qin Guan is her boyfriend. It was his first time to experience failure. In the first 19 years of his life, that lucky boy had been used to his parents and teachers' praise. He had always been a role model for other children.



# Chapter 102: The Suicide Farce

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It was the first time that he had been inferior to somebody. In his battle for love, he had been utterly defeated. As he'd thought about this, Chi had looked around and seen the onlookers pointing at him and talking.

"See, he was rejected."

"It's terrible. He held that girl with such force!"

"He also shouted at her."

"He's scary. I wouldn't want to have such a pursuer."

"Exactly."

Congratulations, Chi! You became famous around the area. Chi had felt hopeless.

Carrying the bouquet, he had walked to his dormitory slowly, getting sadder and sadder by the minute.

His failure had taken place in public, so he'd felt that he had nothing left to live for. Pushing open the door of his dormitory, he had thrown the deliberately chosen bouquet into the dustbin without hesitation. Falling on his bed, he had tried recall the details of his relationship with Cong Nianwei. (My dear boy, it was

all in your imagination. Can time spent in the same class be considered a relationship?)

His thoughts had been really sad. The earlier scene and the words of the onlookers had resurfaced in his mind again and again. I'll be renowned all over the university. (You overestimate yourself. QH is a large university. You are just a nobody there.) Finally, his thoughts had turned to death.

He had slowly gotten up, opened the drawer, and taken something out. Then he had called Cong Nianwei.

"Goodbye, Cong Nianwei. I'll end my life at the place where we met for the first time. I'll be cherishing your smile in my heart."

Before she could say something, he had hung up. What a romantic farewell!

For some unknown reason, Chi had called all his good friends before he'd left, so all his classmates had found out that he no longer wished to live after that unsuccessful confession. What a drama queen! Cong Nianwei hadn't cared about the call. However, not long after, some classmates who were close to Chi had run to Cong Nianwei one after the other for help. They couldn't find Chi Hailin anymore.

Thus, Cong Nianwei had realized that the matter was serious. Chi had said that he would take his own life at the place where they'd met for the first time. The problem was that she had no recollection of that place. She couldn't remember the first time she

had met Chi at all!

All the girls were anxious. Unconsciously, Cong Nianwei had thought of Qin Guan. Under ordinary circumstances, he was a playful guy, but for her, he was unexplainably reliable. A boyfriend was the one a girl could rely on in such a situation.

Qin Guan had flied over at Cong Nianwei's call and met her at the entrance of QH. By that time, Chi's classmates had scattered around the campus, looking for traces of him. Zhao Tianyi, Chi's best friend and silly partner, followed Cong Nianwei around, acting like an animal with acute intuition. In his opinion, that was the best way to find Chi Hailin.

Actually, he was overthinking this. Cong Nianwei had no idea what was going on, that's why she had called her boyfriend for help.

Zhao Tianyi saw three students getting off a taxi. One of them was Qin Guan, Cong Nianwei's boyfriend.

Zhao Tianyi jumped at Qin Guan, cursing, "You dare come here to chat with your girlfriend? You killed Chi!" Qin Guan nearly laughed out loud. I came all this way for Chi, because my girlfriend is scared. Whose fault is this? You are blaming your anger on others! Do you consider yourself a role model?

Qin Guan couldn't bear to leave with Cong Nianwei. Chi's death had nothing to do with her after, but she was a tender person.

Qin Guan took a long breath and pushed Zhao's hand aside. Taking Cong Nianwei's hand, he told her, "I have thought about this on the way here. It's not our fault. Chi was taking advantage of your kindness to force you to give in. If he really wanted to commit suicide, why didn't he find a quiet place? Why did he inform so many people? He is just striving for other people's sympathy. It's disgusting that a QH student would use their IQ in this way."

Zhao Tianyi wanted to object, but he didn't know what to say. Nobody was that silly. They all understood gradually when they calmed down. The students slowed down their steps. Qin Guan was comforting his girlfriend, trying to get her to remember, "Which way did you go when you registered at QH?"

Cong Nianwei, who had calmed down by then, tried to recall, "I went through the main entrance and walked this way like most people." They had walked that way until they had reached the dormitory building. Cong Nianwei finally pulled at Qin Guan. "I remember! After I unpacked my luggage, my parents and I went through the trees to the lake to do some sightseeing."

They all ran to the lake. On the way there, they saw Chi's roommate. The boy ran up to them breathlessly. His eyes lit up when he saw Cong Nianwei. He asked them excitedly, "Did you find him?"

Qin Guan asked him to calm down. "We are looking for him. What's the matter?"

The boy got even more anxious. He shouted at Cong Nianwei hysterically, "Why are you still here? He took pills!"

"How do you know that?" Qin Guan asked him calmly. "What kind of pills? How many did he take?"

Are you kidding? Whenever Chi caught a cold, he'd take two packs of Herba Thesii!

## Chapter 103: Cheating For Mercy

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Influenced by Qin Guan, the boy slowed down. "I just returned to my dormitory, hoping to find Chi there. Instead, I found the medicine drawer open. Two boxes of painkillers were missing. Chi might have taken them. That medicine was in case of an emergency."

Qin Guan felt a little nervous. Painkillers were better than sleeping pills, but a large dose could be deadly. "How many pills are there in one box?" he asked.

"12. He took two boxes, so 24 pills."

It was a large quantity. Qin Guan shouted at the others, "Hurry up! Chi may be by the lake!" They sped up and reached the lake, where they found Chi sitting in the pavilion by the bank. His head was leaning against a pillar, and the empty painkiller boxes were at his feet.

Qin Guan rushed into the pavilion and asked him, "Did you take the pills?"

Chi Hailin looked normal. "Just did," he answered unconsciously.

Qin Guan relaxed and looked at Wang Lei behind him. Wang Lei understood. The two of them supported Chi from both sides.

Qin Guan told Cong Nianwei, "We'll take him to hospital so he

can get professional treatment." Cong Nianwei nodded. She was a calm, good girl. She would never cause them any trouble.

They took a taxi to the nearest hospital. In five minutes, they were at the second QH affiliated hospital. There were only doctors on duty at the ER at night. Qin Guan carried Chi into the emergency room without hesitation as Wang Lei ran to the registration office. Qin Guan explained everything to the doctor in a hurry.

"Chi Hailin, male, 19 years old, QH student. He took 24 painkillers seven minutes ago."

The doctor checked his pupils with a small flashlight before waving his hand. "Gastric lavage!"

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When Chi Hailin walked out of the treatment room weakly, the doctor declared that he was fine, and they were all sent away. Qin Guan handed Chi the receipt. "Keep it. Don't forget to return the money. Just give it to my girlfriend."

Wang Lei felt sympathy for Chi. Your enemy loves money. You are doomed.

They took a taxi back and saw Cong Nianwei waiting by the entrance from afar. It was a September night, so it was not cold. If Cong Nianwei had suffered, Qin Guan would have made Chi pay.

Her roommates were also around. Cong Nianwei asked Qin Guan worriedly, "What's going on?"

Qin Guan sighed. "The doctor said he's okay." Cong Nianwei sneered and handed Qin Guan an empty package. Qin Guan took it and read carefully, "XXX painkiller. The basis is XXX. The normal dosage is 12 pills a day..."

F\*ck! Chi took 24 pills. What does that mean? It means that he had a cup of espresso without sugar and milk! He had played everyone! They had paid so much attention to a farce! Qin Guan walked up to Chi, rolled his sleeves up, and hit him in the stomach.

Chi bent over and spit up some kind of liquid. Zhao Tianyi was angry. He supported Chi, shouting at Qin Guan, "He has just had gastric lavage! Why are you beating him up?" Qin Guan sneered and poked at Chi's head with the package. Zhao Tianyi thought that Qin Guan wanted to beat him, so he covered his friend's head unconsciously.

Qin Guan kept poking Chi's head. "Why are you silent? Aren't you always angry with me? Why don't you say anything? Why don't you explain to your friend? Are you ashamed of what you did?"

Zhao Tianyi put his hands down and asked curiously, "Explain what to me?"

Chi had been lying to everyone. He smiled at Zhao shyly as he



said, "I just wanted to scare Cong Nianwei by taking pills, but there were only painkillers in our dormitory. I thought that they were not dangerous, but they would scare everyone. You left no time for me to express my feelings to Cong Nianwei before you took me away."

He felt wronged. If everything had gone according to his plan, Cong Nianwei would have been shocked to tears by his life-risking actions. Then they would have exchanged heartfelt words and gotten together with everyone's blessing. He had even prepared a poem in honor of their love.

"Life is precious. The price for love is high. I wish to lose my freedom and life for you."

Was it an impressive poem? Definitely not!

Chi kept complaining, "Before I could explain, we were at the hospital. The doctor was serious, and I was scared, so I agreed to the gastric lavage."

Young man, the doctor thought you had taken powerful painkillers, not XXX painkillers.

Therefore, Chi had suffered through the gastric lavage. (Has anybody here had gastric lavage? It's really painful!)

## Chapter 104: Thief!

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Before he had recovered, Chi was beaten by Qin Guan. To whom could he express his grievance? Chi was going to cry.

Cong Nianwei couldn't bear to be around someone with such a low IQ. Covering her forehead helplessly, she waved to Qin Guan. "I have a headache. Don't talk to him, your IQ will get lower. Take me back to my dormitory."

Liu Xiaoyang burst into laughter. This is free entertainment! How could Chi even survive this far in life?

Since the heroine had left, everyone walked away, smiling to themselves. The funny incident was spreading as fast as a tide. It was already considered one of the most ridiculous events of the year.

As Chi's best friend, Zhao Tianyi helped him back to their dormitory and tried to comfort him. The two lonely boys could be seen under the dim light of the lamps. Friendship lasted forever. A true friend supporting one unconditionally was a life fortune. Forget about love, Chi Hailin. Go down the road of friendship instead!

Liu Xiaoyang couldn't stop laughing on the way back. He narrated the story vividly to other people as he returned to his dormitory. Thus, a new legend about Qin Guan started spreading around campus. It was said that his girlfriend was as pretty as a fairy, and all the boys at QH had committed suicide for her. Like a god from

Heaven, Qin Guan had rescued the stray lambs with his charm.

What juicy gossip!

The incident remained in Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei's memory as a brief interlude. After many years, there would only be sweetness left.

What was Qin Guan doing then? He was working on the freshman welcoming party, helping Ye Dong organize it. After the tedious military training, the freshmen had returned to college. They were fixing up the hall for the party, as those guys were too disoriented by the prank calls junior girls were playing on them.

Qin Guan didn't stay for long, as he had to go to Huang Jiajia's home. When he arrived and saw the smile on her mother's face, he knew Huang Jiajia had gotten a good mark on the general examination. On the school report, which Huang Jiajia cherished like treasure, Qin Guan saw a series of A's. The few B's couldn't influence the final result. Qin Guan praised Huang Jiajia and promised to take her to Carrefour the next day.

Huang Jiajia was really excited that they would go on a date together. Early the next morning, she turned over her chest of clothes, looking for something to wear.

"Too simple!" She threw a piece of clothing away.

"That skirt is too short!" You have turned your back to evil and

returned to the good side, Miss Huang. Did you forget your bare midriff and the miniskirts you used to wear?

"Not good!"

"Not good enough!"

Huang Jiajia weeded out most of her clothes. When one needed to dress up, they always wished they had more clothes than they did. Finally, Huang Jiajia decided on the outfit she would wear that day.

She looked pretty in her white sweater, skinny jeans and white child-like shoes. Before leaving, she took two bills from her mother's wallet and a yellow backpack decorated with rivets. It was the perfect outfit for a date!

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The Carrefour supermarket was near the capital zoo. A famous garment wholesale market was located diagonally across the busy road. The location was perfect. She was early for her date, so Huang Jiajia enjoyed the lively scene outside Carrefour.

A new discount mall had opened that day. Balloons and colorful ribbons could be seen everywhere, and promotion girls were standing by the entrance. The most interesting thing were the two large bears played by real people, who were giving out leaflets to passersby. The two bears had short arms and legs and were

charmingly naive. Huang Jiajia was deeply absorbed in them.

Suddenly, she heard a noise. A motorcycle passed through the street, the driver grabbing the bag of a lady. The motorcycle went through the crowd and passed by the entrance of Carrefour. In a moment, it would reach the road and nobody would be able to catch the thief anymore.

The thief smiled happily, and the lady stopped chasing him, accepting her misfortune. Everything had happened in a moment, so the onlookers had had no time to react. The thief pressed on the accelerator proudly. Huh? Why am I still this far from the road? He turned his head around, realizing that his motor was being pulled by a hairy bear paw. One of the bears giving out leaflets by the road was holding on to the running motor with one paw.

The back wheel was lifted from the ground, emitting thick smoke. The motorbike couldn't move. It was as motionless as a statue.

"Wonderful!" The onlookers applauded.

Huang Jiajia was really excited. So powerful! So brilliant! It was the kind of scene one saw in an action movie, not in real life.

The guy in the bear costume waved at the onlookers, acknowledging their applause. Dear onlookers, please be serious. He is no acrobat! The thief was ferocious. He got off the motorcycle and pulled at the bear with force. It was difficult for its thick hairy paw to hold on. The bear loosened its grip. Taking advantage of it,

the thief lifted up his motorbike, ready to escape.

# Chapter 105: Catching The Thief

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The clever bear stood up straight and rushed after the motorcycle, which was already leaving. Its short legs didn't allow it to catch it though. It ended up lying on the ground instead. "Oh!" the onlookers shouted in surprise. Don't just watch! Go help the bear!

Before the thief could speed up, an arm stretched out and seized his neck, pulling him off the motorbike. Huang Jiajia fixed her eyes on the guy and realized it was Teacher Qin.

Forgetting the thrilling incident just now, she started screaming like a maniac, "Teacher Qin! You are so handsome! Teacher Qin, I love you!"

Qin Guan murmured helplessly, "Why are you guys standing there? Come help me!" The thief tried to stand up, but Qin Guan pressed him down with his arms. The bear turned its head around and stared at the thief angrily. Before the onlookers could come to help, it sat down on the thief with its fat bottom.

Everything went dark before the thief's eyes, the cheap man-made bear hair filling his eyes and nostrils. His legs were shaking under the bear's bottom. How interesting! Qin Guan pulled his own arms from the bear's butt at once. Patting on the brave costumed man, he said, "Stop, stop! He'll choke up!" Then he asked the onlookers, "Did anybody call the police?"

"Sure! We called the police as soon as we saw the thief. We're

close to the police station. They'll be here soon!"

The owner took the bag from the shaking thief and let out a relaxed breath. Her bag had been taken just after she'd left the ATM, so she was very thankful to those brave men. She bowed in gratitude before Qin Guan and the bear, and then waited for the police quietly. Qin Guan nodded at her before he turned around to find the bear trying to move its bottom. It was too fat to stand up. Holding back a smile, Qin Guan and Huang Jiajia took hold of the bear's arms and pull it off the thief.

The bear pushed its mask off with effort, exposing a red round face. The girl in the costume shouted at Qin Guan happily, waving the mask in her hand, "Senior Qin, Senior Qin! I'm Mou Xiaoliu!" Her forehead was covered in sweat because of the thick costume, shining bright in the sunshine. She looked like a real bear with her red round cheeks.

Smiling in satisfaction and adoration, Mou Xiaoliu thought to herself, "Senior Qin is so kind-hearted and powerful. He defeated the thief by himself."

Dear girl, you underestimate yourself. Without your thick costume, the thief might have crashed his motorcycle. He should be thanking god that he escaped death.

Huang Jiajia was angry with the girl, who was calling Qin Guan a senior. I have to tolerate Cong Nianwei as his official girlfriend, but I'm going to be his sister. How dare you try to take my position! I'm so jealous! Acting like a spoiled child, Huang Jiajia said angrily, "Hey, who are you? Do you know her, Qin Guan? She



called you Senior Qin!"

Qin Guan hit her on the forehead helplessly. "Be polite! She really is my sister. I met her at the railway station when I was welcoming the freshmen."

Covering her forehead, Huang Jiajia pouted silently. Mou paid no attention to her. Qin Guan was all she could see. Qin Guan was amused by the small bear, who was staring at him in admiration. "Why are you here in that bear costume?" he asked.

Mou Xiaoliu cheered up. She couldn't help explaining, "I took your advice and applied for a loan. It was approved before military training. I was so excited that I sent my tuition money back home. Then I found a part-time job to cover my living expenses."

Qin Guan was still a little doubtful. "As far as I know, there are work-study programs at our college way easier than this."

Wiping her sweat away with a paw, Mou Xiaoliu smiled proudly. "I know that. The salary of those programs was 400 yuan at the most though, which is not much. I found this job in the ad column at our college. It pays about 80 yuan for half a day's work. I could take another part-time job if I want. I work for two days a week and cover the expenses of the whole month. Plus, I can send the extra money back home."

Looking at her face, Qin Guan felt as if she was a close friend. That little girl was just as greedy as he was.

They chatted happily, forgetting all about the thief, who was lying on the ground. When the policeman arrived, he found the two brave students talking calmly, leaving the nervous victim squatting there alone, staring at the fainting thief.

Finding the matter both funny and annoying, the policeman got a general idea of what had happened and escorted the thief and the victim to the patrol wagon. The victim had to go to the police station to give a statement. Finally, the policeman asked Qin Guan and Mou Xiaoliu some brief questions and praised them.

## Chapter 106: Short Work Notice

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Tactfully, Qin Guan and Mou Xiaoliu rejected the invitation to the police station. Both of them had business to do. Huang Jiajia saw that the two of them were on the verge of swearing, so she pulled at Qin Guan's sleeve, murmuring, "Stop talking rubbish. Where is my snack?"

Qin Guan nodded at Mou Xiaoliu helplessly. He had to go to the supermarket with Huang Jiajia, although he'd rather chat with her happily. Mou understood and waved at them, "See you, Senior Qin and little sister!"

Who is your little sister? I'm only one year younger than you. I'll be going to college next year! (You are still younger than her though.) Huang Jiajia was trying to pull Qin Guan into the supermarket. Qin Guan suddenly patted her on the hand. "Wait a moment. I want to buy a bottle of water from the newsstand."

Huang Jiajia was confused. There were all kinds of drinks in Carrefour. Why did he want to buy mineral water from a small newsstand? Qin Guan handed one yuan to the cashier and got a bottle of Nestle water.

He ran back to Mou Xiaoliu and gave her the bottle. "As a senior, I can't do much to help you. This costume is too thick for this weather. You may get dehydrated if you don't drink water." Before she could say anything, Qin Guan stuck the bottle into the collar of her costume. Patting her short paw, he said, "I know what you're about to say. You are really strong, but even strong cows have to be fed before work, right?"

Then he waved his fist at her, encouraging her, "Cheers!"

Mou Xiaoliu nearly cried as she watched Qin Guan run away. The water was at normal temperature, but it felt cold on her skin in the intense summer heat. She sniffed, took the bottle from her collar and placed it carefully on a small chair nearby. She opened it stupidly and took a sip with shaking paws.

It was sweet and cool, washing away all the sweat on her body. She carefully sealed the bottle and put the bear head back on. I'll drink it after I finish work.

Huang Jiajia curled her lips at Qin Guan, murmuring, "You pretend to be nice and kind-hearted!"

Qin Guan looked at her helplessly, making fun of her, "I'm buying you a snack and accompanying you to the supermarket. Is it getting more serious?"

Huang Jiajia answered sullenly, "That's different. You owe me!"

"I could just buy you snacks and send them to your house."

"No! You don't know my favourites. I don't care, I really don't care. I can't hear what you are saying, you're a really boring person."

Huang Jiajia was acting like a scoundrel.

Qin Guan could do nothing but serve the princess by getting a trolley. When they reached the snack alley, Huang Jiajia suddenly transformed into [Nezha](#), growing six arms and starting to throw snacks into the trolley. Looking at the pile of snacks, Qin Guan felt like he had a toothache. His left eyelid started trembling. There was an old saying that said that a trembling left eyelid meant fortune, while a right one meant disaster. Actually, a trembling left eyelid meant losing a fortune. Hey, Huang Jiajia. Chips are not healthy. Dried fruit has high oil content. Drumsticks, dried beef and duck livers have high cholesterol! In my opinion, spicy strips are good, cheap and tasty. And bubble gum is fine for chewing...

A god in Chinese legends, who grew six arms when fighting with others.

(Nobody is stingier than you, Qin Guan.)

With a trembling heart, Qin Guan waited for the cashier to scan the QR codes, which took more than 10 minutes. Then he pulled out his shopping card with quivering hands. Huang Jiajia grabbed it and handed it to the cashier without hesitation. "Here you are. Swipe away."

It's not your card! Of course you're not reluctant. With tears in his eyes, Qin Guan lifted the four large plastic bags and followed Huang out of the cashier area. Before he could go out, his phone started ringing in his pocket. He heard Sister Xue's urgent voice at the other end of the line. "Hurry up, Qin Guan! What you are doing? Are you free now?"

Qin Guan held the phone tightly as he answered, "Yes, I'm free. What's going on?" He glanced carefully at Huang Jiajia beside him.

Sister Xue exhaled in relief as she said, "Take a taxi to XXX studio on XXX road at once. You have an interview for a T show."

Qin Guan was confused. "As far as I remember, that interview is next week. Is it a New Silk Road job?"

Sister Xue explained fast, "The brand company has asked the designer to release the fashion show ahead of schedule, so they haven't found a suitable model for the main show. Cheer up and try impress the designer. You don't just have to pass the interview, but also make a good impression on him. You better get the main show job, understand?"

Qin Guan nodded unconsciously. The interview was at 1:30 pm. It was already 11:00 am, and it would take him half an hour to get there by car.

Sister Xue would take some time off to make a brief introduction of the concept of the brand as well as the designer's background. The preparation had originally been supposed to happen the following week. Qin Guan had no idea how much Sister Xue would be able to tell him in such a short time.

# Chapter 107: An Unexpected Friendship

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It seems that I have no time to accompany Huang Jiajia. Qin Guan looked at her with regret before turning his eyes to the four large plastic bags with a sigh. I should call a taxi for her.

Huang Jiajia had just found out that her snack date had been ruined by that call. Pouting helplessly, she followed Qin Guan out without a word. Afraid that she would be angry, Qin Guan tried to comfort her, "I really do have some business to attend to. See, I bought you snacks, so I kept my promise."

Huang Jiajia remained silent.

"It's an emergency. It's not my fault..."

Her eyes became slightly red.

The passers-by saw the girl following Qin Guan in disappointment and looked at him with righteous indignation and contempt. Qin Guan felt defeated by the expression in their eyes and Huang Jiajia's pitiful look. He compromised by saying, "Okay, it's my fault. Next week, I'll come get you ahead of time and take you out. Is that okay?"

Huang Jiajia's expression changed at once. She jumped up and squeezed Qin Guan's arms. "Really? I won't forget! Don't try to cheat me out of it again!"

Qin Guan cried, "Let me go! You'll break my arms! I'm carrying heavy bags in my hands!"

Having achieved her goal, Huang Jiajia loosened her hands, humming and bouncing out of Carrefour. When they reached the side of the road, she even expressed her worry for Qin Guan, "Teacher Qin, you are in a hurry. I can take a taxi home. You don't need to take me back."

Looking at the big bags, Qin Guan felt worried about her. "Can you manage them by yourself?"

Patting her chest, Huang Jiajia reassured Qin Guan, "Don't worry, I can take care of it. I'm a very understanding girl. Go attend to your business!"

Qin Guan was amused. He stopped a passing taxi and got in. Before leaving, he opened the window and warned her, "Go home quickly! I'll call your mother later. Take care!" Then the taxi drove off.

Huang Jiajia watched the taxi until it disappeared from view. Then she sighed gloomily. Suddenly, a fat paw patted her on the shoulder from behind. Huang Jiajia screamed and turned around in fear, only to find Qin Guan's younger college sister. Huang disliked her because she had taken her position.

"What are you doing?" she asked angrily. "You scared me!"



Mou Xiaoliu massaged her own head regretfully. That had not been her original intention. She tried to apologize, "I'm sorry. I just saw Senior Qin leave, so I came to help you with the bags."

Huang Jiajia understood. Staring at Mou Xiaoliu, she shouted, "Aha! You're an enchantress! (Try looking in a mirror.) What are your intentions about Qin Guan? Why do you pay so close attention to him? You were watching the exit and waiting for him! Stop dreaming! He has a girlfriend!"

Huang Jiajia lifted her jaw like a proud cock. Mou blinked as she answered, "I saw him by accident. I'm handing out leaflets here. I see everyone who passes by. I have made a good impression on him, but I never dreamed of anything. And you're not his girlfriend..." Mou's voice lowered gradually as she saw the tears in Huang Jiajia's eyes.

Mou Xiaoliu lost her cool. She tried to comfort Huang Jiajia with her stupid paws, but she nearly pushed her down instead. She hastened to support her, only to end up pushing her again.

Huang Jiajia's eyes shone coldly. Lifting her paws up, Mou murmured to herself, "It's scary. Why are city girls so weak?"

Huang Jiajia was angry at Mou's silly behavior, but she could not do nothing. She rolled her eyes and said, "Why don't you take off that silly costume and come with me?"

Mou Xiaoliu nodded. "You stay here, I'll be back soon." Then she ran away. Not long after, she ran back breathlessly. She lifted the

bags easily, two in one hand, and asked, "How were you planning to go home? By taxi? I'll carry them to the car for you."

Cocking her head a little to the side, Huang Jiajia watched the girl carry the bags effortlessly and made an unreasonable demand, "I'm hungry."

"I don't have any money with me." Mou Xiaoliu smiled with regret.

"What the hell! How were you going to have lunch without money?"

"It's a part-time job. I only work in the morning. Plus, I have my college dining card..."

Huang Jiajia rolled her eyes again. "It's my treat!"

# Chapter 108: Opportunity

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Mou Xiaoliu shook her head repeatedly. "No, thanks. I don't know you. My bad! How could you treat me? Shall I take you home first? If your house is near my college, I could treat you at our cafeteria to apologize."

Huang Jiajia made a disdainful grimace. "There's nothing delicious there. No!"

"Senior Qin has dinner there," Mou Xiaoliu said regretfully. "It's near his dormitory."

Huang Jiajia cheered up, changing her mind at once. "What are we waiting for then? Take me home first, and then you can treat me at the cafeteria!"

Mou Xiaoliu was smiling like silly as Huang Jiajia pulled her toward a taxi. They became good friends instantly and headed for the cafeteria. The little fox and the little bear. Who would win?

Meanwhile, Qin Guan was deeply troubled. He was listening to Sister Xue's introduction about the concept and the designer's background. At the same time, he had to cope with Ouyang Fen, who was sneering at him.

Both of them had gotten the notice about the interview, as they were the rising stars of New Silk Road. Ouyang Fen's advantage over Qin Guan lay in the fact that he was a formal model of the company, while Qin Guan was only an affiliated model.

It was only a T show for a second-level brand, but it was still quite rare for two rising stars. SS Group had engaged in men's formal wear since the beginning of time. The brand was not the best there was, but neither was it the worst. The boss was always thinking of ways to change the brand's status. That year, he had found new investors and planned on using their money to advertise and promote the brand. This was his chance to squeeze in the circle of first-level domestic brands, so he had made a tight schedule for the show.

All the preparations had been completed. Everyone was just waiting for the show to take place. The boss was sure of himself, but the designer was crying for help. The show had been pushed up by more than half a month. He had not even found a suitable model yet.

That was why the interview had also been pushed up. As Sister Xue made her introduction, Ouyang Fen could not hold back his sarcastic comments.

"Oh, you had no idea about the interview. What an unprofessional model!"

"You want to be a main show model? You are only a green hand! This is practically your first show!"

"Ha ha! My brother told me this is your first formal show..." Ouyang Fen betrayed his brother without any hesitation.

Sister Xue stared at Ou Qiang with a fierce expression. Ou Qiang covered the mouth of his younger brother. He didn't loosen his hand until Sister Xue had finished the introduction.

Ouyang Fen asked Ou Qiang angrily, "Whose side are you on? He is your brother's enemy! He is competing with me for the main show!"

Looking at his younger brother in sympathy, Ou Qiang murmured to himself, "Dear brother, you may be defeated by your enemy. Besides, you need to control your temper. Do it for me."

Ignoring Ouyang Fen, Qin Guan reviewed the material carefully.

As an old enterprise, SS Group's factory and brand had a long history compared to its competitors. The problem with SS Group was the outdated ideas of its designers, most of whom had graduated from fashion school lots of years ago. The customers' taste had changed over time. Some other fashion groups, such as B Group and Y Group, had begun to hire foreign designers or domestic ones who had studied overseas. SS Group had invited a new designer for the fall collection, aiming to bring about an upswing with its newest concept.

In Qin Guan's opinion, the designer might be looking to introduce some fresh blood in his first show, so he and Ouyang Fen might actually stand a chance. As he looked around the hall, he saw many young faces. His gut feeling had been right.

At 1:30 pm, the door of the studio suddenly opened. An assistant

with a pile of paperwork announced, "First, we would like to express our appreciation to everyone for attending the interviews of the fall show of SS Group. I'm Wang Jun, assistant of the chief designer of SS Group, and I will be working together with you in the future. Now I'd like to explain the rules of the interviews. Every model I call has to enter the chamber I just came out of with their paperwork. You'll have a private interview with the designer. After all the applicants have finished their interviews, the results will be announced from a paper given to me by the designer. Our assistants for the show will take accurate measurements of all the remaining models. The first interview will begin now. Good luck to you all."

"Is Liu Jia here?"

The model stood up after a short pause. He took his file from the assistant and entered the studio. Everyone else remained silent. In less than two minutes, the model had walked out and the next name had been called.

"XXX."

"XX."

They went into the chamber one by one. Qin Guan, who had arrived last, was the last one to have an interview.

## Chapter 109: Picked By The Designer

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The models were going in and out at high speed. Not long after, Ouyang Fen arranged his clothes, cast a provoking look at Qin Guan, and entered the door confidently with his paperwork.

Three minutes passed. Four minutes. Ou Qiang was scratching his ears and cheeks in embarrassment on the couch, afraid that his brother would behave like an idiot during the interview. Suddenly, Ouyang Fen walked out with a smile. He walked straight up to the couch Qin Guan was sitting on and sat right next to him.

Shaking his legs off proudly, he tried to provoke Qin Guan, "Alas! I wonder why the designer was so satisfied with me. He asked me to walk one more round and wanted to know lots of details about me."

"Surely, I passed the interview. The main show must depend on the designer's taste."

"I thought he looked exhausted. He is busy with both design work and the interviews. It must be painstaking work for him."

"I wanted to suggest that he finishes the interviews as soon as he finds a suitable model for the main show. Otherwise, it'd be a waste of his time."

Fang Yanyu, the designer, was indeed quite tired. He had worked overnight twice. That day he had to select the model for the main show, but all his plans had been disrupted by the boss. Originally,

Fang Yanyu had planned on hiring Liu Bin, a domestic A level model. The changes in the schedule had ruined that plan though, and Liu Bin had had to quit the show.

The designer had called several agents, only to find that his favorite models were abroad or couldn't fit the show into their schedules. He couldn't do anything but select another model for the main show. Fang had just chosen Ouyang Fen as an alternative.

The concept of the fall collection was martial arts, and the main colors were blue and silver-grey. It was not as depressing as traditional western costumes, and the outfits had been adjusted to the formal image of the SS Group. Therefore, the type of models the designer wanted to hire would be young, experienced and agile.

Massaging his bloated forehead, Fang Yanyu gestured for his assistant to call in the next model. After everyone else had been interviewed, it was finally Qin Guan's turn. (He had no choice, as he had arrived last.)

Fang Yanyu looked up tiredly when Qin Guan walked in. Suddenly, he cheered up like a snowball had been stuck into his collar in the chilling winter. In his experience, the last model had been blessed with a figure every designer dreamed of. He could be considered the perfect clothing model.

The designer skipped reading Qin Guan's paperwork. Pointing to a place marked with a cross, he ordered, "Stand at the centre!" Then he picked up a measuring tape from the table.



Qin Guan remained silent in the presence of the serious designer and did as he was told. Fang Yanyu measured Qin Guan's height personally, from his bare feet to his head.

186.65 centimeters. Perfect! Fang wrote it down on his notebook and let out a long breath. Sitting back down on his chair, he said, "Walk around!"

Qin Guan nodded obediently and walked to the other end of the room. Looking up slightly, he suddenly went into T show mode. Following the rhythm in his mind, he walked up to Fang Yanyu at an appropriate speed. At the standard position of the T stage, he took a pose. Then, putting his hand in an invisible western-style pocket, he turned around handsomely to finish the walk.

Fang Yanyu was so tired that he thought he was hallucinating as Qin Guan passed by him. Qin Guan made a wonderful T show in the small studio, wearing the new SS western clothes. The lower hem of his featured outfit flashed before Fang's eyes. It was a dreamy scene in his mind.

Fang Yanyu didn't return to reality until Qin Guan bowed before him at the other end of the room. He was only wearing an ordinary hoodie. Pursing his slightly quivering lips in excitement, Fang waved at Qin Guan, who walked over obediently.

Fang Yanyu narrowed his eyes and scanned Qin Guan's waist and shoulders, measuring them with his fingers. Then he took a half-completed outfit from a mould and handed it to Qin Guan. "Just put it on and make another round."

Qin Guan carried the clothes on his shoulder with one hand and made another round, starting from the innermost corner of the room. With his straight, long legs, the western-style clothes on his shoulder, and his hands in his pockets, Qin Guan walked to the turning point of the stage and took a standard pose. Then he took the outfit from his shoulder and put it on his arm randomly.

He looked like an elite businessman who had just gotten off work. Cheering up from the tiredness of the daytime routine, he seemed to be waiting for an unexpected romantic affair in the quiet night.

Fang patted his legs forcefully in excitement. The pain suppressed the smile on his lips. It's too dangerous. I'm a veteran, yet I nearly got carried away by that green hand. He picked up Qin Guan's file, drew a big circle, and wrote "main" on it. Placing it on the thin pile of documents, he exhaled in relief.

When Qin Guan finished his performance, Fang Yanyu told him softly, "That's all for today. Could you please call my assistant in? I'll leave the rest to him."

Qin Guan nodded and did as he was told. Then he returned to his seat.

By that time, Ouyang Fen had already been sneered at by Sister Xue twice.

When Qin Guan had spent three minutes in the chamber, Sister

Xue had found Ouyang Fen, who had been showing off like a peacock, and started taunting him.

Using her hand as a fan, she'd chatted with Ou Qiang, pretending to blame Qin Guan, "Alas, there are too many people here, and the air doesn't circulate. My Qin Guan is not a considerate boy. He shows no sympathy for his agent. He has stayed too long in that room. Even if the designer is interested in him, he shouldn't have been chatting with him for so long."

# Chapter 110: The Beer Bear

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Sister Xue's sneering skill was of almost professional level. She added another stab to Ou Qiang's heart. "Maybe I'm too old, but someone told me he's stayed in there for a really long time, which is a good thing. My Qin Guan has been in that chamber for four minutes. Why isn't he coming out?"

Ou Qiang felt extremely flattered, as Sister Xue had started the conversation. He was as tame as a little puppy. Ouyang Fen was so angry that his nose was twisted in a grimace.

Qin Guan is an invincible opponent. I stayed in there for three minutes, but he must have been inside for four. Maybe he's pooping and can't find the toilet paper! Ouyang Fen was making malevolent scenarios, when Qin Guan finally came out. You f\*cking provoker!

Sister Xue made place on the couch for Qin Guan happily as she asked, "How did your interview go?"

Qin Guan shrugged proudly and sat down. "The results will be announced soon. In my experience, I don't think you made it, Ouyang Fen. Ha ha ha..."

Everyone was listening carefully to Qin Guan, when his style suddenly changed from calm to annoying. As the four of them (except Ouyang Fen) were talking and laughing, the assistant came out and made an announcement.

"Thanks again for your support of the SS Group. Now I would like to announce the results of the interviews. Here are the models we are interested in. XXX, XX, XXX, Ouyang Fen, and Qin Guan. The aforementioned models will have to wait for a while for an introduction to the show. We hope to have the opportunity to cooperate with the rest of you another time."

Noise prevailed as most people left in a rush. The assistant gave notices to everyone. Sister Xue and Qin Guan read theirs carefully and found out that the first rehearsal would be that Wednesday. It would be the last adjustment before the show, as the formal launching event would take place that Saturday.

The show Qin Guan would be participating in featured western-style clothes of the SS Group, which was the most important collection. There would be 28 models in the formal show. Therefore, the model chosen for the main show would be kept a secret for suspense.

Sister Xue and Qin Guan returned to college with the notice as soon as possible, as Qin Guan was hungry. It was late in the afternoon, and he hadn't had lunch yet. When he returned to college, he swallowed his lunch in one sitting in his dormitory.

Huang Jiajia and Mou Xiaoliu had become good friends. Their common interest in Qin Guan and the lunch they'd had together had narrowed the distance between them. Huang Jiajia thought that Mou was a silly bear that had to be protected with care, while Mou thought that Huang Jiajia was a troublemaker whom she had to look after. The two girls walked together hand in hand. They later became the senior and the legend among Qin Guan's fan club.

Huang Jiajia expressed her great interest in Mou Xiaoliu's night part-time job, which was agreeable to her taste. As a bad girl who knew her way around night entertainment venues, she was wondering why the silly bear would get such a job. Mou Xiaoliu had no idea what the job was. She had just chosen it because it paid well. She had seen the advertisement at college and thought it would be okay for a student.

It was 20:00 at night. The colorful neon lights were shining along Sanlitun Street, where the bars were flourishing. Another crazy night had begun. Urbanites went out to relax, young men went on romantic dates, and fribbles gathered there for crazy feasts.

The morning there began at 8:00 pm. The bars opened, but the warm-up singers did not show up. They were still asleep in their beds. The large lamps were lit one by one, indicating that the crazy feast was about to begin.

Mou Xiaoliu felt crazy in her mini skirt, which she had never worn before. She had been asked to change into a short skirt by her superior, and she had gone to the washing room with a silly expression. Huang Jiajia burst into laughter behind her. She had made up a story for her mother and followed Mou Xiaoliu there. The silly bear has no idea how life is at bars. As a frequent visitor, I have to protect her. (Darling, you were not a frequent visitor, okay?)

Huang Jiajia's eyes opened wide when Mou came out of the washing room. She must be a D+ cup!

Mou's full breasts and round butt made the beer girl uniform look sexy on her. Looking down at her own A+ cup, Huang Jiajia wrinkled her nose, scanning Mou with jealousy.

"I didn't know you had such a nice figure. Why do you wear loose clothes? It's a pity!"

Mou Xiaoliu pulled at her tight blouse, murmuring, "These clothes are not for humans! Why do beer girls have to dress like this?"

Distracted, Huang Jiajia answered unconsciously, "To increase the sales volume probably. Beer drinkers are mostly male. Actually, even ladies would like to buy beer from you."

She stretched out her hands unconsciously.

# Chapter 111: Beer Sales Girls

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Huang Jiajia felt Mou Xiaoliu's full breasts with her hands. They were so elastic! Huang Jiajia's face turned red. Mou Xiaoliu cared about nothing but the mini skirt. Will it cover my butt? Although their thoughts were on a different frequency, their movements were extraordinarily synchronized. The superior's eyes lit up when Mou Xiaoliu returned.

Waving his hand, he said, "You, the green hand! Yes, you. You'll be the Budweiser promotion girl at the Dream Bar."

One of the other girls objected to his decision. She was obviously a veteran. "I disagree. She is only a newcomer. How can she be sent to the largest bar? I refuse to accept it!"

Glancing at her from the corner of his eyes, the superior answered, "I have already given you a chance. Did you forget that you were defeated by the Corona sales girl and came back looking all gloomy?" The girl went back to the group silently.

There was fierce competition everywhere. A part-time beer selling job was a favorite job among college girls. One reason was because the working hours were from 20:00 to 2:00 at night on weekends, so they could have a good rest after making money. The second reason was the high salary. Their basic salary for one night could go up to 80 yuan, plus a 0.5 yuan deduction wage. The job could be a goldmine.

Of course, there was fierce competition among different brands.



Sales girls of more than two brands could show up at the same bar at the same time. It was a battlefield without the gunpowder.

Mou Xiaoliu had no idea about the reality of the job. Following the superior, she arrived at the reception of the Dream Bar. After saying hello to the waiters, the superior left to attend to his own affairs.

Huang Jiajia had the talent to naturally engage with people. She found a comfortable position on the bar counter and guided Mou Xiaoliu there.

"Don't be nervous. You are a beer sales girl, not a goods carrier. You can hold the tray with one hand."

"Smile to the customers! They don't owe you money. Imagine that their heads are bills. That's right!"

Her mouth felt parched and her tongue scorched as more and more customers arrived at the Dream Bar. The warm-up singer had already sat at the stage, preparing for the first song of the night. That was when the first round of beer sales began.

The Carlsberg and Corona sale girls had already walked out with their trays. Pushing Mou Xiaoliu, Huang Jiajia encouraged her, "Hurry up! Remember my advice!"

Bracing herself, Mou Xiaoliu took the first step. The unique skills Huang Jiajia had taught her were haunting her brain as she

murmured to herself. At the sight of the strangers in the dim hall, she felt frightened.

I would rather do physical work at a construction site! Once the arrow was put on the bow though, it had to fly. Mou Xiaoliu was ready to risk everything.

She chose a table at random and walked over. The Corona girl got there before her.

There were three men sitting at the table. According to the Corona girl's experience, they were colleagues who had just gotten off work. They would have several bottles of beer to relax, and then they would head home. The first round of promotion was the key to success.

The Corona girl presented her tray to them with a sweet smile. Before she could say anything, Mou Xiaoliu walked over, looking at her in anger. She repeated to herself in a low voice, "Lower your head, bend down and smile!" She put the tray on the table with a bang. The table trembled slightly. Before the three company employees knew what had happened, Mou Xiaoliu was smiling at them like silly.

One of the three men, who was obviously the leader of the group, opened his mouth. "Which brand do you have?"

Mou Xiaoliu answered blankly, "Budweiser."

"Fine, one dozen."

Mou Xiaoliu was over the moon. She had made her first deal! She decided to express her appreciation by following Huang Jiajia's advice. She bowed forward, dazzling the three young men.

What a beautiful picture. The leader was too excited to say anything, but he managed to utter one sentence.

"One more dozen! Two dozen in total!"

These men are good for nothing! Sitting at the bar counter, Huang Jiajia made the victory sign. In the restless night of the bar, Mou Xiaoliu became the queen of sales. More and more customers waved at Mou, who was standing like silly in front of the bar counter. Some customers treated the singer, and some tipped Mou. Many women also took a liking to her, as her round cheeks and eyes reminded them of a hairy bear.

It was a noisy night. What was Qin Guan doing at the time? He had gone to bed early like a good student. His legs were positioned randomly, and the quilt was lying across his stomach. Maybe he was dreaming of something. Smiling and rubbing his face, he turned on his side and continued to sleep.

Suddenly, his cell phone rang. Liu Xiaoyang, who was sleeping on the upper bunk, kicked at the bed frame. "Answer the phone!"

Qin Guan got up in a daze and went over to the phone by the

door. He was the one closest to the phone, so that job naturally fell to him.

He couldn't see until he reached the door. It was his cell phone ringing. He returned to his bed and answered it. "Hello, who is it?" Who was calling him that late at night?

An urgent voice was heard from the other end of the line, "It's Huang Jiajia! It's an emergency! I'm at the Dream Bar on Sanlitun Street."

Qin Guan woke up with a start. "You went out at night again! You troublemaker!"

"It's not me! It's Mou Xiaoliu, the bear we met today. She works as a beer sales girl here."

"Ah!" The noise of crashing bottles, broken tables and crying people came from the receiver. Qin Guan could hear the chaos.

Huang Jiajia shouted excitedly, "Are you sleeping? Just go back to sleep. It's all been settled!"

## Chapter 112: Changing Situation

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Before Qin Guan could ask for more information, Huang Jiajia had said goodbye and hung up, leaving him confused.

After being awakened by the inexplicable call, Qin Guan couldn't fall asleep again. It was late in the night, and the moonlight poured in through the windows, silent and naughty. It was early autumn, and the insects were flying from their hiding places, seeking food for themselves. In the chilling autumn night, Qin Guan wanted to light a cigarette, but realized he had quit smoking many years ago. Fine! I can't even pretend to be doing something. I might as well go back to sleep.

Huang Jiajia was very excited. On their way home, she talked with Mou Xiaoliu about her heroic actions that night. Nobody would have thought that the tireless young girl was a martial artist. She had lifted the drunk troublemakers and spun them around like wheels. They had been completely dumbfounded as they'd fallen down on broken tables and chairs, forming a beautiful picture. The two friends had returned to their respective homes. They had silently founded their own club.

.....

Tuesday arrived soon. Standing in the SS Group design studio, Qin Guan was being ordered around by people with lively gestures. The room was very noisy. There were more than 20 models and ten staff members there. The whole designing team of the SS Group was terribly busy.

Fang Yanyu handed the featured outfit to Qin Guan, patting him on the shoulder encouragingly before giving Sister Xue the final notice, "Qin Guan will be the main model this time. He will get on the stage last, and he'll get on the stage again with me at the end. He'll be wearing the featured outfit of this collection."

Then he turned to Qin Guan. "You are only a green hand, but I see a lot of potential in you. I hope you will do well in this important show." Shocked by his words, Qin Guan nodded solemnly and changed into the outfit in the fitting room. Fang Yanyu and his assistant were waiting for him with their equipment. It was the first time they felt the charm of the featured outfit of the fall collection.

It was a formal blue-grey suit in a standard two-piece style. The cuff and collar were slightly round, providing the finishing touch of the outfit. The handsome style would be demonstrated well to the audience. The designer had no time to appreciate its beauty though. He began making adjustments to the suit right away, discussing it with his assistant.

"The legs are a little baggy, but we can make them tighter."

"Shall we make the final adjustments here?"

"Yes, the waist should be more slender."

"That's it! Better!"

After several changes, Qin Guan put on the outfit again and went out. Everyone's eyes lit up. With a better effect, they could expect a successful show.

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It was the 50th anniversary of the PRC establishment, so many people had gathered in the capital. Qin Guan was too busy to focus on the festivities though. Following Sister Xue, he entered the backstage area of the SS Group fall collection. All the preparations were finished. The hall was going to open for the audience soon.

At the time, fashion show attendance was limited to fashion businessmen, agent representatives and fashion-oriented media. SS Group was not qualified to invite celebrities, but the show was significant for Sister Xue. It was Qin Guan's first T show as a main show model, so it would decide whether Qin Guan would earn a place within that small circle of models and designers.

As Qin Guan was sitting in a chair and resting after changing clothes, a group of people entered the backstage area, clustering around two prominent individuals. One of them was a middle-aged man with a grand temperament, and the other was a tall, slim man. As the group walked directly towards Fang Yanyu. Sister Xue cried out in alarm in a low voice, "It's Shao Xiaobing!" She had recognized the tall man immediately.

Confused, Qin Guan asked her, "Who is Shao Xiaobing?"

Sister Xue was exasperated by his ignorance. "I have told you to

read fashion magazines in your spare time, but you don't listen to me! How can you have no idea who Shao Xiaobing is?"

"He is one of the most famous male models in the country. Although he's only won some silver and copper medals in domestic contests, he has turned out to be one of the best models of our time!"

"He is representing two first-level domestic brands, and he has also participated in a T show overseas. His status surpasses even that of several renowned models."

"He is called 'Lucky Star' within our circle. It is said that he seldom fails any interview. It's strange that he's here. Is he in the audience? He is not famous enough to attract the attention of the entertainment media though."

Sister Xue was making guesses as Fang Yanyu was close to quarrelling with the group.

"What are you talking about? We can't change our main show model now! Why? Because I disagree!"

The group was led by the boss of the SS Group. He had arrived happily to inform the designer that he had found the perfect model for the main show. He had put together all his resources and public relations to beg Shao Xiaobing, who had just had some spare time in his schedule, to appear in the show. Thanks to the lure of high payment, Shao had accepted the job. Considering that the SS brand was below A level, and he was an A level model with many A



level shows under his belt, only money could have convinced his agent.

The boss was adamant. I have spent too much money and called in too many favors to get Shao on board. He has to be the model of the main show. Fang Yanyu was quite displeased. For a designer, the main show was the spiritual center of a fashion show. He had also spent too much effort on the selection to have the model he had selected replaced just like that.

# Chapter 113: A Lost Opportunity

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Shao is definitely more famous than Qin Guan, but... With a disdainful expression, Fang Yanyu scanned the famous model.

The lines of his face were too gentle.

He had lost too much weight.

His body-leg ratio was not perfect.

In Fang's eyes, Shao Xiaobing didn't have a single redeeming quality. He couldn't help but request, "Could you walk on the stage? Just take a few steps."

Shao's agent wanted to protest. How dare he ask that! He's contradicting his boss and being picky with my model. I noticed his expression just now! How can he even ask him to walk on the stage? Does he think he's picking chickens in the market?

Before he could say anything though, Shao Xiaobing smiled and stopped him, answering calmly, "Okay, shall I walk here?" Fang Yanyu relaxed his eyebrows slightly as he waited for his performance. Shao took a starting pose, and his agent clapped his hands tacitly. Shao walked to the rhythm.

He was pretty good for a rising star, but Fang wasn't impressed. He hesitated before he told the boss firmly, "I insist on my model." The boss was completely torn. He was about to shout at Fang,

when the designer waved at Qin Guan.

Qin Guan pointed at himself and looked around. Is he talking to me? He approached the group slowly. Everyone saw a smartly dressed child walk over. Unconsciously, the boss had the impulse to shake hands with him. The model looked super elite.

Fang Yanyu was very satisfied with Qin Guan. He introduced him to everyone, "This is Qin Guan from New Silk Road. What do you think of him, boss?" Shao's agent felt grateful that Shao Xiaobing had started his career a few years earlier. That model is superb! Judging by his looks, few domestic models could surpass him. If Shao had started at the same time as him, it would have been hard to tell who the real lucky star would be.

A good point indeed! The models that had started working at the same time as Qin Guan, especially Ouyang Fen, were weeping silently in a corner.

Fang Yanyu cared about nothing. He asked Qin Guan to walk before the members of the SS Group. Qin Guan had no idea about the status quo, but he doubted that there would be any changes in the show. He just nodded seriously and tried to do his best.

As he took several perfect steps, silence prevailed. Everyone turned their eyes to the boss simultaneously. The boss was also hesitant. For a green hand, the model was perfect. He was almost convinced by the designer, but Shao was still more famous and influential.

Shao Xiaoning clenched his fists secretly, but maintained a smile. He murmured something in the ear of his agent. The agent was also hesitant as he murmured, "It's unnecessary... Fine...."

The two of them reached a conclusion. The agent squeezed into the crowd and told the boss something in low voice. The man's eyes got brighter, and he finally smiled before turning to Fang Yanyu, "The model you selected is outstanding, but the choice for the main show should be made based on the future development of our group. Shao Xiaobing could promote our brand, so he will be the main show model."

He waved his hand to stop Fang Yanyu. "That's it. Your model can open the show. That way we'll be making the best of our resources. You should learn to be flexible, young man." Then he told the staff, "Get ready as soon as possible. Time is pressing. I would like to congratulate everyone beforehand. I'm sure our show will be a successful one and our products will sell well!"

Then the boss left with the group, leaving Fang Yanyu and Qin Guan behind. Shao Xiaobing chuckled before bringing the two guys back to reality. "Shall I change clothes?" he asked Fang in a friendly tone. "Is the suit he's wearing the main show outfit?"

Fang Yanyu felt a headache building up and pressed his fingers against his temples to stop it. He waved at his assistant and said, "Ask Ouyang Fen and Li Tianyang to come here." The assistant, who had watched the whole dispute, nodded obediently. Not long after, Ouyang Fen and Li Tianyang arrived. Fang didn't explain everything in detail. He just started making adjustments at once. "Ouyang Fen, you change sequence and clothes with Li Tianyang.

Qin Guan, you will open the show instead of Ouyang Fen. Put on Ouyang's outfit and give yours to Shao Xiaobing. Li Tianyang, go find my assistant after changing out of your clothes and follow his instructions."

Before the unexpected changes, the young models could do nothing but follow Fang's orders. The sponsors were considered gods. Time was pressing, so they hastened to change clothes. They went into the adjacent fitting rooms and exchanged outfits.

Ouyang Fen's suit overall fit Qin Guan. Except for its shorter legs, looser waist and narrow shoulders, the ensemble was fine.

Who's laughing at Ouyang's figure?

Ouyang Fen walked out in anger. I went from opening the show to this. I can't walk after Qin Guan. He will cut a dash! He is doomed to be my enemy!

Li Tianyang was the unluckiest one among them. The assistant told him that he would be a backstage reserve, but his salary would still be the same. At least he wouldn't have worked in vain.

# Chapter 114: The First Show

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Li Tianyang stared at Ouyang Fen with tears in his eyes. Ouyang knew he was innocent. It's not my fault. Ouyang turned to Qin Guan with a hostile expression. Qin Guan shrugged. It's not my fault either.

Qin Guan handed the featured outfit to Shao Xiaobing. Shao's assistant stepped forward and took the clothes before following Shao into the fitting room. (Having an assistant was the difference between a C+ level and an A-level model.)

When Shao changed into the outfit and went out, everyone turned their eyes to him except the designer. The legs were a little longer, but that was not a big problem. The shoulders were loose though, as Qin Guan's body was a little stranger than Shao's slender figure. What could they do about that?

Traditional western-style clothes had thick sponge pads on the shoulders, which had been the leading fashion trend at the time. The most serious problem of the suit was that the mats were drooping on Shao's body. Qin Guan's shoulders were broad and thick, while Shao's were quite narrow. The towering mats were hanging from his shoulders as if they were unnecessary. He looked like he'd been hit. His drooping shoulders and shrank neck made him look like a doormat.

Ouyang Fen tried to suppress his laughter. He was putting so much effort into it that his nostrils had gone wide. Qin Guan didn't find Shao interesting, but he thought Ouyang Fen looked funny. "Hey, be careful! I can see the hair in your nostrils!"

He is definitely my arch enemy. And to think I was just thinking of comforting the guy! I should never show mercy to someone like him!

Shao Xiaobing stood still backstage. Fang Yangyu was too busy working to adjust his outfit. The shirt show had already begun, so he only had about half an hour to finish the details.

Among the busy crowd, Shao Xiaobing's assistant noticed that Shao's fists were clenched in his sleeves and his lips were closed into a tight smile. The assistant retreated in fear, a chill going down his body.

Fang Yanyu exhaled in relief after the final stitch. Everything else was up to Shao. His boss was confident about him, so he should also rely on him. The T shirt show had ended by then, but the host left time for the dealers to think about their orders.

All the information about the outfits was in their hands. They could make their decisions according to the statistics and the samples in the show. The order quantity would be decided by various elements, such as the local popularity of the style. At the end of their files, there were considerate options of the estimated amounts.

By then, the dealers who were familiar with each other had already started talking. Once they made a decision, they could just tick one of the options.

"SS Group has changed a lot this year.'

"I don't know whether those changes are beneficial to me. My distributors prefer traditional clothes."

"So do mine, but times are changing. Innovation prevails. Without creativity, SS Group will lose its current position."

"Don't worry about the future, just consider the status quo. We are all long-term dealers. We can give it a chance by ordering a small amount."

"Right. We have a steady market share, and a small amount will be swallowed up in a few days."

In other words, they had reached a conclusion.

When they looked up again, the host had announced enthusiastically the opening of the formal wear show. Music started playing. Qin Guan encouraged Ouyang Fen, who was following him, "I'll be up on the stage. Don't freeze up when you get on after me."

You took the words right out of my mouth! Ouyang Fen almost choked as he gritted his teeth.

Qin Guan arranged his outfit one last time and murmured, "The legs are too short." Then he got on the T stage.



The bright white lights hit his grey suit, making it shine like silver. His puritan outfit turned seriousness and inflexibility into suppressed sensual passion. It was a bold move by the designer, who was aiming at a younger target group.

With a vertical sense and a tight fit, the traditional western-style clothes looked casual. The opening show model attracted the audience's attention. When Qin Guan reached the first half of the stage, Ouyang Fen stepped onto the stage as well.

The grey and black contrast was particularly clear on the white T stage. The audience was still fixed on Qin Guan as the rest of the models got on the stage one by one. At the most significant part of the T stage, Qin Guan struck a pose, supporting his legs and promoting the atmosphere to the fullest. Inside the dim hall, people's eyes looked like shining bulbs.

Heated discussions broke out as Qin Guan returned backstage. "What handsome outfits! I'll place an order!" the dealers commented with feeling.

# Chapter 115: A Strong Look Is Power

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"Maybe it just looks good on the model. It might look unflattering on a customer's figure." That dealer was the intellectual type.

"As long as the customers like it, it'll be okay. That suit could attract attention even on a plastic mannequin. Customers will enter the shops." That dealer was the realistic type.

"Wow! He is definitely a green hand. He's so handsome! God! He is like a shelf for clothes. I'll order the maximum amount to give it a try." Is that what you call a try? The female dealer was the hyperbolic type.

The rest of the dealers were speechless. We shouldn't be influenced by such a model. Yet they spontaneously ticked the larger amount rather than their previous estimation.

Depending on his typical outfit (picture something superheroes wore in movies), Ouyang Fen took advantage of Qin Guan's leading position and got favorable comments from the dealers as well. Integrity promoted sales.

Fang Yanyu was half-relaxed when Qin Guan returned backstage. It had been a perfect opening. Models came and went one by one as sweat ran on Fang's palms. The perfect end would depend on the final model.

He cast a glance at Shao Xiaobing, who smiled back confidently and politely. The model got on the stage as the timer backstage started to count down.

"Attention! Five, four, three, two, one, up! "

Shao Xiaobing got on the stage with the count. The lights made his eyes a little uncomfortable. He smiled smartly as he got up, his slender waist swaying to the rhythm. He seemed to be walking on a cloud. He was as light as a feather.

Everyone in the audience fixed their eyes on him until he disappeared backstage. Before they could decide on a suitable adjective for him, the designer had gotten on the stage, holding the hand of the main show model. The other models got on the stage one by one, clustering behind the designer and leaving the shiniest part of the stage to the backroom hero.

All the attending dealers and media representatives applauded, signalling the end of the fall collection show of the SS Group. Journalists went to interview the designers, and the dealers stayed behind to discuss their affairs with the SS Group.

One of them breached the topic first, "What did you think of the final outfit?"

"Huh? Do you mean the first one? We have already discussed it." The other dealer sounded doubtful.

"Are you a green hand? The featured outfit is the final one. The final model is the main show model."

"Yes, he should be. I know him. He's Shao Xiaobing, a rising Vogue model." Those dealers were veterans.

"It was a traditional suit with creative details. It should do well in the market."

"But why was there something off about it? It was a little light. It should have given off a sense of capability and experience."

"Yes, it was too loose on him. Most people could wear that suit."

"Yes, that's why it seemed strange. It might be popular though."

They had not reached a decision after their discussion. Their pencils were still hovering above the options.

Backstage, all the models were waiting in line outside the fitting rooms. The first one to use the room had to be the most famous model. In this particular show, it was Shao Xiaobing. When he came out, he smiled at the waiting models. "You worked really hard, everyone. I hope I'll get the chance to collaborate with you again."

The other models were glad. Their senior was a kind person. He was polite to them, even though they were mere nobodies. They all replied, "You are welcome, Brother Shao. It's us who troubled

you."

"Yes, that's right."

Shao waved to their sincere smiling faces and left.

He might have gone away, but his charm was still lingering around. He had made an extremely good impression on everyone. Time and again, they all shared with each other the pleasure of being appreciated by a senior model.

Qin Guan felt a little strange, but Ouyang Fen was expressionless. He should have been as proud as a peacock, but Ouyang Fen was not a silly guy. He knew what Qin Guan was thinking about, and he was hesitant to express his feelings. "I know why you're laughing at me. Shao is a gentleman, but I'm too scared to get close to him."

Then he shivered. "It's strange, but I can't make it any clearer."

What an acute animal-like intuition! Sister Xue's eyebrows shot up. Shao seems like the perfect man. If he wasn't kind, he would have been an evil person. Qin Guan is clever. I'll take care of him.

Ouyang Fen felt a little shy as he shared his innermost thoughts and feelings with Qin Guan. By that time, Qin Guan had pulled his pants up to his thighs and entered the fitting room.

"Finally, it's my turn. Whose suit is this? The legs are too short,

and the bottom is flat. Plus, the pants are too small for me. My balls hurt, and people can see my underwear!" He wrenched his body around several times.

The boat of friendship was turned over as blue veins popped on Ouyang's forehead. I shouldn't be soft-hearted with Qin Guan! He'll be my arch enemy for life!

Everyone was finished, and the noisy backstage area grew quiet again. All the scattered equipment was arranged in order, and the dealers handed their preliminary orders to the assistant. Fang Yanyu read the first orders and frowned at the difference between the opening and the main show.

As he touched the tired sockets between his fingers, he let out a long heavy sigh. Those were some unexpected statistics. The main show had had only half the order quantity of the opening show. He had been prepared for the trial of the opening show orders, but the stakes had been placed on the main show. This result was unacceptable to him.

# Chapter 116: Unreasonable Hostility

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The designer thought he had an undeniable responsibility, so he would be the scapegoat in the future. He simply sent the orders and the DV of the show directly to the boss.

In less than five minutes, all the relative material was on the boss' desk.

Nobody knew if the boss would be satisfied with the result.

Shao Xiaobing's agent received a call from the boss of the SS Group as he was heading back into town in his business car.

When he hung up, the expression on his face did not promise any good news.

"Who was that?" Shao Xiaobing raised his head from the backseat, but kept his eyes closed.

Thinking it over, his agent replied carefully, "The boss of the SS Group."

Shao sat up slightly and asked calmly, "What's the matter?"

His agent made an ambiguous statement, "He was not very satisfied with the first group of orders. He said that we played him, and without our promise of payment reduction and sharing part of

our promoting resources, he wouldn't have changed the main show model at such short notice. That unworthy..." He lowered his voice, as he was aware that Shao had grown extremely quiet.

Silence prevailed in the car as the assistant held tight to the steering wheel with trembling hands.

"Bang! Bang!"

The assistant's seat was hit vigorously. The wheel shook from the sudden attack as the car nearly jumped out of the road.

When the assistant took control of the car again, still suffering from the shock, he heard Shao's gentle voice, "You are so careless! My agent will decide your punishment. One more time, and you'll get fired."

Depressed and confused, the assistant continued to drive without a word. Who kicked my seat from behind? It was lucky we were in the suburbs. If we had been on the highway, we would have all died! Now I know that you're not just an insidious, two-faced person, but also a mad man! I can't stand you anymore!

(Not long after, the assistant handed in his resignation.)

Watching the scenery retreat at high speed outside the car window, Shao told his agent, "As far as I remember, the original main show model was a green hand. Was his name Qin Guan?"



His agent swallowed his saliva. "Yes, Qin Guan. A newcomer from New Silk Road. He has won the national New Face Model Competition."

Shao smiled as he murmured, "I like to make friends with winners. Check what publicity he has had recently."

His agent nodded unconsciously and let out a relieved breath. Not too bad. He just asked about his publicity. Nothing important.

Soon, he found the information from an old friend. "He's done an inside spread for a magazine and he has an ad background."

Shao closed his eyes and leaned back against the seat again, whispering, "A green hand with minimal publicity..." The colorful neon lights left spots as they flickered across his face and disappeared in the dark.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan was feeling very happy. Sister Xue had arranged a big surprise. Xie Feng had attended the show as a new prominent designer.

He had watched the whole show as a special guest and wanted to contact the winner he had picked himself.

He was going to hold a solo exhibition in Milan for the first time. Surely, with his simple qualifications and experience, Qin Guan couldn't convince him that he was suitable for an international level T stage.

However, Xie would also hold a small-scale show in China before that, and he wanted to invite Qin Guan. According to his observation, Qin Guan was qualified enough for the show.

Sister Xue was extremely excited about the news. Qin Guan had won the trust of a top domestic designer. With his help, a little-known model could become popular easily.

Ouyang Fen was jealous of his opportunity, which confused Qin Guan. Ouyang prayed to the gods every day. How come I'm the one the gods favor?

Extreme joy could beget sorrow though. Several days later, Sister Xue was hit again by more news.

Ni Dalei called her and said, "I'm sorry, Xue. The editor of the magazine just called me to say that the interview would be cancelled. The chief editor found a more influential model for the inner pages."

"But they had several models make that poster together! Why did they cancel so suddenly? And it's not a famous magazine! How can they invite an influential model?"

Ni Dalei was also sorry about the temporary cancellation, but he couldn't do anything about it. After chatting with her for a while, he hung up.

Soon, his phone rang again. "This is New Silk Road. Yes, are you the new director? I know you. Do you want background on a model? Yes, he can interview this weekend. What? You have found the right model among the background models? Well, that won't influence the interview. You still want a background model, right? What? You have enough background models? What a pity!" Ni sighed and hung up again.

What was happening? Cancellation calls came one after the other. The reason was not the model himself, but various inexplicable excuses. Qin Guan was passed up without even a chance to interview. What an unlucky guy!

In the meantime, Shao Xiaobing's agent was also answering phone calls.

"Thank you so much, editor! Of course, Shao will arrive on time. It's you who's giving us an opportunity! It's nothing. We can enjoy a mutual promotion and step forward together."

# Chapter 117: Hypocrite

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Shao's agent hung up in embarrassment before reminding Shao Xiaobing, "You accepted both jobs. Why are you so worried over a green hand? Those are ordinary jobs with a low salary."

Shao poured a cup of tea for himself, watching the tea leaves spinning along with the water. He lifted the cup and took a sip. "Foolhardy and silly men beat their enemies to the ground. The best way is to leave no opportunity to your opponent. Without any exposure to the public, he will be no enemy. He'll just be standing on an empty battlefield."

His agent was not comforted. "Can you make time in your schedule for the two extra jobs?"

Shao held the tea leaves in his mouth before spitting them into the dustbin. "Rubbish will always be rubbish. I can get an idea about his level by those two jobs. Actually, he is not a real enemy, just an annoying fly. Such low-level jobs can be finished in one hour. Don't worry about it. Just keep your eyes on New Silk Road's commercial promotion. We can't miss anything!"

The agent wiped the sweat off his forehead. I have to find a new assistant for him. I can't stand being alone with him.

Sister Xue looked as sad as if her parents had died. Ni had called her again to notify her that Qin Guan had lost another interview.

Is it true then that misfortunes never come alone? This meant

that Qin Guan would be idling until Xie Feng's show, and she, the aggressive Sister Xue, would have to live on a leftover jar of fermented bean curd.

I shouldn't just sit and wait. I'm the famous leader of agents for untrained models. What should I do now? Of course! Beg mercy from celebrities!

Not long after, a sobbing Sister Xue got instructions from Professor Li. In order to be in a better condition for Xie Feng's show, Qin Guan would have to switch his focus to T stage-related jobs.

This was easier said than done. The domestic demand for models was limited, and there were not that many high-quality T shows for Qin Guan to choose from.

Fine, we'll just develop along the way!

Qin Guan had no time to pay attention to the cancelled interviews and Sister Xue's plans. He was too busy comforting his friend and his girlfriend.

Liu Xiaoyang was sad about the death of Chamberlain, the basketball star, while Cong Nianwei was grieving over the death of Nathalie Sarraute, her favorite French author.

Many celebrities had passed away that year. Qin Guan knew Chamberlain, but without Cong Nianwei, he wouldn't have known

who the hell Nathalie Sarraute was.

He had to start reading more books. Lovers without common interests did not last long.

It was simpler to comfort Liu Xiaoyang. A college-wide basketball game was enough. The honorable, arduous task had naturally fallen to Ye Dong.

Ye Dong had appreciated the constructive suggestion. The united club activities of the year would be starting soon. A basketball league game for sophomores in memory of Chamberlain would have a significant meaning.

Ye Dong knew that the other members of the Student Union would respect him for the idea and the Secretariat of Public Affairs would salute him. He agreed without hesitation, thus winning Liu's deep trust and friendship.

The only problem was Cong Nianwei.

Qin Guan had asked Sister Xue for help, but she had been annoyed because this had nothing to do with work. What? Are you showing off your monogamous relationship now?

Sister Xue felt betrayed by Professor Li, who was also interested in Nathalie Sarraute. She had studied in France, and there was a collection of Nathalie Sarraute's original editions on her bookcase.

Qin Guan expressed his and his girlfriend's emotions about the author. Unexpectedly, Professor Li gave all her Nathalie Sarraute books to Qin Guan as a gift. Qin Guan had been promoted from a student to a close friend in her mind.

Sister Xue was about to collapse with envy. I'm her student too. It's unfair!

A few days later, Cong Nianwei received a package with the card "Best wishes to my dearest girlfriend. May you be happy forever."

Surrounded by her excited roommates, Cong Nianwei opened the package to find two elegant original-edition books in French.

With tears in her eyes, Cong Nianwei caressed the author's name on the cover. All the girls were moved by Qin Guan's gesture, but Cong Nianwei was cursing him silently.

I don't speak French. The English edition would have been better. Considering Cong Nianwei's admiration of the author, this was like forcing her to learn French.

Many years later, when Cong Nianwei would deliver a speech on stage, she would mention Qin Guan's help and how he had made her study more and more. He was a good Chinese man and a considerate boyfriend.

Qin Guan couldn't make out her words on the phone. He would be attending the united club activities and represent the

sophomores as a mascot.

On the day before the opening, the Student Union finished decorating the paths in the garden.

Between the square fences, all the clubs had arranged their own elegant posters and exhibitions.



# Chapter 118: Focusing On College

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Sports clubs would attract the freshmen's attention by wearing sportswear, and culture, photography and chess clubs would show off their colorful accomplishments.

Workshop clubs would attract students with DIY activities, and magician clubs were not nervous, as their exaggerated cartoon posters and game curtains would stand out in a crowd.

Night fell. Ye Dong hung up the last colorful lamps, thus completing the two-day event preparations.

The next morning, as dew fell from slightly yellow leaves, the campus got more and more crowded.

Posters had been arranged along the paths and the roads, and signs had been placed on the turns.

Freshmen, as well as older students and teachers, had come to join in the fun of the leisurely weekend.

One could find the mascot at the main entrance.

Qin Guan was distributing colorful balloons to students and teachers.

The boys might have been ashamed by his childish presence, but

they were satisfied by his warm, shining smile.

Not long after, the cleverest one among them spoke.

"Is the mascot a sophomore?"

"Yes."

"All the freshmen will go through the entrance, right?"

"Yes."

"When the girls see him, will they consider him the standard for a boyfriend?"

"Oh, no!"

The boys stood there with balloons in their hands and tears on their faces.

Some staff from various clubs tried to encourage them, "Don't worry. There will be some clubs willing to accept you."

Do we look like hopeless losers?

Students clustered around Qin Guan. Many girls hovered around him with their balloons, trying to find excuses to stay by the

entrance.

"Don't push me! I'll fall!" The girl pretended to fall and leaned against Qin Guan.

Taking advantage of the chaos, the girls tried to touch him.

Qin Guan realized that disaster was imminent and handed the balloons to a boy beside him, covering his head and escaping through a gap in the crowd.

When he fixed his wrinkled sweater in the thickets, he saw the crowd form a circle. In the middle of it was the scapegoat, Li Jie.

Li was interested in soft girls, not vigorous ones. He was hurt by the girls' words.

"Who is this? Where is the handsome senior?"

"No idea! It's like he changed magically."

"Tough luck! Let's go to the club. This is so annoying!"

They even rolled their eyes at poor Li Jie before leaving.

When the chaos was over, Qin Guan ran up to Li Jie and asked him to distribute the balloons in his place. He was too afraid of

causing a traffic jam again.

Ye Dong waved at Qin Guan, who was hiding and watching the commotion, and gave him the Mu Lejiang Camping Club leaflets.

Qin Guan understood immediately. He couldn't serve the public, but he could at least help out his friends.

After taking several turns, he found Mu's camping club. Compared to the football and basketball clubs, it was a small club.

A few tough-looking men were squatting in a deserted tent, looking like beggars. The tent was so shabby that it looked like a shed for barbarians.

Qin Guan was left speechless by their taste. "Is this the extent of your promotion skills? Couldn't you take pictures of the places you've travelled to?" he tried to suggest.

"Try to find the most beautiful sceneries. Better get some wild animals too. Camping doesn't equal sleeping to you, does it?"

They were all enlightened. They were good at surviving natural disasters, but bad at advertising.

As the poor guys stared at him, Qin Guan helped them attract freshmen.

He rolled his sleeves up energetically and pulled Mu Lejiang away to hand out leaflets.

"Hello, this is information about our club." The boy already had a pile of leaflets in his hands that could be worth 0.2 yuan at a reclamation depot.

He felt dizzy by the number of clubs and trembled when the senior approached him.

He had a shining smile and gentle hands; the club had to be a good one.

After Qin Guan left, the boy came to himself and read the material. It was a simple introduction titled, "The Camping Club welcomes travel lovers!"

What a simple leaflet! I'll go, that senior convinced me.

Not long after Qin Guan had left, the members of the camping club welcomed their new members.

# Chapter 119: Never Played Basketball

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"Is this a camping club? What do you engage in?"

"Can people actually sleep in tents?"

Students came to ask different questions in an endless stream. There were more and more girls as time passed.

"Does that upperclassman belong to your club?"

"No? Does his roommate? Or is he a member of another club? He's not?"

"Would it be right to betray Qin Guan?" They all nodded. The brothers were complete traitors. They had been under no pressure to do that.

After Qin Guan had distributed all the leaflets, he washed in the bathroom and took a leisurely walk. He found Liu Xiaoyang in the cafeteria in a black cotton waistcoat and sports pants.

There would be a grand event in the afternoon in memory of Chamberlain. It was the basketball league cup for the 1998 class. He had to encourage his friends before such an important game.

Normally, Liu's 1.72 meter height would have been a joke, but as a straight-A student, he was dreaming of playing for his

department in the game.

His classmates had discouraged him with sincere words, "You would have been the best choice for an academic competition, but a basketball game requires height and skill. We can do it, but it's beyond your reach."

Liu Xiaoyang wouldn't back down though. He was a real soldier. If you're this short-sighted, then I'll find other friends.

He insisted on participating in the boy team of the Accounting Department. Most of the players were idiots who couldn't form a basketball team.

Qin Guan was one of those idiots, of course. As a "professional" basketball player, Liu Xiaoyang was quite doubted. Judging by Qin Guan's physical condition, he showed great potential for that game.

Qin Guan felt wronged though. He had originally been a fat, short man, who had never participated in such a high-end game in either of his lives.

Liu Xiaoyang would still fight for the Accounting Department though.

The cooks at the cafeteria had piled up baskets of steamed buns as high as the windows. The rice was cut into small pieces, and there was free soup with tomato, egg and cucumber.

The smell of the food reminded everyone that it was dinner time.

The crowd gradually dispersed, the lively gathering coming to an end. The members of the various clubs were happy to arrange their own exhibition areas and enjoy a meal after work.

Qin Guan left in advance to reserve seats for his roommates. If he did not have to ignore the girls who frequently came up to him and asked for the spare seats, the duty would have been considered easy.

With a high fighting will, Liu Xiaoyang finished lunch as soon as possible. He was equipped with professional sportswear, including Nike basketball clothes, a headband, a cuff, kneecaps and fingerstalls.

Someone was showing off in the cafeteria, huh?

There was only one honest guy in the dormitory, and that was Wang Lei. He pushed up his glasses and told Liu, "Shorts are the best clothes for playing basketball. Sweatpants may not be right."

They all fixed their eyes on Liu's pants, which had a printed "Seven" logo on them. They were actually shorts, but they were too long.

Everybody burst into laughter. The shorts looked like pants on Liu's body. Liu was quite angry with his height.



After lunch, they accompanied Liu to warm up in the basketball court and prepare for the game in the afternoon.

There were already several students there, and Liu attracted everyone's attention.

Nobody had equipment as complete as his. The guy was not a player, but an actor.

As Liu walked leisurely into the court with a ball, everyone was staring at him.

The more onlookers there were, the more excited Liu grew. He swung his hair back, put the ball under the basket, and showed off to his roommates with his knowledge.

"Warming up is the first step to any sport. Look at me, I'm a professional player."

He performed a set of smooth standard movements.

The onlookers nodded unconsciously. He seemed like an NBA player.

Liu Xiaoyang grew more excited at their approval. He began running around the court, tiny beads of sweats forming on his face after several rounds.

Li Jie handed him a bottle of mineral water. I could learn something from Liu to attract girls!

The most difficult part came when Liu returned. He was planning on shocking the audience with his ball skills. Everyone held their breath as he began to dribble proficiently, intending to play a trick.

His legs moved at high speed, the ball going back and forth between his open calves. Suddenly, he changed the position of his legs and the ball ended up hanging from his loose pants. It bounced twice before finally falling on the ground and rolling away.

"Ha ha! What the hell was that? You scared us!"

"I have a weak eyesight. I think I just saw the god of basketball!"

# Chapter 120: Mighty Liu Xiaoyang

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Wang Hao, who had just entered the court, had watched the whole scene.

He was a PE student with an economic management specialty. He was 196 centimeters tall, and he played basketball. His favorite hobby was chasing girls by showing off his sports skill.

Therefore, he couldn't stand that there was someone in the court wearing more fashionable clothes than him.

Although Liu was younger, shorter and uglier than him, he couldn't look down on him when it came to luxurious equipment.

I have to teach him a lesson! I'll beat him to the ground!

Wang Hao was surrounded by sport-loving girls. Actually, football and basketball female fans were quite different.

Girls stood by the basketball court shouting "You're so handsome!", but football players were welcomed by disdainful eye expressions and their girlfriends yelling "Your feet are stinky! Take a bath or you're not coming home!" (How could they take a bath without going home though? It was unfair treatment.)

With the ball under his arms and his hands in his pockets, Wang Hao walked up to Liu Xiaoyang, swaying from side to side. "Child, basketball shouldn't be played like that," he told Liu in a friendly

tone. His voice had barely faded away when his fans started laughing softly.

Wang Hao took two steps back and began to imitate Liu's actions. He even stuck his tongue out like the famous Michael Jordan.

His act produced noise and excitement from the onlookers.

With a jerk, Wang Hao leaped high and made a nice shot towards the basket. The ball touched the edge of the basket gently before falling through the net.

Qin Guan was watching his movements keenly, the muscles of his body adjusting slightly. He was taking advantage of this chance to learn.

After the shot, Wang Hao showed off with a series of running, jumping and shooting moves, which were natural and smooth from beginning to end.

Even the boys off-site applauded unconsciously. The onlookers had gathered around. Wang Hao made an energetic slam dunk proudly, attracting applause again.

Then he rolled the ball on his finger tip, suddenly throwing it back to Liu Xiaoyang.

At the time, Liu was lost in thought. The ball was about to hit his forehead, when a hand stretched out from the left and caught it.

Liu came to his senses. As cold sweat ran all over his body, he looked at Qin Guan gratefully and thanked him in a low voice.

Qin Guan pulled Liu outside the court and whispered to him, "Change pants. I believe in you! You're the best player of the Accounting Department! Cheers!"

Moved by his words, Liu nodded and ran quickly back to their dormitory to change his shorts.

The members of the Student Union hung up a banner across the court in memory of Chamberlain and the competition began. Students jammed around the court, encouraging their own players and watching the commotion.

In the first match, the Accounting Department played against the Economic Management Department.

The five short, thin players of Qin Guan's department were poor compared to their strong, tall opponents. Qin Guan looked at Wang Lei in surprise. "Will you play?"

"I'm a reserve," Wang Lei answered calmly.

His part-time job had made Qin Guan a myth in the Accounting Department. The monitor of his class dared not ask him to play for fear of getting rejected.

The judge blew his whistle, and the players of the two teams leaped for the ball. It was wonderful! The center player of the Economic Management Department pushed the ball toward his team.

The tall boys ran towards the basket. Before their opponents could reach them, they scored. The score was 0:2.

Liu Xiaoyang got the ball and encouraged everyone calmly, "Don't worry, we'll get it back!"

Then he started moving. Without the long pants, the smart boy showed his true ability. He slipped under the arms of the opponents' defense and took a shot.

Qin Guan and Wang Lei shouted, "Bravo!" That was when the girls in the court noticed Qin Guan.

"Is that Qin Guan?"

"Where is he? Where is he? Oh, I saw him!"

"I think that's him. He is not in sportswear though."

"That's a pity. Maybe he's not good at basketball. Nobody's perfect!"

They were still talking when Liu Xiaoyang scored again.

Although his opponents were superior, the score difference remained the same. With his smart movements, Liu Xiaoyang managed to control the situation.

Wang Hao asked for a time-out, and the players gathered around to talk. "That guy is really annoying! They won't beat us, but he will be a pain."

"Yes, it will influence the following games."

"In the next game, our opponent will be the Financial Department. It's hard to say who will win."

"Shall we play dirty to finish the game as soon as possible?"

"Yes, I'm in!"

The sports rogues reached a decision fast.

The game began again. At first, Liu Xiaoyang was on the defense, but the point guard took the ball and passed it to him. The big player behind Liu took this chance to push him with his body.

# Chapter 121: Using Temporary Knowledge

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Liu Xiaoyang failed to catch the ball. Instead, he fell forward and his face hit the ground.

Bang!

The audience stood up at the sound. It was painful to watch. Liu's team members ran over to him and supported him with their hands.

The referee blew his whistle, "No. 6, personal foul!" "

Despite the dirt on his face, Liu Xiaoyang looked good.

Before anyone could relax though, two streams of blood flowed down from his nostrils.

"Did I catch a cold? I have a runny nose," Liu told Qin Guan dizzily.

Qin Guan was both angry and amused. "Have a rest. Wang Lei will take your place," he told Liu. "You have a nosebleed. You should go to the dispensary."

Liu Xiaoyang frowned as he was supported off the court. A cold flash lightened Wang Lei's eyes. He took off his glasses, swung his arms around several times, and got on the basketball court.



The whistle was blown again. Liu Xiaoyang tried to stop the blood temporarily and stayed there. He decided to watch the game until the end.

Great! Wang Lei from the Accounting Department has the basketball. What will he do? He shoots directly. Good! Standard posture. The ball is flying. The defense of the other team fails to stop him.

Then? Then nothing. The ball missed the basket. Wang Lei passed the ball to the other team; he couldn't get it to his teammates.

Wang Lei gestured to the referee. He wanted to put his glasses on again, but his friends tried to stop him from playing. The opponents are playing dirty, it would be too dangerous for him.

There was only one choice left. Everyone turned their eyes to Qin Guan. "Can you play basketball, Qin Guan?"

"It doesn't matter. At least you can try. We can't lose face in front of our opponents."

"That's right!"

"We believe in you!"

Several team members were talking to him. "Have you played basketball before?"

"Only in PE class." Qin Guan tried to recall the actions of the players.

"Okay, you can just pass the ball to the others."

They asked the referee for a substitution.

Qin Guan began to take off his clothes, when the audience, including the students around the other courts, started gathering around and shouting, "You are so handsome, Qin Guan!"

"Cheers!"

Nobody could keep their composure before such a beauty in a fitting waistcoat and sport shorts.

Qin Guan didn't care. He just picked up the ball, supporting it with a single hand as he struck a sexy pose.

All his opponents were speechless. He was like a mass destruction weapon. The dream guy of all the girls and some of the boys was coming.

"F\*ck! Who said that he wouldn't play?"

"Who knows? We have to brace ourselves."

"Shall we play dirty?"

"Are you mad? Do you want to be beaten to death? Or do you want the girls to hate you? You can try, but you'll never get a girlfriend in your life."

They had lost even before the game had begun.

Qin Guan recalled Wang Hao's moves and mimicked what he had seen. He sprinted to the opponents' side and jumped high with the ball in one hand.

The audience was silent as he flew high in the sky.

Bang!

The ball hit the edge of the basket and flew away.

His opponents burst into laughter. Wang Hao wiped his cold sweat away. Just when he thought he would lose his title as the basketball prince... Qin Guan was just a show off after all.

Falling down on the floor, Qin Guan looked at his palms in confusion. It's strange. Memory and muscle reaction are the same. Why did I fail?

Qin Guan was still confused, when suddenly Wang Hao came over and pushed him provokingly with his chest. He had forgotten to take the 10-centimeter height difference into account though.

The girls felt disappointed and sorry for Qin Guan. He is still numb from the failure, and that hateful Wang Hao is trying to provoke him. What a despicable guy!

Several of Wang's fans had to hide, as it was too dangerous to arouse the anger of the masses.

Qin Guan gestured at Liu Xiaoyang and Wang Lei to reassure them. His action made the girls scream again.

It was a foul to promote oneself! Wang Lei planned to teach Qin Guan a lesson. The so-called star of the 1998 class would learn.

After several rounds, Qin Guan was familiar with the rules and the basic movements and shooting techniques that matched his height.

By then, the point guard had passed him the ball, and he tried to shoot again. Alarmed, Wang Hao shouted, "Stop dreaming! I'm here!"

He leapt up and stretched his hands around Qin Guan while his body tried to collide with his.

Qin Guan smirked. You're the one who's dreaming. Professor Li's

tough training had played an important role. Using the strength in his waist muscles, Qin Guan turned his body 270 degrees before they collided. He avoided Wang Hao and stretched his arm out to throw the ball into the basket.

# Chapter 122: Youth Without Tears

---

The hearts of the audience beat violently as the sound of deep breaths turned into deafening cheers.

"Qin Guan! Look at me!"

"Can I be your girlfriend?"

The sharp change of the situation had turned two of Wang Hao's fans into traitors. Qin Guan had turned out to be even more shining and handsome than Wang.

When they stood still, Qin Guan came over and and pushed Wang Hao to provoke him. The referee glanced at Qin Guan in warning, and he bent his head down and walked away. The situation was very clear.

The last 10 minutes were Guan's solo show, even though they lost with a small score difference of 48-52.

It was a team sport, so nobody could defeat five players unless they had superpowers. Maybe in the future Qin Guan would be able to steal the skills of NBA players, but that day on campus he could only sight at the final score.

It was not too bad though, considering their opponents had used their full force. The Finance Department wanted to weep when they thought of their next powerful opponent. Qin Guan had been

the real winner of that game.

He had won the girls' hearts and the love of his classmates. He was a guy who seldom engaged in team activities, so that game had increased his popularity. He had blended in with everyone else fast.

The commentator believed that Qin Guan would be the MVP of the game.

From that day on, Qin Guan was considered the basketball prince, a living legend for countless young boys who were deeply in love but unable to pursue their passion.

At dawn, they supported a groggy Liu Xiaoyang and hugged Qin Guan, who was stinky with sweat, before going back to their familiar dormitory. The flying time of youth always left unforgettable marks in one's life.

It was time to stop dwelling on emotions and get down to the serious problems of reality though. Qin Guan idled around for several weeks, just chatting with his roommates and sleeping.

Under the pressure of Shao Xiaobing, Sister Xue couldn't find any good jobs for him. Qin Guan felt extremely embarrassment to be working at a marketplace.

At least it was crowded there on the weekends, but why did Sister Xue have to choose such a nearby market? It was only a couple of

kilometres away from Qin Guan's college. Why did she choose Shuangan Plaza, and not Modern Plaza?

Modern Plaza? Yes, that's the place where Qin Guan had treated Cong Nianwei. Now you have an idea about the distance. There was only one road between the two plazas. They could be compared to two friends, except that one of them was frequented by handsome customers, and the other by people in their underpants and waistcoats.

In 1999, the old Shuangan Plaza was very poor. It might look magnificent now, but people still remember how bad it used to look in the past.

The woollen sweater wholesale was a favorite of the housewives, plain civilians and students.

Qin Guan appeared before the audience. There was an underwear show right beside his stage. Thank god Sister Xue hadn't picked that job for him.

When Qin Guan walked out, the hall was already crowded. It was the first time he would be performing before such a big audience.

T shows were considered fangle at the time. Everyone wanted to see one personally though, as they could usually only be watched on TV.

As the most important model (he had won a national contest



after all), the branding business attached great importance to Qin Guan.

The men's casual formalwear MTS sale at the Shuangan Plaza was always mediocre. The boss was not satisfied with the situation, so he had organized that show to promote sales.

His assistant had arranged an unexpected surprise for him. He had booked a national new model contest winner. The level of the show was elevated at once.

Qin Guan enjoyed the treatment of a superstar in the temporarily constructed chamber.

"Have some water, please." A bottle of mineral water was handed to him.

"The show will begin soon. Don't drink too much."

"Sit down, please!"

There was little room backstage and there were other models were standing there, waiting for the opening. Qin Guan shook his head. "There's no point. The show will begin in a few minutes."

The assistant was shocked by his humbleness.

By then, the host had begun his introduction. The underwear

models got on the stage first.

An old woman fixed her eyes on the models with a hateful expression. "They corrupt public morals! The police should arrest them! That girl is showing her bare legs!"

Why are you watching the show and commenting so enthusiastically then?

The prospects of MTS looked dim. The audience wouldn't be interested in models wearing clothes after appreciating the ones without clothes.

The boss looked at Sister Xue pitifully. After talking shortly, they decided to assign Qin Guan one more job.

He would have to get on the stage twice. The first and last appearance would both be his, but he would have to take his coat off during the opening show.

He didn't realize their intention until he took it off. The shirt was fitting, smooth and a little bit short. His V-line abs were partly hidden and partly visible under it.

It was a sexy seduction. This was foul play! Qin Guan saw Sister Xue show him three fingers and turn her hand. He understood instantly and did as he was told.

(Ha, ha, ha! Did you you get it? He was getting paid triple!)

Qin Guan took off his coat and tore the collar open to show off his elegant collarbone. When the underwear models got off the stage and the host began to introduce the formalwear show, the audience lost their interest.

# Chapter 123: A Charming Prince

---

A man who had just had meat would not be interested in celery. The audience wasn't in the right mood to enjoy the show, but they didn't leave right away as they expected to be amused.

When Qin Guan got on the stage, there was a commotion all over the hall.

A group of students who had gone shopping at the plaza, some of whom were from the same college as Qin Guan, had spotted their schoolmate.

"Are you familiar with that model?"

"Which one? Let me see. Wow! Is that Qin Guan? The most handsome sophomore?"

"Which one? Oh! Nice figure!"

Screams were heard. Led by the girls from Qin Guan's college, the group of students squeezed into the crowd curiously.

The crowd of old men and women was attacked by the strong girls. Everyone was shouting and crying out.

"Hey, stop pushing me, you nasty girl!"

"Hey, I want to watch! Don't push me away!"

"Why there is a duck here?"

Yes, there was a staggering little duck looking at the stage.

By that time, Qin Guan was at the center of the T stage. He struck a pose, caressing his chest and lifting his clothes, arousing screams from the crowd.

"Qin Guan! Look here!"

Everyone in the hall knew his name. Gold always shone, and Qin Guan had made a difference after the underwear show.

The difference was like that between a student's painting and an original Picasso, the same as a green hands' handwriting and a calligrapher's work, just like an author's diary and a literary masterpiece...

The boss backstage was smiling at the contrast in satisfaction. The customers had chosen to stay for Qin Guan and enjoy the fashion feast in the slightly cold plaza. Of course, they'd have to put up with some ordinary models like the underwear models, but Qin Guan would perform again at the end.

The girls had clustered around the little duck to get a good position by the stage. Actually, the little duck was Mou Xiaoliu. The other girls had gathered around her because she had been

calling Qin Guan's name and had created a spare space with her strong body.

When Mou took off the head piece of her duck costume, her senior sisters gave her the thumbs up. How powerful their college was! Qin Guan's fan club had been formed by accident.

When Qin Guan got on the stage at last, he saw Mou Xiaoliu. There were girls surrounding her, not only from his college, but also from other universities.

With a black coat on his shoulders, Qin Guan waved at the duck casually, causing crazy screaming.

Some people got the impression that MTS had spent too much on promotion. They chose to go around the discount area, where the products were high-end but reasonably priced.

The boss couldn't close his mouth, even after Qin Guan had left. The tripled payment had been worthwhile and would be covered by the sales volume in only one hour.

Before leaving, Qin Guan expressed his appreciation to Mou Xiaoliu and the other girls. His fan club would extend to all universities within a five-kilometer radius from then on.

The duck waved its wings and saw Qin Guan off reluctantly.

In Sister Xue's car, Qin Guan rolled around in the backseat

laughing. I'm rich! What a good job! Triple payment!

According to common practices, considering that Qin Guan had won a competition, his payment should have been at least 2,000 yuan. However, Qin Guan had no resources from New Silk Road, and Professor Li limited the scope of his job opportunities. Thanks to Qin Guan's title though, the boss had reluctantly paid him 1,500 yuan.

Then the situation had changed, and he had been paid 4,500 yuan! Sister Xue exhaled in relief. I will not live on cold water and dry bread next month!

Qin Guan hadn't been aware of the hardships low-level models faced until he performed in his second outdoor show. Of course, he'd had good luck until then. Qin Guan didn't feel strange about his status, but Sister Xue sensed that something was wrong.

According to her experience, with a competition title and an affiliation with New Silk Road, Qin Guan should have been attracting attention from various advertising firms, magazines and representative agents.

Even Ouyang Fen had plenty of offers, yet Qin Guan always lost jobs. He couldn't even get an interview. Ouyang Fen's proud nose was nearly poking her in the face.

Before Sister Xue could discover the cruel truth, the day of Xie Feng's promotion show had come.

Qin Guan was positioned in the middle. His outfit was not the featured one, but a result of Xie's accidental inspiration before he'd gone abroad.

Xie Feng had been preparing for the overseas fashion show for more than eight months. As was the custom, his style was in accordance with the main style of the Milan Fashion Show.

To promote the designing concept of a nation, the designers would first show their culture to the whole world.

In 1999, China seemed strange and mysterious to overseas fashion circles. As a rising Chinese designer, what would Xie Feng show in his debut in the Milan Fashion Show, one of the four top international fashion shows?

A combination of the Chinese culture, of course!

Traditional reds, dense greens, the graceful scene south of the Changjiang River, and the wide landscape of North China were all blended in his conception.



# Chapter 124: A Mysterious First Glance

---

Qin Guan's outfit represented deep autumn, forming a connecting link between the previous and the following season.

When Sister Xue observed the audience before the models got on the stage, she nearly got a heart attack.

Professor Li was sitting under the stage. The chief editor of ELLE was beside her, and An Jing, a famous designer of the previous generation, was on her other side.

My god! The audience included every renowned domestic designer and media and fashion critic. None of them were in the same world as Qin Guan.

Only then did Sister Xue realize that all the models in the show were famous except Qin Guan. That explained why everyone had been interested in Qin Guan backstage. People had tried to talk to him out of curiosity. Was he a relative of Xie Feng or a friend of someone else?

The exclusive fashion show was a trial for the Milan Fashion Show, where Xie Feng had been the only Chinese designer to be invited.

A small bird always stood out among a group of colorful tropical birds.

Before anyone could think, the background music started playing. Sister Xue reminded Qin Guan seriously, "Watch and learn from the others. It would be beneficial for you."

Qin Guan looked down at his bare feet. It was cool to stand on the floor without shoes. The dressing assistant put two round golden bracelets on his arms and ankles. They all tinkled when he walked.

Cheered up, Qin Guan felt ready for his first formal fashion show.

The side door opened, and Qin Guan's bare feet trampled on the stage. His toes moved unconsciously on the cool floor. He pulled himself together and got on the T stage. Sister Xue was the most nervous. Her blood vessels were close to exploding.

Qin Guan was worried for the first time in his life. Every hair on his body was standing on end. Every pore was open. Every cell was jumping around happily.

It seemed like he had been born for the shining stage. He started walking on it, his golden bracelets tinkling to express the sorrow of the wind and the sand.

Half-way through the show, the VIPs saw a strange new face. Many of them were attracted to the model, and they tried to find the advantages the designer attached importance to.

That was the so-called first glance that would determine Qin

Guan's fate. It was his day.

The audience applauded the designer. Backstage, Sister Xue wiped imaginary tears from the corners of her eyes. My little bird is going to fly away. (You are thinking too much. He still has a long way to go.)

After Qin Guan changed out of his clothes, he heard Xie Feng talking to him.

"I have already been preparing for the show for several months, and the models have been selected in France. Otherwise, I might have considered taking you to Milan."

Fully aware that he was just being polite, Qin Guan bowed in gratitude. It was amazing to be complimented by a designer.

The surrounding models, who were about to be dismissed, felt a little jealous. Xie Feng hadn't been as kind to them during their debuts.

Holding the money happily by the stage, Sister Xue had a stroke of luck. Xie Feng waved at her and Qin Guan from the backstage exit. They all returned to the T stage again.

Qin Guan saw clearly the people under the stage, among whom was Professor Li.

Generally speaking, Professor Li was strict with Qin Guan's

performance and sneered even at his smallest mistakes. However, that day she was different.

Smiling, she asked Xie Feng and everyone else, "What did you think of my student?"

They all echoed, "He's a young man with great potential."

"Professor Li has a discerning eye. You may be old, but you still have a vigorous mind."

Professor Li said nothing. She just whispered something to Xie Feng and let him attend to his own affairs.

What happened next was very important. Professor Li introduced Qin Guan to Yin Yan, the chief editor of ELLE magazine. As someone from both France and China, Yin was an expert on the fashion industry.

She had graduated from Peking University, and was an endowed scholar. She had majored in directing in France, and she had a mysterious romantic aura. Her original fashion concept had helped ELLE clothing enter China.

With a stepping-stone of top-level luxury, the magazine had established its own position in China and looked down upon other printed media that lacked good taste.

ELLE was a frequent visitor at new prominent shows, but this

show was so important that the chief editor had attended it personally.

Yin Yan rejoiced, thinking she had discovered an unpolished pearl in the fashion industry.

Professor Li introduced her to Qin Guan, "This is Yin Yan, chief editor of ELLE. And this is Qin Guan, my student."

Qin Guan nodded and shook her hand gently, while Yin stated her intentions without hesitation.

"You will be our inside spread model next week."

Before her voice had died away, another voice cut in, "No, you will be our inside spread model."

Yin Yan turned around. An acquaintance! It was Zhang Hui, chief editor of Rayli. Zhang Hui was Yin's arch enemy.

ELLE Clothing and Rayli were completely different. One engaged in magnificent boutique clothes, and the other focused on student clothes. Their readers were different people.

The point was that ELLE was divided into ELLE Fashion and ELLE Clothing in China, based on the different focus. Zhang Hui had copied the method and divided Rayli into Rayli Clothing and Rayli Fashion.

The clothing part of the youth fashion magazine was separated. Naturally, some casual style brands paid more attention to Rayli.

The most hateful part was that young readers were favored by several casual clothing American and Japanese brands. Yin Yan gritted her teeth at the thought.

# Chapter 125: Arch Enemies Always Get Together

---

Sister Xue had no idea about the killing intention between the two women. What she knew was that she and Qin Guan would become rich.

The two magazines were not regional printed media like the Capital Entertainment Newspaper. They were international magazine supplements released nationwide in Asia, and they were the cradles of countless top models!

The two chief editors were about to have a fight. If Qin Guan failed to comfort them, they would throw their gloves at each other's faces.

Qin Guan, who was usually careless, was unusually quick-witted in that situation. He rubbed his jaw and replied, "In my opinion, I could match well any magazine's style. The sales volume is your problem."

Was he smart? He basically meant that he would do his own job well during the photoshoot, but the volume sales would depend on the editors' abilities. The two women's eyes shone in interest at the suggestion. They both said in one voice, "Deal." They set a shooting time while Sister Xue's mouth was still open in surprise.

That night, Qin Guan had an exceptionally good sleep. His savings had reached 50,000 yuan, while Shao Xiaobing, who would be working early the next morning, was going to have a sleepless

night.

Shao opened the newspaper bought by his new assistant and turned to the entertainment page. Half the page reported news about Xie Feng, who had held a domestic show before the Milan Fashion Show. There was a remarkable group photo of the designer and his famous models.

Frowning slightly, Shao Xiaobing picked up his teacup from the table and scanned the models behind Xie Feng. They were all imaginary future enemies on his way to success.

Suddenly, his eyes zeroed in on the model on the far left. It's Qin Guan! He buried his face in the newspaper, looking for more details. Suddenly, he threw his cup against the wall.

"Bang!"

The little porcelain cup broke into pieces.

The assistant was scared, and so was Shao's agent, who asked in surprise, "What's wrong?"

Laughing grimly, Shao Xiaobing threw the newspaper on the table and shouted angrily, "See for yourself!"

His agent was confused by the news. "I had contacted the show, but they'd decided on the opening model eight months ago. The models for the Milan show will be famous overseas models. I think



you interviewed for the show, but you were rejected because of your different style."

At the time, Shao hadn't been angry about the result. Models always had their own personal style. It was common to be rejected for that reason.

"Look at the models carefully!" Shao Xiaobing waved at his assistant, who left the office quivering.

The agent looked at the photo again carefully. It was Qin Guan! He was among the group. He looked up at Shao. During the past month, they had taken four or five jobs from Qin Guan.

Such a practice was strictly forbidden in model circles. Luckily, his friend at New Silk Road trusted him. Besides, Qin Guan could only get some tiny jobs. If this had happened to another model, even Ouyang Fen, New Silk Road would have paid more attention. Qin Guan was an affiliated model though, so he was neglected by the company.

The agent tried to comfort Shao, "It must have been an accident. He will not go to Milan. Most of Xie Feng's work is overseas. Qin Guan won't get such a chance. Calm down. You have a photoshoot for Rayli tomorrow. You have to look good."

Shao Xiaobing let out a long breath, calming down. "Ask my assistant to clean the room," he ordered.

Qin Guan had no idea that his enemy would have to collaborate with him again. He was just sitting leisurely in the dressing room, getting his makeup on.

He would have to take photos for two magazines in one day. The first was the color photos for Rayli Clothing.

Rayli Clothing was a fashion magazine that mainly engaged in leisure and youth style and taught girls how to apply makeup. Some handsome boys occasionally appeared in the magazine to make suggestions for men's wear.

As the dresser praised his tender skin and fine pores, Qin Guan walked out of the dressing room and came face to face with Shao Xiaobing.

Both Shao and his agent were speechless. Qin Guan left the door open for them, and Sister Xue said hello politely to the agent.

Shao Xiaobing smirked in answer before entering the room and glancing at the female models who were looking at him.

Sister Xue let out a long breath. Is it just me, or was Shao's expression as he looked at Qin Guan not that friendly?

Shao Xiaobing didn't say anything as the makeup artist worked on him. His assistant was already unexplainably afraid. It's said that suppressing Qin Guan is his new goal. The assistant sneaked a glance at Qin Guan. He is so handsome.

Suddenly, she felt a cold wind behind her. Shao Xiaobing told her in a soft voice, "What are you doing? Are you idling around? Make a cup of tea for me!"

Looking at the scared assistant, the agent sighed. He was about to say something, but Shao Xiaobing stopped him with a gesture before walking directly into the shooting studio.

The style of the clothes was fresh. Clean sweaters and jeans went well with the young models.

Qin Guan was supposed to be shopping for accessories with a female model. They both had splendid smiles and looked very energetic.

The photographer was quite satisfied with Qin Guan. The main problem for printed media models was the slight flaws in their figures, not their face or body language.

Like a fairy sent from the heaven, Qin Guan combined the advantages of both sides perfectly. Even the photographer anticipated a rise in the sales volume after this issue was released.

# Chapter 126: Thanks For The Support

---

It was time for Shao to perform. He raised his eyebrows slightly and asked the photographer to take a photo of him and Qin Guan first.

Actually, he had no reason to be angry. Qin Guan would only have two photos in the inner pages, while he was an exclusive Rayli model.

He was attractive to female readers, and people called him a male ladybro. His gentle-neutral face was his trademark.

Qin Guan chuckled to himself at the news. He rushed to the fitting room, while Shao stayed in the studio silently, waiting for Qin Guan.

When Qin Guan came back wearing jeans, Shao smiled to himself.

I win! Models of similar style usually took photos in outfits of the same collection. Shao was in a pure white shirt and casual pants, which made a sharp contrast with Qin Guan's clothes.

Shao knew that the theme of this photoshoot was the countryside. Qin Guan's tough-man style was Rayli's first experiment. It was a brave change, as most of the readers were shy girls.

The two of them stood in the frame surrounded by grass and wild flowers. With a smile, Shao Xiaobing leaned towards the centre, leaving little space for Qin Guan.

Qin Guan could only lean to the side, turning his profile to the camera. Before the confused photographer could say anything, Qin Guan picked up his cowboy hat from the grass, leaned towards Shao, and put the hat on his head.

They were back to back, leaning against each other to create a tough-soft contrast. The tassels hanging down from Qin Guan's hat swayed around his face.

The boy seemed more cool and resolute, setting off Shao's delicate, charming nature.

It was a perfect photo.

The photographer made an "okay" sign to them. Shao turned his head around and stared at Qin Guan coldly.

"Is it uncomfortable for you? I'm actually a tall, strong guy myself."

His bluntness alerted Qin Guan, who realized that the seemingly nice guy was actually hostile. Qin Guan didn't care about the reason. I'll stay here until the very end!

(Where did his confidence come from?)

Then he stabbed another knife into Shao's heart, "Thank you for supporting a younger model's work. You know, I actually have another job today. Help me finish this one earlier," he said, bowing before Shao happily.

"Thank you for your support!" Qin Guan shouted loudly with all his might, making sure that everyone around them heard him clearly. They all made favorable comments about his behavior.

"Such a polite young man is rare to find these days."

"True. He seems like a nice boy."

Qin Guan received unexpected praise.

Shao Xiaobing could do nothing but smile reluctantly. He watched Qin Guan go into the fitting room in a carefree manner.

Qin Guan wouldn't stop laughing in Sister Xue's car. He analyzed the whole situation with Sister Xue and realized Shao had only been nice when he had replaced him as the main show model.

As the victim, Qin Guan felt unreasonable enmity towards him. It was unfair. Sister Xue thought it was normal. There was always drama at a workplace. The cake was not big enough for every model to have a piece. Suppression meant power.

The best way to fight back was by growing beyond the opponent's reach. Wasting time on meaningless fights was foolish.

Shao Xiaobing felt like an idiot. His seemingly smart brain had fallen into a muddle. His agent had accepted all domestic announcements with a certain publicity. He was expanding his popularity crazily, aiming for him to reach a level where he could work for brands.

Meanwhile, he would be taking Qin Guan's jobs. It was like killing two birds with one stone.

Frowning, his agent said nothing, hoping that Shao would lighten up his heavy workload.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan was completely relaxed. He was dressed like a top model, the white curtains of the French windows serving as foil for the brightly-colored wine glass in his hand.

ELLE photoshoots were famous for their luxurious and elegant style. It took the photographer more than ten minutes just to fix Qin Guan's shirt cuff, let alone all the other details.

The curtain was blowing too high against the wind. Again! The lights did not give off a mysterious enough vibe! Again! Qin Guan's foot was 0.5 centimeters off. Again!

By the time they had finished one photo, Qin Guan's forehead was covered in sweat. Yi Yan, who was free and had come to

watch, proudly told Sister Xue about her idea. Nobility and good taste would be dominant in the pictures. Their photoshoot would be different from Rayli's, who engaged in cheap concepts. They served only the top of the top.

Sister Xue could only nod. The two photos took Qin Guan one hour. She was speechless.

Against the setting sun, Qin Guan got in Sister Xue's car, holding a pancake roll. His eyes were filled with tears from starvation.

The pancake was steaming, so he had to pass it from hand to hand. "Hot! Really hot!"

Inside the roll were soft, shredded potatoes and fresh bean sprouts, as well as carrots. He was surprised to discover chicken tenders in the middle. Sister Xue had ordered that especially for him.

In the cool autumn, nothing could be compared to the fragrance of meat. Licking the sauce left on his fingers, Qin Guan burped in satisfaction. The two-yuan roll had been the best choice to fill his stomach.



# Chapter 127: I Love My Grandma The Most

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What happened next in 1999? The first Shanghai International Art Festival opened, scientists decoded the 22nd human chromosome, and Macao returned to China.

All of the above meant nothing to Qin Guan though. He had classes and slept in his dormitory all day long. He had no part-time jobs at all.

A hard-working guy must have taken all his jobs. Qin Guan simply did not think about it anymore. Exam season was close, and a student's duty was to study. That's what Qin Guan did in an effort to comfort himself.

Sister Xue was at the top of the hungry agent list. The poster of the J shirts winter collection was the only thing that prevented her from starving. She had nothing else to do but enjoy herself by reading the newest Rayli and ELLE.

The two magazines were released on the same day. Different girls saw Qin Guan at the same time for the first time.

Shao Xiaobing stared at Qin Guan in Rayli. He was not the least bit worse than him. He actually looked cooler. Shao smacked the magazine at the corner of the table.

Young girls saw a fresh face in the magazine. Among greasy cream cakes, chocolate was bound to be more popular. Readers ignored the smiling Qin Guan, who was holding hands with the

female model, but drooled at the photo of him and Shao Xiaobing.

Senior high school girls were reading the magazine together in secret, fixing their eyes on the clear lines on Qin Guan's face.

Several fans of Shao Xiaobing betrayed him, and lots of businessmen began to focus on Qin Guan's tough cowboy style.

If Shao knew that his behaviour would bring Qin Guan together with a representative of LEE, he would have generously left that position to Qin Guan and let him smile brightly before the camera.

ELLE readers liberated themselves from heavy work that sunny afternoon. They ordered a cup of sweet cappuccino and enjoyed their afternoon tea by looking at Qin Guan.

They were benevolent enough to store the magazine in their rooms and buy some accessories to show off at parties.

Some of them were even interested in newspaper clippings. They made a catalogue of elegant photos as fashion souvenirs. In a way, Qin Guan had made his mark with some people and some families.

The two chief editors were quite reasonable about the sales volume. An inner pages model could promote product sales through a poster by 20%. Qin Guan was on the list of potential commercial models in their minds.

No chief editors of any magazine cared about the advanced style

of a model, and no ordinary magazines cared about a model's personality. Their objective was advertisement income, just like movies tried their best to avoid box office flops.

The final exams came before the two magazines could influence Qin Guan. Feeling like a returning king, Qin Guan entered his exam room under the admiring gazes of the academically poor students.

He waved at the surrounding students, who sat down together at his cue. If this had been a movie, there would have been a board hanging behind Qin Guan, with the words "Don't bow before me, my ministers" written on it.

When the papers were handed out, Qin Guan felt protected by the students, who were clustered around him like the stars around the moon.

He began to write, while the others began to copy. They finished their exam together in a harmonious atmosphere.

Qin Guan made enough money from that exam to cover his meal expenses for the next semester.

After the exams, Qin Guan didn't return home with Cong Nianwei. He would be visiting his grandma for the traditional Spring Festival instead.

Qin Guan's grandma was an old-fashioned, family-oriented old

woman. She had worked hard her whole life, and her greatest wish was to see her children happy.

Qin Guan's father had left his hometown when he had been young in order to study, and he hadn't found a job back there when he'd graduated.

His older brother, Qin Guan's uncle, had taken that responsibility as the eldest son. He supported Qin Guans' grandma and grandpa and took care of the fields in the village. For many years, Qin Guan's father had been inviting them to live with him in Y city, but they always refused because of their deep love for the earth and their crops.

That year, Qin Guan would be spending the long holiday there with his father and mother. He would be entertaining his grandparents as the representative of his family.

As he watched the country road, Qin Guan's father grew more and more excited. He felt his heart gradually warming up.

Qin Guan's grandma was waiting by the door, feeding the chickens as she looked out for them. At the sight of a car drawing near, she stood up from her stool excitedly, brushed imaginary dust off her clothes, and moved towards them with her wrapped feet.

Qin Guan's parents were still busy carrying things for the Spring Festival out of the car, when Qin Guan hugged his grandma. She served him a bowl of steaming hot noodles with gravy.

There was an old saying that claimed that the last generation of old women loved their youngest sons and eldest grandsons. As the eldest boy of the third Qin generation, Qin Guan was his grandma's treasure.

Sitting on the warm [kang](#), Qin Guan could see his father through the window, which was covered in celebratory newspaper clippings. He was doing chores for his father as Qin Guan was gobbling up his hot noodles.

There were smooth egg drops, diced meat, cabbage, and home-made dried shrimp in the soup. It was so tasty that Qin Guan nearly swallowed his own tongue.

Qin Guan's father didn't enter the room until Qin Guan had finished his noodles. His father only had some leftover soup as he chatted with Qin Guan's grandpa.

Qin Guan's mother kept his grandma company, chatting and cleaning vegetables. Qin Guan's father and uncles went to the outhouse with his grandpa, and Qin Guan led his sisters and brothers outside to play games.

Qin Guan was wondering why he was the oldest one. Their family was the largest one in the village. Based on his position in the family hierarchy, several clansmen with long beards had to call him uncle.

The villagers had moved there during the Qin Dynasty (221 BC-

207 BC) as war migrants. The Qin clan had a long pedigree. Their ancestors had been in charge of sacrificing and official pottery production. There had been no renowned celebrities in their family.

According to the records in the ancestral hall, the highest ranking officials were a thousand households of the Ming Dynasty (1368 AD-1644 AD) imperial guards, which was unparalleled among the surrounding villages.

Kang, a kind of heatable brick bed in the Northern Chinese countryside.

## Chapter 128: Love In The Old Times

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It would have been an exaggeration to call Qin Guan the Qin Village phoenix. Villagers considered him a good-looking boy, just like a golden pheasant occasionally flying out of the forest, showing off its shiny feathers to the hunters.

Qin Guan was not aware of their thoughts. He just liked to play with his little friends and his brothers and sisters. There was nothing interesting going on in the countryside in the winter. Most young people just stayed at home and played cards. Qin Guan liked to play with teenagers though.

There were so many interesting things to do, including but not limited to, riding a goat in reverse, provoking cats and dogs, and digging into hibernating snakes' holes. They didn't return until it was dark. Qin Guan led the dirty monkeys back home. His grandma wiped the dirt off their clothes with a broom, warning them, "Don't go out in the evening. There are no lights out there, you will sprain your feet in the dark!"

At the dining table, Qin Guan proudly showed the two magazines to his grandparents, who were sitting at the head of the table. Smiles formed on their wrinkled faces. Our grandson is in a book! Good for him!

There was always a rich festive atmosphere in the countryside during the Spring Festival. On the 23rd day of the twelfth month of the lunar year, Qin Guan's grandma boiled sweet potato sugar into sweet sugar balls and put them into flour bags. Every family member could take some in their spare time.

On the 28th day of the twelfth month of the lunar year, with the help of other women of the family, Qin Guan's grandma steamed large buns with dates. There was about one catty in one bun, which meant that the new year was coming silently.

On the 30th day, there were firecrackers booming everywhere. Everyone stayed up late on New Year's Eve to welcome the new spring of 2000.

Their happiness lasted till the 5th day of the first month of the new lunar year. There was a general commotion at home. Qin Guan's youngest uncle had to carry sand as punishment for the administrator of the village.

Qin Guan's grandpa sat in a chair engraved with the Eight Immortals, looking at his children calmly. He knocked his pipe against his shoe sole to clean the ashes and added more tobacco. He continued to smoke.

Qin Guan's eldest uncle, father and aunt were standing before him, waiting for his orders silently.

Grandpa cleared his throat and called over his grandchildren, who were hiding behind the curtain door. "Come on in and hear about your uncle's affairs."

Led by Qin Guan, the boys and girls walked in obediently and stood in a line behind their parents.



Taking a posture of ancestral worship, grandpa cleared his throat and said, "Your fourth brother was cheated into joining a religious group several months ago. He said that the hierarch could cure patients and feed them, so he didn't go to the hospital and he stopped working in the fields. He even asked his child to stay at home instead of going to school. I took the child home and asked your mother to take him to school."

His sons and daughter were surprised. Our brother joined a heresy and you're so calm about it? They were shocked by his next words.

"I thought it was serious, as his wife was also in the group. I thought the family would break apart, so I reported it to the local police station at the entrance of the village..."

Reported it to the local police station... Reported it to the local police station... Cold sweat ran all over their bodies. Father is so impartial and incorruptible!

"It was no big deal. They just had to do social service for disrupting the peace. They had to dig sand pits east of our village for half a year. No prison sentence or anything."

Prison might have been better. They wouldn't have stayed in prison for that long.

Before Qin Guan's father could say anything, his grandpa grew serious. "It was a heresy! Those guys were evil!"

Everyone fell silent. It was a crime to join a heresy. Luckily, Qin Guan's grandpa was shrewd.

His uncles thought the subject was not up for discussion, so they did not press it. Their kids felt nothing. They were just laughing.

Qin Guan took a deep breath in secret. Luckily, his grandpa had saved his uncle in this life. If he had been cheated and gone to the capital, nobody could have rescued him.

Meanwhile, his uncle was griddling sand. The village head was in charge, and he was happy to get so much free labor. It seems like there will be an increase in production. I'm going to be one step away from becoming mayor.

.....

After the Spring Festival, Qin Guan's parents returned to Y city. His uncle and aunt were busy working in the fields, so Qin Guan, the eldest grandson, was the only one left in his grandma's yard.

After his rebirth, Qin Guan found himself enjoying more the extra time he stayed with his grandparents. He felt unparalleled warmth.

Night fell. Qin Guan's grandma was sewing on the warm kang under the dim light, narrating her and grandpa's love story.

Their story was worth hearing a hundred times. It was no modern love drama. It had the special reserved manner and warmth of old times.

When they had been young, Qin Guan's grandma had been the daughter of a country gentleman, while his grandpa had been a nobody. The distance between them had been more or less the same as that between a noble girl and a farm laborer.

It had been love at first sight.

Following her family's orders, his grandma had stayed at home. His grandpa had sneaked glances at her whenever he'd buy grains for his boss, but he'd kept her in his mind constantly.

He had been 15 at the time, and she had been 14.

Qin Guan's grandpa had tried his best to narrow the gap between them. He had begged an old shopkeeper to teach him how to read, keep books and calculate. During those troubled times, using the silver coins in his jute bag, he had dared ship in grains for the shop by sea.

Through his efforts, his grandpa had managed to eventually own his own grain shop. When he and Qin Guan's grandma had gotten married, he had been 19 and she had been 18.

They had helped each other in times of poverty and lived to old age in conjugal bliss. They had gone through hardships together,

always hand in hand. They had led the same life both in times of peace and during tough days. They'd had no regrets and never left or forsaken each other.

# Chapter 129: The Five Star Wholesale Market

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Qin Guan was so shocked that his eyes filled with tears. Before going to bed, he called Cong Nianwei secretly and expressed his emotions and love for her. Cong Nianwei shouted at him angrily, "It's two o'clock in the morning! What are you doing? Go to sleep!"

Yes, madam! Qin Guan bowed and went to bed.

Happy days always went by quickly. It was time for Qin Guan to return to college.

Before leaving, his grandma stuck jars of pickled duck eggs and radish into his luggage.

Old people were easy to satisfy. Their children's appreciation of their homemade pickles was more than enough to please them.

From the bus, Qin Guan watched his grandparents, who were standing close to each other at the entrance of the village. His nose was running.

I will live this life as well as my last one. At least I'll give you a great-grandson!

Then he forgot about his sentimentality and got lost in fantasies of Cong Nianwei and their future offspring.

In early 2000, most people felt lucky. They believed that they had been chosen by the gods to witness the new millennium. The concept had exceeded its religious connotation and become a celebration of all human beings. The original meaning of the end of an era was replaced by the pleasure and expectation of a new century.

Qin Guan was pleased with the good start of the year. Li Hui from Rayli magazine had called Sister Xue to confirm that LEE jeans would enter the Chinese market in March.

Qin Guan had been lucky enough to be chosen as the first LEE model in printed media. They had chosen US models for their TV advertisements, but a small spark could start a fire. Qin Guan had gradually attracted some attention in the modelling circle thanks to the inner pages of ELLE and Rayli.

Some offers from unknown brands had been rejected tearfully by Sister Xue.

That was one of the shortcomings of rising to fame. The wrong representative could cause a rising model to fall off the map. Even though the J shirts were in the Plaza now, Sister Xue still refused to shoot posters for their formal shirts.

It's too low for Qin Guan! A formal shirt costs below 200 yuan. It would influence Qin Guan's luxury-oriented career in the future.

Qin Guan had no time to care about other things. The first half of

the semester would be his busiest period, as the accounting exams and the CET 6 would both take place during the first half of the year. For fear that he might be discovered by female fans and his studies would be influenced, Qin Guan planned on buying black-framed glasses in the Five Star Wholesale Market to change his image.

The name of the Five Star Wholesale Market made it sound luxurious, but it was actually just a wholesale market hundreds of metres from Qin Guan's college.

Crossing the railway from the Beijing North Railway Station to the Jiayu Pass, Qin Guan arrived at the crowded market. He saw the meat sellers right away.

It was a large farm product fair with stands with fresh pork, entrails, living fish and shrimp. Considering its reasonable prices, the market was convenient for most people.

After one made their way through the crowd of old people, they got to the second part of the market, the dried fruit market.

After fighting with the over-enthusiastic wholesalers, one still wouldn't get to their destination. They would only get to the third part of the market, the fruit wholesale market.

Seasonal fruit was sold in piles at such low prices that one couldn't leave right away. When one went through the fruit market, they ended up carrying several bags in their hands.

Finally, Qin Guan reached his destination, the Five Star Wholesale Market. When he got to the entrance of the warehouse, he initially thought it was the wrong place.

There were stands selling fried pancakes, noodles and other instant meals. They provided food for a large quantity of sellers in the market.

Swallowing his saliva, Qin Guan went deeply into the warehouse, staring around him.

He was dazzled by the electronics, shoes, bags, accessories... After several minutes, he finally found the glasses.

A young man spoke to him while he was scanning the stands one by one.

"Hey handsome, do you want to buy glasses?" Qin Guan recognized his Y city accent. That young man was from his hometown. He answered in his native dialect, "Yes, I want to buy a pair."

The young man understood him immediately. "Do you want to look like a scholar? What do you prefer? Golden glasses or black ones?"

Thanks to Professor Li's training, Qin Guan's taste had improved a lot. He shook his head at the ordinary items on the counter. Square frames had been in fashion at the time, but the showy pairs



would be on sale after several years.

The young man was not surprised by his behaviour. After looking around to make sure that no one was watching them, he lowered his voice and said, "I have some good products here. Do you want to have a look? They are more expensive though."

Qin Guan smiled at him in understanding. "Fake ones?"

The young man brought his head closer to Qin Guan and squeezed the words out from between his teeth, "Fake ones!"

Qin Guan was straightforward, "I'll take them if I'm satisfied with the style."

The young man squatted and pulled a long leather case from under the counter. The case was elegant with metal European style engravings.

He opened it behind the counter to show him the frames, which were arranged in perfect order on the velvet.

There were coach frames on the first row, Ports on the second one, and Dior on the third one. There was every famous brand one could think of. All top ten international brands were in that case.

Qin Guan selected a black Dior pair and a white Gucci one. The first one was of primitive simplicity, and the second one was fine and delicate. I'm rich enough to buy both.

What was the most interesting thing in the wholesale market though? Not enjoying the stands full of beautiful things, or taking advantage of the reasonable prices. It was experiencing the satisfaction of bargaining with the sellers. New visitors hardly knew the market. The key was to bring the price down to one third of the original offer.

If the dealer refused, you could add one more yuan. If he said yes, congratulations. You'd just made a successful bargain!

# Chapter 130: Busted By The Staff Of The Industrial And Commercial Bureau

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With a moneygrabber's insistence, Qin Guan brought the price down from 800 yuan to 200 yuan each.

Qin Guan's unkind fellow townsman smiled to himself as Qin Guan was about to leave the counter with his trophies.

The fake frames that cost 50 yuan to buy in South China could be easily sold for 200 yuan. The buyer looked very satisfied. It was the greatest pleasure to cheat an acquaintance.

Peace didn't last for long. Suddenly, the sellers in the market became nervous. Several staff members in uniforms were running along the paths between the shops with briefcases under their arms. They were like a storm sweeping through the market.

"Hurry! They are looking for fakes! Hide them quickly!"

"Run! Run! Run to the stock room with the fakes!"

Several sellers who put fakes openly on their stands hastened to hide them.

The young man closed the case immediately and tried to hide it under the counter.

"Hey! You! What are you trying to hide? Take it out! And you, the young man! Did you buy anything from this stand?" A staff member with sharp eyes had spotted them.

Qin Guan held his stretched foot back, acting nonchalant. "Nothing. I just greeted my fellow townsman."

The staff member came over uncertainly and knocked on the counter impatiently. "Take it out quickly. I saw it!"

The woebegone young man pulled the case out and opened it before the man's eyes.

"Who said that there were no fakes here? I just found some. And you! Don't leave. What did you buy from him? Those men sell fakes because customers like you buy them. Tell me, how much had you ordered?"

He had mistaken Qin Guan for a peddler purchasing stock there. Qin Guan breathed out in relief. Putting on the most innocent smile he could manage, he told the staff member, "I'm not a peddler, just a student at the nearby college."

The man was dazzled by his shining smile. He unconsciously tried to block the nonexistent light before his eyes before sighing. "Young man, you might not be a peddler, but you still shouldn't be buying fakes. Besides, you are a student at a famous college. Why are you deliberately breaking the law?"

Qin Guan's smile became even more splendid. Putting on the fake glasses, he went on shamelessly, "You have misunderstood. How could I associate with a criminal? I'm here to buy some daily use products. When I was passing by his shop, the young man here said my glasses were quite fashionable. He chatted with me out of professional curiosity. I didn't buy anything from him."

The young man was weeping to himself as he looked at his confiscated case. "Liar! Liar! Don't believe him! Look at his glasses carefully. He bought them from me! Don't be fooled by his handsome face!"

The official was nearly convinced by Qin Guan, but he added seriously, "To be honest, I'm also a part-time model. You often have to deal with famous brand fakes. You have to pay attention to the fashion trends. I have appeared in many fashion magazines."

The official believed Qin Guan, who was even more dazzling without the glasses. He waved the fake glasses before the young man, looked at the number of the shop, and made a final note. "How could you try to sell fakes to such a handsome young man? Stop dreaming! Come pay your fine at my office tomorrow!"

Then he caught up with his workmates, holding his war trophies.

The young man almost choked from sobbing. I had just made several hundred yuan! Why are the gods treating me so unfairly?

Qin Guan bowed his head in regret and ran away from the market, leaving the sad young man behind him.

Despite his roommates' opinion about his unreasonable style, Sister Xue was satisfied with him. He is preparing for the possibility of becoming famous! I'm so happy!

At the LEE headquarters, the editor of Rayli magazine and Sister Xue were watching the director of the Advertising Department, who was scanning Qin Guan from head to toe. After a long time, he nodded in approval.

They were all relieved. Qin Guan got his first advertisement without advocacy. Sister Xue was over the moon about the dollars going into her account.

Qin Guan could earn foreign currency now. This would pave his way to the international stage. He sighed as he saw the money Sister Xue gave him. The salary for a few photos was more than five times the payment for his last T show. The money had exceeded his expectations.

Qin Guan arrived at the studio accompanied by LEE staff. He had been told that he would cooperate with an American model called John. They would promote the classic LEE style, including worker jumpsuits and jeans with typical 'LAZYS' Z series stitches.

It was the first time LEE had chosen an Asian model for its formal advertising campaign since its formal launch in Asia in 1995.

The general manager in Asia looked to further expand in the Chinese market. Japan and South Korea hadn't been treated the

same way.

Qin Guan considered himself lucky and just wanted to do a good job.

In the studio, Qin Guan was shocked by how much LEE had spent on the background. They had built three backgrounds for only a series of posters, none of which was jerry-built. One was a flight of safety stairs outside the building. The mottled, rusty steps were tangled together, depicting the decadence of the isolated city.

This had to be the first shooting site. Sister Xue nearly burst into tears when Qin Guan came out of the dressing room. Nobody informed me that he would have to have a haircut!

The excelsior make-up crew had cut Qin Guan's hair down to three centimeters. If it had been any shorter, Qin Guan would have looked like a monk.

# Chapter 131: John The Bisexual

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When he put on the first jumpsuit and blue-white latticed shirt, Qin Guan looked like an upfitter. The photographer shouted in English, "Perfect!"

If Sister Xue had known that Qin Guan would have to dress up like a labor worker, she might have been more hesitant to accept the job.

The taste of American people was quite different from the taste of people from other countries. They promoted roughness, and were incompatible with Paris, Milan and London fashion.

Qin Guan was interested in that coarse style, as he found it familiar. Before his American partner arrived, Qin Guan picked up a paint bucket and a brush and began to paint on an iron ladder.

Shouting "Perfect!", the photographer got down to work. When John followed his assistant in, he saw an Asian fairy dancing in front of him. As a bisexual, he felt an attraction to Qin Guan, as if he was a delicious piece of cake.

He took off all his clothes as fast as he could, put on the jumpsuit pants, and walked into the site with his upper body bare. John's assistant knew exactly what he was doing. It was an old problem of his.

The photographer was confused. John had to wear a red latticed shirt that would create a contrast with Qin Guan's blue-white one.



Taking advantage of Qin Guan's confusion, John hugged him tightly and told him warmly, "Hello, how are you?"

Qin Guan, who was holding the brush in one hand and the paint bucket in the other, couldn't help but laugh.

Silence fell as yellow paint landed on John's chest.

Trying to be polite, Qin Guan transferred the brush to his other hand, intending to shake hands with John. John tried to hug him again though.

Another streak of paint was smeared across his chest. The tough, hairy man looked like he was wearing a bright yellow bra.

The photographer shouted at the two naughty guys, "What are you doing? We're working here!"

The two bastards were wasting time. It would take a long time to wash that paint off.

Qin Guan tried to make up for his mistake. He picked up the rest of the buckets and brushed paint on both his and John's body. Now they looked like two upfitters who had just finished work.

The photographer's anger turned into pleasure as he began to work.

John had no time to play around with Qin Guan. As it had turned out, the fairy was not just good-looking, but also witty. They worked together in complete focus, finishing the photos in a short time.

What would they do about the paint on their bodies in the next picture though, where their upper bodies were supposed to be bare?

Sister Xue was a real professional. She murmured something to John's assistant and got a bottle of floral water.

She poured the floral water on the paint on Qin Guan's body. After several minutes, it was washed off easily with soap.

Qin Guan kindly handed the rest of the bottle to John. The paint on John's body was his fault after all.

John misunderstood his gesture. He thought the handsome Asian man was about to hug him.

He tried to hug Qin Guan for the third time that day, but it was in vain. Qin Guan was dizzy from the fragrance of the water, and he went to wash.

When they came out again in Z series jeans, everyone in the studio was shocked.

Thick masculine hormones flew in the air. These were no slender young men, or fragile flowery boys. They were tough, strong men.

They bent over the dais on the roof, turning their backs to the photographer and the others. The coarse pants looked perfect on their bodies.

The contrast of their skin was made even sharper by their different race. Qin Guan's fine, smooth skin was in perfect harmony with John's hairy skin.

The photographer thought that was enough. He asked them to stand on the dais and took photos of them from below.

This was the upside of having long legs. The strong man with the six-pack and the shiny young man both looked really attractive.

When the photoshoot was over, Qin Guan wanted to jump down from the dais. Realizing that this would be his only chance, John patted him on the butt.

Wow! It was nice and elastic, like an Asian dessert. John was all for pursuing a romance in that mysterious country.

Qin Guan looked at him in confusion, but Sister Xue didn't take it seriously. It was a common joke among men.

Qin Guan's problem was that he would be returning to college with a buzz-cut. His fellow students might think he had been

arrested by the police.

As it turned out, he was surrounded as soon as he reached the entrance of his college.

His college was quite different from art schools, such as the Capital Film and Television College, the Capital Drama College, and so on. No entertainment star had ever emerged from it. Although Qin Guan was just on the edge of the modelling circle, it was still enough for him to cause a sensation.

Every student, no matter how busy, called their friends to discuss the tragedy of the college Prince Charming.

It seemed that the glasses he had bought to disguise himself had been of no use. Pretending not to care, Qin Guan walked calmly to his dormitory.

Some brave girls among the onlookers took action when they saw that Qin Guan was not angry with them.

"Qin Guan, I'm XXX from the Finance Department. Could you please sign your name for me?"

"I want an autograph, too! Could you please write 'for XXX from the XXX Department'?" another girl asked, giving him specific instructions.

# Chapter 132: Three Girls And One Man

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A student on his way to study hall generously gave Qin Guan his pen. Like real fans, the students organized the activity in perfect order. They were reasonably talented, and a long queue was automatically formed.

A crazy girl pulled her coat open, lifted up her sweater and showed Qin Guan her white fleece, shouting, "Sign here! Sign here!"

Bracing himself, Qin Guan scrawled his name. The crowd fell silent immediately.

His handwriting looked like the traces of a creeping crab. Qin Guan almost cried. Is it my fault that I don't have a specific design? I hate my terrible handwriting myself!

Looking at the first lucky girl who had gotten an autograph, the other girls said, "Shall we ask for a signature after Qin Guan finishes practising?"

"Yes, that signature does not look good. Nobody would believe us. It looks like it was written by some random person. Even my handwriting is better than that!"

"Okay! Qin Guan, we've come to an agreement. We're your schoolmates, so don't forget about us when you finish practising your signature!"

"That's all for today. Let's go!"

The crowd was dismissed in a moment. Why are you being so practical? Don't tell me that you want to sell my signature! Or are you going to wait for it to increase in value, and meanwhile hoard it as a rare commodity?

Actually, Qin Guan had a point. They were planning on saving the signature to show off in the future.

To add insult to injury, Qin Guan was laughed at by his roommates in his dormitory. The sad boy called Cong Nianwei to talk to her about his misery.

Cong Nianwei's curiosity was aroused by the laughter she heard through the phone. She had nearly finished her homework, so she decided to check on Qin Guan at his college and have a romantic candlelit dinner with him.

Qin Guan leapt up in excitement. He hung up and asked for leave from Huang Jiajia's mother.

Huang Jiajia had spent more than half an hour getting dressed, so she was angry that Qin Guan had cancelled. I'm so bored at home. What's Mou Xiaoliu doing right now?

.....

She called Mou and found out that she would go work at Sanlitun. She headed to campus happily to meet her good friend.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan was also getting dressed. He looked smug in his white cotton jacket, jeans, high boots and baseball cap.

When he and his girlfriend walked through the campus entrance hand in hand, they heard someone shout in anger. "Aha! You didn't come to my house for our lesson so you could fool around!"

Huang Jiajia was angry that Qin Guan had met another girl at college. She considered him kind of a spoony.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei turned around in bewilderment. Huang Jiajia was embarrassed when she saw that the girl was actually Qin Guan's girlfriend. Qin Guan walked up to her, rolled his sleeves up, and began lecturing her, "What are you doing here? Why didn't you stay at home and study? When I'm not there, you idle away!"

As Qin Guan stepped forward, Huang Jiajia retreated. Suddenly, there was another roar from behind them, "What are you doing? How dare you bully that young girl! Don't worry, I'm coming, Huang Jiajia!"

"Bang!"

Qin Guan was beaten, a bump forming fast on his head.

Covering his head, Qin Guan squatted down in pain. Mou Xiaoliu was dumbfounded. Huh? I thought he was a bully, but he's actually my prince!

She put the robber bat behind her back unconsciously.

Qin Guan stood up, massaging the bump on his forehead as he began lecturing Mou, "What are you doing here, my sister? What are you wearing? A mini skirt, silk stockings and high boots in winter? Huang Jiajia must be influencing you! How do you two even know each other?"

Cong Nianwei was confused by the scene. There were too many things to see. It was just like a film. Suddenly, a third excited voice was heard from behind them, this one speaking English.

"Aha! I finally found you, Qin Guan! You are my angel! There are so many beauties chasing after you, but I still like you!"

After they had finished work, John had managed to get Qin Guan's information.

All he had known was that Qin Guan was a college student. He'd thought it would be hard to find him at college, but he'd unexpectedly spotted Qin Guan at the campus entrance, being chased by three girls. Shall I join in?

John, the bold and unconstrained American model, had gone there without any disguise. Qin Guan was surprised to see his



partner there. He had only cooperated with him once after all. "Why are you here, John?" he asked.

Holding Cong Nianwei's hand, he introduced her to him, "This is my girlfriend." Pointing at the two other girls, who were listening in, he said, "This is my schoolmate and my student."

"No, no, no! Don't lie to me, Qin Guan! According to my rich experience in romance, all three girls love you. Maybe a bit, maybe very much, but they all do!"

"Love is the most troublesome thing. You should choose me! We'll make love to your heart's content!"

When he finished his speech, Qin Guan and the girls were left speechless.

Huang Jiajia was the first to break the silence. "I don't speak English that well. Could you please translate for me, Mou Xiaoliu?"

"What?" Qin Guan was astonished.

Cong Niaiwei explained, "He said that he wants to f\*ck you!"

Aren't you way too calm considering you're his girlfriend?

# Chapter 133: Oh, No! They Are All Martial Artists!

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Qin Guan's irascible temper made him want to beat John, but Mou Xiaoliu, the irritable bear, rushed at him instead.

That foreign tough man with the red nose and the green eyes dared proposition my prince!

"Bear's fist!" she shouted loudly, showing her five-element fist art, which was passed down from generation to generation in her family. She had been born with extraordinary power, so she beat the tall man to the ground.

Darkness covered John's eyes, countless golden spots shining in his vision. He had been beaten by a soft girl with only one try.

The girl named Huang Jiajia seems kind-hearted. She looks like she's going to help me up. Suddenly, John felt her bag hit him in the stomach.

Now I have only two saviors left. Oh, no! There's only Qin Guan left. His girlfriend is stomping on my fingers with her high heels!

John was in complete despair before the Asian girls. They seem soft and small, but they are all martial artists.

He stared at Qin Guan with watery eyes.

Qin Guan squatted down and pulled Cong Nianwei up. "She is my girlfriend, understand?" John nodded energetically.

"I'm not homosexual or bisexual. My heart belongs only to her. Got it? Now, shall we be brothers? Friends?"

Glancing at the girls, who were looking at him jealously, John understood the situation and stretched his hand out towards Qin Guan. "Good brothers. For life."

A transnational friendship was formed that moment. Qin Guan was gorgeous, but his guards were horrible. Anyone would have made the right choice between life and desire.

Qin Guan made a good foreign friend, and John joined the group easily after being rejected as a romantic interest.

I can't enjoy a private dinner with Cong Nianwei now. I have to have dinner with my followers.

A saying said that one had to conquer a man's stomach before conquering his heart. Therefore, the best and quickest way to make a foreigner realize his ignorance was by treating them to authentic Chinese dishes.

It was uncommon for Qin Guan to be extravagant with dinner, yet he took them to the Fengzeyuan Restaurant.

For a foodie, that restaurant was the Holy Land. It had been founded in 1930, and it featured authentic Shandong cuisine. As an old famous restaurant, it was considered one of the top eight restaurants in the old capital.

It was renowned for its delicate dishes and pure style, and it was a favorite of high-ranking officials, dignitaries and celebrities. Ever since its reconstruction, it was considered a three-star restaurant.

John was intoxicated by the kickshaws even before eating.

There were braised sea cucumbers with scallion, dried cooked crucian, Fengzeyuan carbonado with special flavour, and cuttlefish roe soup. Qin Guan was really generous. John was so busy filling his mouth with food that he nearly swallowed his own tongue.

He felt like he had been eating pig feed for the past 20 years. He realized that he had been living his life in vain. Even the potatoes were sliced into differently shaped pieces. Everything seemed too noble for his eyes.

Another fan of Chinese cuisine had been born! He was cheated into having a mouthful of crucian with lots of fishbones, and his opinion of that fish changed completely.

Actually, he had never eaten fish with bones before. The crisp bones were nearly melted into the flesh. I can eat all of them!

John was fascinated by Chinese cuisine after that dinner.

On the flight heading back to the US, he took out the fried breadsticks, which his assistant had bought at a small stand for 0.25 yuan, and took a bite.

Wonderful! "Hi, my lady. Could I have some sugar? Yes, two packages."

He scattered the granulated sugar, which was actually meant for coffee, on the breadsticks. He even forgot to accost the airline stewardess and flirt a little with her. He could only see the breadsticks.

His assistant proudly took out a deep-fried dough cake with brown sugar. I will never tell John I'm having a more delicious breakfast than him!

Qin Guan had no idea that he had made a small change in the life of a friend. After the poster of the J shirts, he was out of work again. The LEE advertisement had put Sister Xue in a dilemma.

Ordinary jobs were no longer suitable for Qin Guan, while better ones were always taken by somebody else. She was looking for the reason why.

The several advertisements and inner pages of magazines that he had participated in had influenced Qin Guan's life. He realized that he could now be considered a small rising star after his parents called him one day.

They had seen Qin Guan in a fashion magazine a younger workmate of theirs had been reading. The young girl was in the same office as Qin Guan's mother, and she had put a torn magazine on the common newspaper shelf.

Qin Guan repeatedly promised his parents that his part-time jobs would not influence his studies. Reassured, his parents hung up. For conservative parents, getting a good job after graduation was the best way to proceed in life.

Of course, Qin Guan hadn't mentioned his income. If they knew that his yearly income matched their total salary, they might have started to doubt the value of their work.

Taking advantage of his spare time, Qin Guan devoted himself to his courses. The Accounting Qualification Examination was approaching.

Qin Guan had applied for the exam back in January. There were three subjects, including Financial Regulations and Accounting Professional Ethics, Accounting Basics, and Accounting Computerization. He had to pass all three exams at once. The first two subjects were scheduled on the first day, and on the second day, the candidates would work on a PC.

Wang Lei couldn't understand Qin Guan's decision. As students at the University of Finance and Economics, their college would automatically issue a qualification certificate to them along with their diplomas.

Qin Guan had set a clear goal for himself though. He wouldn't be satisfied with only one certificate after four years of studying.

He had unparalleled confidence in himself. He had been preparing for that day since the day he had entered university.

# Chapter 134: The Four Accountants

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The examination was held at a senior high school of the capital. The school was empty on the weekends, so the principal took advantage of the vacant classrooms.

There were only four rows of tables and chairs in the small room. Two invigilators were standing at the front and the back, which was stricter than Qin Guan had anticipated.

The rules were written clearly on the blackboard. Any cheaters would be automatically disqualified, their entry fees would be non-refundable, and their names would be on the black list of all related examination offices affiliated to the Ministry of Finance.

Rolling his black pen around in his hand, Qin Guan scanned the exam papers from beginning to end.

The questions were not difficult. Eighty percent of them had been in the question bank for many years, and Qin Guan could proudly declare that the other twenty percent was as simple to answer as drinking water for a guy gifted with an extraordinarily retentive memory like his.

The practice part was simple, and the part about law and regulations was right up Qin Guan's alley.

The other candidates and the invigilators all were astonished when Qin Guan finished the multiple choice and fill-in-the-gap questions in 15 minutes. Their worldview almost collapsed.



Actually, the exams that year were not that simple. There were many difficulties on the paper in other people's opinion. Everyone chose to ignore Qin Guan when he started to explain nouns and short-answer questions. They believed that he had been born into an aristocratic family of accountants.

Qin Guan finished the exam in 45 minutes, even though it had been designed to take the candidates two hours to complete. The invigilators paid close attention to him for fear that the other candidates close to him would try to copy from him.

Pretending to walk around, one of the invigilators walked up to Qin Guan's desk to have a look. He's filled in all the blanks. He must be a really hard-working student.

He nodded, pretending to know the answers himself, before he returned to the platform. The other students couldn't fight the impulse to copy. They had misunderstood the invigilator's action, and they believed that Qin Guan's answers were right.

As a result, they all showed their special talent at cheating. The beautiful girl sitting in front of Qin Guan took out a small mirror and read Qin Guan's answers from it.

Qin Guan was left speechless when he saw the flickering light spots across his paper. Could you at least ask the paper's owner for permission?

No one paid attention to the feelings of a sulking kid though.

Ever since the reformations and opening-up policy, the government had standardised the regulations of various industries and introduced a new series of policies.

As a result, a group of older accountants had to participate in the certificate exams.

For veterans in the job market, Qin Guan was a small bird in college, just a tool for passing their exams.

Qin Guan protected his papers well, otherwise the older man sitting close to him would have taken his exam and signed his own name on it.

The bell rang. It was time for the candidates to hand in their papers ahead of time.

Shaking, Qin Guan handed in his papers, casting a fierce look around him before leaving.

He drank two mouthfuls of water outside to get over the shock. What a terrible grown-up society!

There would be another exam in the afternoon, so Qin Guan had to find a restaurant nearby.

His thoughts were interrupted though, as he was surrounded by the four candidates that had been sitting around him in the classroom.

Qin Guan looked around him. After analyzing the situation, he understood what was going on. With a flattering smile, he said hello to them.

The four candidates were dazzled by his smile. He is one cunning guy. He shouldn't be an accountant with such a handsome face. It'd be a waste for him to sit in a dark room and calculate every day.

The oldest man of the group spoke first, "Are you a student, young man?"

"Yes, I'm in college."

"You must be a very good student. Are you confident about the exam in the afternoon?"

"It'll be a piece of cake!"

The oldest woman patted Qin Guan's shoulder to encourage him. "Fine, we'll rely on you later then."

Qin Guan was confused. "We'll be punished seriously if we get caught."

They dismissed his doubts recklessly. "Our units sent us here for the exams. We're just going through the motions. Our scores

should be average."

"We originally had a surrogate exam-taker who was going to sit at your desk, but he deserted us right before the battle. We have to rely on you to keep our jobs. Don't worry, our work is on Math and Science, and we have advanced cheating skills. You won't get caught."

"Let's go for lunch! Our treat! We'll discuss this later."

Qin Guan was escorted to a restaurant. Who said that all accountants were honest?

The advanced skills were actually their beepers. There was a public phone on campus, so they got a phone card for Qin Guan.

Qin Guan could tell them the multiple choice and true or false answers in a simple way. Those questions took up 40 percent of the total score. The essay questions would not be Qin Guan's responsibility.

Qin Guan relaxed. He could help them without getting caught cheating. He couldn't miss this chance to connect with those senior accountants. He expressed the questions lingering in his mind.

"I will continue to take exams after getting this certificate. What should I do next, become a post accountant or a certified public accountant?"

# Chapter 135: The Brand Endorsement Contract

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They exchanged a look with each other. That young man is so shrewd. The eldest one among them answered, "It depends on your career choice. If you prefer a stable job, choose the former. After working hard for several years, you can become a senior accountant."

"If you want to start your own business though, you should choose the latter. It's the most valuable certificate in China, but it's very difficult to get it. It may take you several years."

Qin Guan didn't know what to say. Tutors at college didn't care about such things. In their opinion, after graduation their students would automatically know the regulations of the industry and would all choose the first road.

Time would not wait for anyone though. Qin Guan was nearly in despair as he thought about the requirements for becoming an accountant. Whichever road he chose, there would be the same obstacles waiting for him. A two-year working experience in the industry with the premise of his diploma.

The older woman across from him tried to comfort him, "It all depends on your effort. Where there is will, there is a way. I have an idea, but it depends on your connections."

Qin Guan cheered up and listened to her carefully.

"Get experience. You have to find a unit that will hire you as a part-time employee. That way you can gain experience while studying at college. Are you a sophomore?"

Qin Guan nodded. There's still hope!

"Then you're just in time! When you are familiar with the common skills of an accountant, you already have working experience. After you get your diploma, you can ask your unit to give you a certificate."

"There is more good news. You can apply for the certificate of a junior accountant, which will be helpful during your job hunt. The exam will be in May. There are still two months to go. Shall we apply to take that together?"

Was that your aim all along?

Whatever, Qin Guan was convinced. "Do your units want part-time accountants?" he asked. Just asking, in case I could solve that problem right away.

They all laughed and introduced themselves.

"Do you know why our units assigned us to take this exam? I'm from the XX grid. He is from the XX plant, she's from the XX bank, and he works for the XX group. Companies like ours are filled with staff, so stop dreaming! You chose the wrong direction. You should

focus on small private enterprises that are just starting to develop. It's wasteful for them to employ full-time accountants. You can keep their books for them once a week and try to cut on their taxes. They will be glad to make a certificate for you."

Qin Guan kept their suggestion in mind. It was the voice of experience speaking. As a college student, he was nearly blind to the reality of society.

Actually, Qin Guan planned on reaching the top of the industrial pyramid, but his companions suggested that he open a business and expand overseas. That was a remote goal though.

At their suggestion, Qin Guan decided to apply for the junior technical exams in May. They exchanged telephone numbers and returned to the examination room happily.

In the afternoon, Qin Guan was more careful with his papers. As soon as the bell rang, he handed in his papers and went out.

When he left the campus, he relaxed. The next day he would be taking the last and easiest exam. Then he would just wait for his score and certificate.

He had no idea that he was being sold at the time. Sister Xue was negotiating with the boss of the J shirts.

Actually, we should call him the boss of J Clothing Co. Ltd. With Qin Guan's help that past year, he had extended his power.

In half a year, he had expanded the scale of his business to 16 stores. On the stable foundation of the capital market, he distributed his products to the surrounding provinces and cities. He had three production lines, and his profits had increased several times. With rising confidence, he had begun the production of a casual collection.

His company was no longer engaging only in shirts. His aim was to become a comprehensive brand like BNL, which focused on clothing for young adults. According to industrial evaluation, his brand had reached B-level.

Qin Guan, who had appeared in four of his posters, was considered his exclusive model.

On that day, the boss had come over to get Qin Guan's brand endorsement with his Advertising Department army. (He had already convinced the Advertisement Department!) Not long after the Spring Festival, he had opened stores on Xinjiekou, Xidan and Gongzhufen Street, in an effort to compete with brands like BL and MS.

There was a thick pile of contracts in front of Sister Xue. Unlike the previous year, J clothing had prepared a TV advertisement, a brand T show, and posters and catalogues for Qin Guan.

Sister Xue skipped to the payment terms, which were detailed and reasonable. According to the standards of a B-level model, there would be two to three shows in one year, and Qin Guan



would get paid 6,000 yuan for each. The photoshoots would remain four a year, at the price of 5,000 yuan each, and the payment for brand endorsement would be 80,000 yuan for one year.

After careful calculations, Sister Xue concluded that Qin Guan would earn 110,000 to 120,000 yuan as a brand ambassador for J clothing. It was a perfect contract without loopholes, leaving room for other opportunities for both of them.

Sister Xue accepted the contract. She would ask Qin Guan to sign it. The boss smiled to himself for a long time on the leather seat of his car.

He hadn't told Sister Xue that his store in Xidan was in the same neighbourhood as LEE. When he'd visited that store, he had seen LEE's poster right away. A giant poster of Qin Guan and an American model had been hanging in front of the store in the most crowded part of Xidan Plaza. It was easy for drivers and pedestrians coming from both directions of the busy street to see it.

# Chapter 136: Shooting An Advertisement

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Handkerchief in mouth, the J shirts boss watched the opening ceremony of LEE's flagship store in China. He expressed his endless feeling of resentment to the long queue outside the LEE store, which sold only torn jeans.

After carefully scrutinizing Qin Guan's poster, he gritted his teeth and signed the tenancy contract with the Leasing Department of the Plaza.

The rent was about three times higher than that of his stores in other areas, but he had high hopes for the future.

As soon as Qin Guan finished his exams the next morning, he was taken to the J clothing headquarters by Sister Xue. The contract came into effect immediately. They went into a J clothing van, heading for the 4A company to shoot a TV advertisement.

The director who met them had originally been unsatisfied with the customer for picking a model in advance. Based on his analysis of J clothing, he had already chosen several good candidates for the advertisement, considering the brand's rising status, audience and budget. Domestic models such as Huang Haibin and Ren Quan were all popular stars.

He didn't care about the choice the boss had made for the poster and T show, but only a famous model would qualify for a TV advertisement.

When Qin Guan got out of the car though, the director was stunned. The models he favored were ordinary people compared to Qin Guan.

Relaxing, he asked his assistant to lead Qin Guan to the makeup room, while he stayed outside to finish the preparations with the J clothing staff.

Qin Guan went out of the makeup room and saw some figurants in the studio, who would serve as background in the advertisement.

While the leading actor would be running, they would follow him around to create momentum. When the leading actor was still, they would stay behind him like wallflowers.

Suddenly, Qin Guan saw his old acquaintance, Ouyang Fen.

Ouyang Fen's expression was thunderous when Qin Guan came out. They had been the winner and runner-up of the same national competition. The gap between the two of them was not that broad. Besides, Qin Guan was just an amateur model in Ouyang Fen's mind.

However, Qin Guan had overcome countless obstacles and conventions in the modelling circle.

Convention I. It was difficult for an amateur model to sign a contract with a formal agency, as most amateurs models were not

qualified enough. However, Qin Guan had been pestered to sign a contract with a formal agency for several months.

Convention II. It was difficult for amateur models to win domestic contests. Most models were promoted to C Level after signing a contract and stayed at that level for all their lives. Without strong financial support from the agency, it was very difficult to win a domestic contest. It was like the 25,000 kilometer Long March of the Red Army.

Still, it had been easy and smooth for Qin Guan, who had just drifted along with the current. He had cleverly chosen a competition for new models without latent rules and a clear winner. With the approval of both the judges and designers, he had won plenty of awards in his first competition.

After the competition, he had been promoted to B Level. Ouyang Fen gave him a forced smile. Qin Guan got himself a brand endorsement, while I'm still stuck in the background.

Qin Guan walked to the centre of the studio. To Ouyang Fen's surprise, he didn't sneer at him. He just patted his shoulder without a word.

The director's voice woke Ouyang up. He was slightly shocked, but he felt warm in his heart. Maybe Qin Guan is a good man after all!

Qin Guan greeted the director in cotton knitwear, a waistcoat and leisurely pants.

"Have you shot a commercial before?"

Qin Guan shook his head.

"Do you know how to follow a camera?"

Qin Guan shook his head.

"Do you have any related training or experience?"

Qin Guan nodded before adding, "Most of my experience is on printed media and photos."

The director exhaled in relief before telling Qin Guan, "Just relax and imagine that this is you in your everyday life. Do what I said, but don't drift too far from the camera. The sense of the lens is inbred. I have confidence in you!"

Qin Guan had gained himself another admirer. The shooting began, and the figurants followed Qin Guan as he ran around and leapt. The first film was finished fast.

The director gasped in admiration at Qin Guan's performance. No wonder that models had the best lens sense. They can always find the best angle for shooting. Even the smile on his face is just right!

The scene was finished during the second film, as the figurants had been running in the wrong order at the beginning.

The second scene was simpler. They just chased each other on circling stairs.

The final scene was shot at the top of the mansion. When they climbed to the top breathlessly, Qin Guan was surprised to see a roof lawn.

The company seemed to have spent a lot on the advertisement. The director of A.M wouldn't tell anyone about it, but they had evaluated J clothing as a senior customer with great potential.

This meant that if the boss of the J shirts was satisfied with their work, there would be another contract.

In the final scene, Qin Guan was chased by everyone else. People tore at his clothes to express their inner desire as Qin Guan shamelessly exposed a part of his chest.

When the director said that they were done, Qin Guan was confused. It had felt like a camera had been recording his daily activities.

He watched the playback doubtfully. In the special subdued light, his features were magnified naturally. His long legs were moving in perfect rhythm as the camera got closer. His sexy butt was clear in the leisurely pants. In the natural light of the setting sun, Qin

Guan stood still among everyone else. He was the most dazzling person in the frame.

He had been born a leading actor.

After the shooting, Qin Guan was approved by A.M, one of the top three 4A companies in the capital.

They filled Qin Guan's name in the "optional" column and wrote a "B" silently next to it.

Considering his popularity and audience though, the director should have written an "A".

After the work was done, Qin Guan got a text notification about a bank transfer. Deducting Sister Xue's payment, 60,000 yuan had fallen right into his pocket.

# Chapter 137: The First Car

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Qin Guan was considering buying a car. Ever since he'd gotten his driver's licence, he hadn't even touched a steering wheel. He was getting busier and busier, and Sister Xue couldn't always be his chauffeur.

His career goals had been postponed after graduation, so in his spare time he was looking for a part-time job at a company. He needed a small car to drive to places instead of walk.

The Yayuncun Car Retailing Plaza was the first choice of any capital resident who wanted to buy a car. In 2000, it had the biggest number of cars and agents. Plus, there was also convenient public transportation there.

Taking advantage of the spare time between his courses, Qin Guan went shopping in the Plaza.

The boss Qin Guan had cooperated with had promised to sell him a car at its original price through Sister Xue, but it wasn't the car of Qin Guan's dreams.

In 2000, a car was a luxury for any individual. 100,000 yuan was only fifty percent of the deposit for most people.

Because of Qin Guan's age, he had visited more than half of the shops in the Plaza, but few salesmen had been willing to help him.



They all mistook him for a handsome guy selling insurance or car accessories. Nobody believed that a young man would go there with enough money to buy a car.

Finally, Qin Guan found what he wanted in the various shops.

Tens of years earlier, the domestic car market had been on the verge of changing. There had been few brands for ordinary people to choose from, while the prices had been nearly twice as high as they would be 10 years later. Among all the available types, the Cherokee jeep was Qin Guan's favorite.

Qin Guan made his final decision after he saw the actual car. Amid all the flat household cars, the Cherokee, with its 2.5 liters and 5-level manual gear, was quite bold and impressive.

The price was also reasonable. It was only 109,000 yuan.

Compared to paying the terrible price of imported Cherokees, Qin Guan thought the manual edition would be fine for him.

He put down his backpack and sat on the couch of the Cherokee 4S shop. A smiling salesman came up to him.

F\*ck! I know why you sent a green hand like me! You are all lazy! Why didn't you give me a chance yesterday, when those fat businessmen were here? This young man is obviously just looking around. The prices will scare him off!

Imagining Qin Guan running away scared, the salesman inquired politely, "What can I do for you? Would you like to buy a car?"

Unexpectedly, the handsome boy answered, "Yes, I do."

What? I can't believe this!

Remaining professional, the salesman took control of his twitching facial muscles. "What kind of car do you want?" His voice betrayed him. It was much higher than usual.

The other salesmen, who had been chatting behind the counter, stood up all of a sudden. Did we miss an one hundred million sale?

Qin Guan walked up to the white Cherokee jeep on the exhibition stand and patted it on the hood. "This one, today!"

The salesman's mouth stretched to his ears. He ran to the reception to get a copy of the contract. Qin Guan looked at the standard contract and asked, "Is there a gift?"

The salesman was taken aback. "A gift?"

"You know, like a gas filling card, a voucher, a backplate, a food pad, a mop..."

The salesman was speechless. That guy was shameless. Why don't you just ask for another car?

Suddenly, Qin Guan recalled that accessories were not given for free at the time. Before the salesman could say anything, he opened his mouth again and said, "I don't need solar films!"

Okay, the negotiation was not going well. Better just sign the contract. For most salable cars in 2000, common colors were always available in 4S shops.

Qin Guan opened his backpack and showed the salesman the piles of bills. The salesman fixed his eyes on them. "Why don't you choose that type? It's better."

Looking at the giant 4.0 litre Cherokee with automatic speed changing, Qin Guan answered in admiration, "Just take my money!"

Liar! I don't believe you! With tears in his eyes, the salesman counted the money and took care of all the necessary procedures. The new Cherokee by the entrance now belonged to Qin Guan.

Qin Guan threw the empty backpack on the backseat of the car. Then he twisted the key and stamped on the accelerator, driving off.

The salesman handed the contract to his manager before the envious eyes of his colleagues. I might get a bonus this month.

Qin Guan parked his car under the dormitory building. His

roommates were so amazed that their eyes turned red. Even Liu Xiaoyang, who was the richest one among them, felt inferior compared to Qin Guan.

Besides, Qin Guan hadn't borrowed a single yuan from his parents. He had earned all that money by himself! Thinking of the remaining balance in his account, which had to be nearly zero now, Qin Guan felt a pain in his heart.

As he was enjoying the worship of his roommates, the real estate agency called him. The house he had bought in 1998, which had been under construction at the time, was ready now.

Hanging up, Qin Guan told everyone in a serious tone, "Are you free now? Who wants to go with me?"

"Qin Guan! You even bought a house! Can you really make so much money as a model?" Looking at his short legs, Liu Xiaoyang wanted to drop dead.

Qin Guan laughed shyly. "My parents bought it for me. It's not far from here. Seriously, do you want to go?"

"Why not? We'll all come with you!"

"Let's try your car!" they responded one after the other before trying to squeeze into the cab.

"Go away! I'll drive!"

"First come, first served. I'm the oldest one!"

"There is no father or son on a battlefield. Takers, keepers!"

# Chapter 138: House, Car, Bills

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The owner of the car was standing right behind them, but they did not consider his feeling. Qin Guan had lost control of his car for the day.

They squeezed into the car and realized they had a serious problem. The car was overloaded. They asked Liu Xiaoyang, who was the thinnest, to sit in the middle. If they were pulled over by the police, he could hide under the seat.

Luckily, the SUV had a huge inner space. If it had been an Alto, it would have broken down because of their weight.

They drove to the real estate agency in the vibrating car. Although Qin Guan would have to wait several months for the house deed, the building could be put to use right away.

The second phase was still under construction. There was nothing in the basement of the building, and the construction waste had not been cleaned up yet. However, the basic construction had been finished.

Everyone followed Qin Guan to the third floor. There were two apartments on the same floor. The door on the left was the entrance to Qin Guan's new home in the capital. He opened the door, which smelled slightly of oil paint, and saw the overall arrangement of his new residence.

There was an oblong living room, and on the south and north

side of it there were four bedrooms. The kitchen, washroom, and bathroom were on the east side of the living room, and there was also a big balcony. The light of the setting sun shone on it. The daylighting of the house was pretty good.

Qin Guan made countless adjustments in his mind, while his roommates considered the possibility of purchasing a house in the capital themselves.

Three of them had decided to stay and work in Beijing after their graduation, including Qin Guan, Ye Dong and Wang Lei.

They asked for prices at the real estate agency after leaving Qin Guan's new house. The prices had already risen from 1800/m<sup>2</sup> to 2500/m<sup>2</sup> for a standard house. It was still reasonable though.

Persuaded by Qin Guan and the sales manager, the boys decided to have a discussion with their parents later in the evening.

The sales manager wondered if he had hired Qin Guan as a secret salesman. Maybe I did and forgot about him.

His roommates felt really grateful for Qin Guan as house prices soared. Qin Guan had made them millionaires!

Good things kept happening one after the other. Qin Guan passed all three subjects in the accountant qualifying test with top marks. He would get the certificate he was longing for in May.

Then his four older friends sent him the material for the junior accountant test. Qin Guan read through the books and believed it would be easy for him to finish by the end of May.

Meanwhile, the J clothing headquarters had opened in Xidan. As their brand ambassador, Qin Guan attended the main show and filled his empty pocket. He earned the capital he needed to make adjustments to his house.

If Qin Guan knew that his good luck would continue, he would have fainted from happiness.

John was selected as the LEE model in the US, and he was reminded of his beautiful Asian friend. He was invited to the New York Fashion Week in September, and he introduced his colleague from China to the director of LEE.

The director was shocked by the photos. Qin Guan looked like a fairy or an Asian angel.

After checking the list though, he shook his head in disappointment and told John, "He is perfect, but he'll have to wait for next time. All the models on the list have been approved. It would be unfair to them to just add someone in."

"Besides, our designer hasn't seen Qin Guan's resume. He can't be selected just based on his photos."

"Oh, please! Just give him a chance to interview. We will be



flying to China for the Capital Fashion Week in November."

"You're right, John. Why don't you find a better use for your memory?" The director took the photos to discuss it with the chief designer of the fashion week.

J. K. V. was a Belgian designer and the meritorious man who had turned LEE into one of the top jeans brands.

He focused on ladies' jeans, which was a successful strategy. Although LEE's history was shorter than Levi's by 40 years, they were both among the top three US jeans brands.

J. K. V. took the June fashion week very seriously. Only the visit of the publicity director managed to slow down his hurried steps.

"What's the matter?" J. K. V. took off his glasses and placed them on the table. The director spread the photos happily on the same table.

"Who's this?" J. K. V. became serious right away. He put his glasses on again carefully.

"Where did you find him? Asia? Let me think... The store expansion in China? Wow! You found yourself a little gem! He looks unimaginably delicate."

The director told his plan to J. K. V, but the designer shook his head repeatedly, "Stop joking. We have decided on the

arrangement. Even if the young man is standing outside this very room right now, I won't let him in."

The result was as expected. The director waited for J. K. V. patiently though. He knew J. K. V. too well to believe that he would just dismiss a boy like that.

As expected, J. K. V. added, "I'll give him a chance in the Chinese fashion week in November though. I'll personally attend the show."

See? A designer's attention is always necessary.

Let's leave the office in the US now and go back to Qin Guan. His large posters were hanging on the headquarters of J clothing in Xidan like a demonstration.

The two different shops on both sides of the mall featured the same model, which attracted fashionable people who happened to pass by.

## Chapter 139: The Great Director

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The seductive poster, together with a cup of afternoon tea, made the cafe opposite the store inexplicably popular.

An even more inexplicable series of events followed. The boss of the J shirts aired the advertisement on dozens of local TV stations, one of them a capital TV station. He dared not bother with CCTV, as he didn't have enough money.

The total ad rates were less than CCTV's rates alone. The boss was industrious and thrifty.

As a result, after the CCTV news finished at 7:30 pm, no matter which station one switched to, they most likely saw Qin Guan.

His parents were about to watch a famous TV series while eating fresh fruit, when they suddenly saw their son running around on TV, chased by other people. They silently picked up the phone.

Cong Nianwei had been forced by her roommates to watch "Wen Cheng Princess", when she suddenly saw Qin Guan. Is this because I haven't called him in a long time? She sprayed the water she had been drinking on the screen. I'd better call him later.

Her friends all had good eyesight. As expected, they recognized Qin Guan right away.

"That's your boyfriend! Is he a celebrity?" It depends on your

definition of a celebrity.

"Where? It's really him! Congratulations! You have to treat us!" This one would do anything for a free meal.

I have to call my boyfriend. Cong ignored her shameless roommates without hesitation.

Countless people saw Qin Guan on TV and recognized him.

That night, Li Shaohong went home. As she was sitting on the couch, she was thinking about her play, "Dame Palace", which was half-way through production. The actors for Zhang Yizhi and Zhang Changzong were still being selected.

Zhang Yizhi would be played by Zhao Wenxuan. No one had objected to that. However, she had interviewed more than ten actors for the part of Zhang Changzong, and nobody had impressed her.

The real Zhang Yizhi had been a gentle, elegant, calculating man. He had been an expert on ladies and courting.

On the other hand, Zhang Changzong had been a handsome, simple boy, renowned for his beauty. People said that he had been as pure as a fresh lotus.

Li Shaohong had a general idea about the actor she wanted to play the part. As a tall man among shorter ones, Gao Jiangping

from the Beijing People's Art Theatre was her ideal choice.

Gao Jiangming was a serious man. She had been unable to find an actor with outstanding beauty, so she'd had to choose one with good acting skills. Maybe we'll have to apply more powder to his face.

Li sighed and pressed the remote control. The historical TV play "Wen Cheng Princess" was on.

When there was a commercial break during the play, Li frowned slightly. Annoying ads again! Local TV stations air ads four or five times in a few minutes.

Li Shaohong stopped flipping through channels when she suddenly saw Qin Guan being carried by the other models to the rooftop. The ad was over soon.

She flipped to other stations until she came across the advertisement again.

She watched the advertisement three or four times in the same night before she made a decision.

She called her assistant. "Xiao Liu, it's me. Can you help me trace the model in the J clothing ad? You know how? Great! Call his agent and give him a chance to audition."

Her assistant hung up. What a wonderful world! A green hand

has been selected by a famous director relying solely on an advertisement. He hurried to find out which agency the lucky guy belonged to.

Qin Guan had no idea about his luck. He was too busy answering calls from his parents and friends.

Ever since the advertisement had been aired on TV, everyone, acquaintance or not, had started asking him various questions. The phone in his dormitory kept ringing all the time, which annoyed him to no end.

The phone rang again. Qin Guan answered in an impatient tone, "Hello! Who's that?"

It was Cong Nianwei. "Huh? What's the matter with you? I haven't called you in a long time. It's okay though, I'll hang up."

"No, no! I was just annoyed because strangers kept calling. I've missed you so much, darling!"

Cong Nianwei would rather hang up as soon as possible. It seemed that Qin Guan was fine. There was nothing to be worried about.

Qin Guan told her proudly, "Weiwei, I bought a new car! And my new house is ready. I'll take you to see it someday. We can decide on the adjustments together!"

Cong Nianwei had found out about the house the previous year. She had felt strange when Qin Guan had showed off about it on his bicycle.

Qin Guan couldn't fight the impulse to brag. "Are you free tomorrow? I'll come pick you up. We can choose the paint together. The floor is already ready, but I dared not decide on the color of the bedroom."

Cong Nianwei was confused. "Why? Isn't it your house?"

"I'm waiting for my wife. If she's not satisfied with the color, then I'll have to paint it again. It'd be too much trouble!"

"Be serious! Come here early tomorrow. The decoration market is far away."

As he hung up, Qin Guan felt glad. Cong Nianwei didn't deny that she would be my wife!

The next morning, Qin Guan's Cherokee roared under Cong Nianwei's dormitory. She was surprised to see the SUV behind him from her window.

Where is his [bicycle](#)? I can't believe this! Her roommates were practically salivating with jealousy.

In Chinese, both a car and a bicycle can be called "Che" for short.

# Chapter 140: Just Shut Up And Kiss Me!

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Cong Nianwei's roommates' boyfriends owned shabby bikes, while Qin Guan was driving a brand new car. Was Cong Nianwei also good at selecting a boyfriend?

Feeling her roommates' envy, Cong Nianwei sat down calmly beside Qin Guan. He drove them slowly to the west entrance of QH University.

At the sight of them in the car, Chi Hailing started crying by the roadside. Is it even possible to be this rich before graduation? Who said that one could survive on their strength? He's making a living on his looks! It's so unfair!

On the way, Qin Guan asked Cong Nianwei the question that was troubling him the most, "What color shall we paint the wall of our bedroom? The floor is milk yellow. What do you think about green? It's said that it helps one sleep. Or what about white? It's simple and easy to apply."

Qin Guan read about the prices and the brushing process before asking calmly, "Shall we go with white?"

Cong Nianwei burst into laughter. "Okay, white!" she agreed.

The wife humored the husband, who was a penny pincher.

Qin Guan carried the paint upstairs breathlessly. He felt upset



that he hadn't bought a house with an elevator.

Cong Nianwei pinned her hair into a bun and put newspaper hats on both their heads. The interior of the house had been polished. Qin Guan touched the wall and found it smooth. They could paint directly on it.

All the tools, including a roller brush, a hairy brush, a basin, newspapers and a wooden ladder, were ready. They began painting. Qin Guan was in charge of the large scope, while Cong Nianwei supervised all the details.

They were perfect match, but Qin Guan got distracted by Cong Nianwei after a while.

Standing on the high ladder, he looked down at his girlfriend. Her tiny nose and curled eyelash looked very elegant.

He stopped moving unconsciously, and the paint on his brush landed on Cong's eyelashes. Fortunately, Cong Nianwei had her eyes closed at the time, or the paint would have landed in her eyes.

Qin Guan got off the ladder immediately and asked Cong Nianwei to stand where she was and keep her eyes closed. Meanwhile, he ran to get a towel.

When he came back with a clean towel, he found his girlfriend standing in the sunlight with closed eyes. On her cheeks there were drops of white paint.

Qin Guan wiped them from her face gently. Before he could let out a sigh of relief, Cong Nianwei asked him, "What about the paint? Don't worry about me, it's not in my eyes."

No one answered her. She thought Qin Guan was still feeling guilty about it, when suddenly his lips were on hers, blocking her words.

There had been no warning, no advance decision. It just like the coming of love. Love didn't ask why or when.

After their first intimate contact, the young lovers felt like they had been hit by one of Cupid's arrows. There were no flowers, no romantic atmosphere or promises.

Qin Guan was unsatisfied with just kissing Cong Nianwei's lips. If he kept calm then, he would be an idiot.

He tried to insert his tongue into her mouth, but he was attacked fiercely. Don't even dream of a French kiss! 19-year-old girls in 2000 weren't so open-minded. His second try kind of succeeded.

The revolution was not completely successful though. His comrades still needed to fight diligently.

Qin Guan stuck his tongue out of his mouth like a dog. Cong Nianwei had bit him. Ouch! It hurts!

Cong Nianwei burst into laughter.

Qin Guan approached her with the towel, but she looked suspicious. You want to try again? I'm no fool!

Qin Guan pointed at her nose and said sincerely, "I'm not messing with you. There is paint on your nose. I want to clean it for you."

Cong Nianwei touched her nose and nodded uncertainly.

Qin Guan bent down and kissed her lips again. "Ha, ha! I said I'd clean your nose, but I didn't say I wouldn't kiss you again!"

Cong Nianwei's face turned red. She started chasing after Qin Guan with the roller brush.

"You liar! Come here! I won't hit you!"

The warm spring was almost over. Did that mean that their love would be getting scorching hot?

They ran around and fought until they were both out of breath and smiling. When they paused and intertwined their fingers, the phone rang, ruining the atmosphere.

Qin Guan groaned helplessly. Cong Nianwei stared at him. He couldn't help but answer the phone tamely.

It was Sister Xue. She sounded slightly doubtful, yet also a little happy and hesitant, as she told Qin Guan about a call she had just gotten.

# Chapter 141: Are You Serious?

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"Li Shaohong needs a male supporting actor for her TV play. New Silk Road received an unexpected call from the crew, and then her assistant contacted me."

Qin Guan answered calmly, "So what? I'm a part-time model."

"The director likes your charm and appearance. She wants you to play Zhang Changzong."

"Who? Zhang Changzong? The most famous toy boy in history? No way! I wouldn't do that even if the national leaders asked me to! Are you serious? How could a handsome, strong young man like me play that woman-like Adonis?"

Before Qin Guan could finish his proud announcement, he felt a pain at his waist. Cong Nianwei pinched his flesh as she told him happily, "Li Shaohong is my favorite female director. Do you know her work 'This is Forty'?"

Qin Guan shook his head.

"What about 'Pink'? Or 'Red Western Clothes'?"

Qin Guan kept shaking his head. Cong Nianwei sighed and said, "It seems like we have no common interests. You have to audition for the play to make up for it."

This was ridiculous. How could Cong Nianwei's boyfriend reject her favorite director? He had to get the part, even if it was the villain!

Sacrificing himself for their happy common future, Qin Guan agreed to go to the audition.

As his agent, Sister Xue had gotten used to Qin Guan changing his mind often.

She didn't return to reality until she set up an audition time with Li's assistant. Is that the way to entering the entertainment circle? It'd be wasteful for Qin Guan to become an actor though.

She didn't spent too much time thinking about it. Qin Guan would be just a guest performer after all. No ordinary director would want a beginner like him.

Qin Guan took Cong Nianwei back to college and returned to his own dormitory. As he lay in bed, he began to review his schedule for the semester. He wanted to make sure that the TV play wouldn't influence his courses.

Then his thoughts returned to Cong Nianwei's sweet, soft lips. Stop! I'd better go to sleep, or I'll just keep suffering.

Qin Guan fell asleep with a tent in his pants, praying to the goddess of mercy.

The next day, when he got out of his car proudly, Sister Xue, who had been waiting for him outside the Capital Film Factory, twitched her lips. You are only an ordinary model, yet you seem prouder than a superstar.

Several people around the entrance were trying to guess who Qin Guan was.

When they went inside and found the giant studio for "Daming Palace", the two of them were shocked.

It was the largest studio in Asia, and the crew had built a splendid set for the play.

To truly recreate the grand palace of the Tang Dynasty, the crew had spent quite a large amount of money on the set and props.

It was beyond their wildest imagination, and it made them re-evaluate the importance of the audition.

Li Shaohong was drinking water in the waiting room when her assistant led Qin Guan in.

She watched the beautiful young man walk towards her. He looked like an enchanter who had broken the laws of the imperial court and had been reborn.

Cutting to the chase, she told the assistant, "Bring the costume for Zhang Changzong's first scene."

Before Qin Guan could sit down, the director turned to Sister Xue, "Are you the boy's agent? We'll discuss things further after he changes into the costume."

A bossy woman carrying out tasks resolutely! Sister Xue sat down on the edge of a stool nervously. This is the first time I'm being ordered around by another woman! (Be honest, it's not the first time.)

When Qin Guan changed into his clothes and walked slowly up to them, they realized what "Lotus-Like Childe" really meant. His movements were like a wonderful unfolding painting.

The loose, pure white gown hiked up in the wind, and the deep blue cloak set off Qin Guan's perfect figure.

He was at the best time of his life. He was the resurrected "sixth boy". Li Shaohong was quite satisfied with him.

She handed him the script. "Is this your first time to act in a TV play? Just read the lines for me."

Qin Guan opened the script and found his first scene, in which he had to cooperate with two older actresses, Chen Hong and Gui Yalei.

Gui Yalei's first line was, "I brought him from Luoyang. Don't you think he is as delicate and pretty as a lotus?"



Zhang Changzong had to depict a lotus on the screen by showing his back view to Chen Hong and Gui Yalei. Then he had to turn his head around shyly.

Depict a lotus? Turn my head around shyly? What the hell is this even about? Qin Guan's hands were shaking. He glanced at his lines.

In the script, Zhang had to turn and sit on the couch while Gui said, "Would you like to have a good time with me today?"

A good time? What does that even mean? Is Zhang supposed to provide the good time?

Speechlessly, Qin Guan showed the lines to Sister Xue, who covered her face. This is definitely not Qin Guan's style.

Qin Guan kept reading. It seemed like Zhang was an expert on embroidery. He didn't stop stitching from the moment he first appeared in the play, which reminded Qin Guan [of a famous role in Jin Yong's novels](#).

It refers to Dongfang Bubai, a top martial artist who became a eunuch in his pursuit of higher martial arts.

Then they reached the climax, when Empress Wu Zetian told her daughter, Peace Princess, "Master Zhang made a lotus especially for you, to express my appreciation for your wisdom."

It's so literal! A lotus painting for appreciation of her daughter's wisdom! With tears on his face, Qin Guan read his first line, "Can you do stitch work, my princess?"

What the hell is this? Zhang sure behaves like a girl!

Qin Guan finished his first scene quickly. What a shame! Do I even qualify? I have to hug Chen Hong! She's a famous beauty!

Sister Xue saw that he was about to do something silly, so she warned him in a low voice, "Cheer up! Think about who sent you here!"

Qin Guan cheered up immediately when he recalled Cong Nianwei's red lips. I can't disappoint her. I have to do this!

## Chapter 142: Forgive Me, Grandma Rong!

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Qin Guan nodded at the director, put the script down on the table, and began to perform before an imaginary embroidery frame.

Who can teach me how to act? Forget it, there's no time for that.

Pretending to hold a needle between his fingers, Qin Guan struck his most flattering pose and poked at the frame. There had to be someone coming. Taking advantage of Professor Li's lessons, Qin Guan tilted his head to the side. That was the best pose for a lens.

Li Shaohong found the boy's performance interesting. Forming a frame with her fingers, she looked through them to observe Qin Guan's lens sense.

He turned around, sat back, and turned his back to the camera. The boy had a good figure. He stared at an imaginary princess to show his elegant style.

Then Qin Guan stood up, opened his lips and said, "Can you do stitch work, my princess?" After several seconds, he gestured in the air. "Your hands should be higher..."

Qin Guan pretended to put his hand on someone's shoulder to teach them how to embroider.

Li Shaohong knocked on the table. Wonderful! It's romantic, in

spite of the vacant space. He looks at her as if she's the whole world! For a green hand, he is better than most actors!

Qin Guan wasn't about to tell her that he was pretending the princess and the queen were both Cong Nianwei.

It was easy for him to play a male imperial concubine. If it made Cong Nianwei happy, he could pretend to be cooler. It wasn't too much to ask.

The director was satisfied. Qin Guan changed into his clothes, and Sister Xue went to get the contract. Everyone was happy.

Li knew that Qin Guan was a college student and she promised to look after him. On the way back to college, Qin Guan realized that he had passed the audition.

He decided to tell his girlfriend first by showing her Li's autograph in his pocket. He had begged for that signature shamelessly.

He still recalled the speechless expression on Sister Xue's face and the amused one on Li Shaohong's face. He kept murmuring to himself, "I'm sorry, Sister Xue. I may have lost you face again, but I did it for my girlfriend."

Fine, Cong Nianwei was more important!

She had to be at the house currently, watching the workers paint

the wall. The previous day they had realized that neither of them was good at physical work. Therefore, they had hired a labor contractor. It had cost them only 200 yuan to have all the walls painted.

When Qin Guan returned home, the house was already clean. Cong Nianwei was busy picking up newspapers from the floor.

Qin Guan hugged her from behind and turned her around. Before Cong Nianwei could get angry, he took out Li's autograph and showed her.

He had narrowly escaped disaster. Cong Nianwei blushed from joy.

Qin Guan tried to steal a kiss. Huh? She's not angry! She has to get used to my kisses at some point!

Cong Nianwei paid no attention to Qin Guan though. She was too busy reading the script of the play.

What a wonderful play! I hope to see it on TV as soon as possible. Considering the state of modern literature, Cong Nianwei liked to read stories of that style.

She patted Qin Guan on the shoulder encouragingly and grumbled in a flirtish manner, "I have been working the whole day. Take me out to dinner! After supper, we can back and read the script! It's your scene soon! Come on, move! Move!"

Before Qin Guan could regret everything, Professor Li, who had heard the news, arrived and took him away.

Professor Li raised both hands in approval at Qin Guan. That was what things were like in the capital. If you were popular, sponsors spent a lot of money on you. Nobody cared about how you became popular though.

Qin Guan was escorted to a big yard in Golden Fish Hutong. It was a standard courtyard with an antique arch.

In the middle of the yard there was a clove tree that made the whole structure look lively.

Qin Guan stared at an old lady, who had been invited to instruct him on traditional formalities. Is she really a history professor at the Capital University?

The old lady looked back at Qin Guan with a disgusted expression. He's like a pillow in an embroidered case, but one filled with hay. Why would my granddaughter like such a guy? It's because of my friend Li Ying, who brought a poster of him when we met while my granddaughter was at my house. I had originally planned on saying no, but my granddaughter forced me to accept the student. The girl is eight, but she sure can tell if someone is beautiful. I shouldn't tell her stories about historical, famously handsome men!

As she thought of this, she used the pointer in her hand to hit Qin

Guan's legs, which were in the wrong position. She reproached him, "Are you an idiot? I just showed you how to do it!"

Lady Rong felt guilty as she uttered the words. The boy was really clever. He had been gifted with an extraordinary retentive memory.

If he remains like that, I might accept him as a formal student.  
(Old lady, where is your dignity?)

After half a day of traditional formalities lessons, Lady Rong showed her benevolent side to Qin Guan. She let him drink some water and led him into the courtyard.

An ancient, simple embroidery frame was inside. Sitting up by the frame, the old lady pulled a thread through a needle and began to stitch. The slender silk thread was flying elegantly between her fingers.

She fixed the end of the needle and stood up. "I don't know what play you'll be acting in. Actually, men and women were the same when it came to embroidery. In ancient times, there were also male embroidery experts. As an actor, you can only imitate the movements."

# Chapter 143: A Careless Man Hugs A Princess

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Qin Guan nodded tamely. The movements had been recorded by his muscles. For Qin Guan, whose boots were always on the ground, that elegant skill was far beyond reach.

Time was pressing, so the training lasted only one day. The next day, Qin Guan had to registered with the crew.

More than half the play had been finished, but as a supporting actor and a nobody, he had attracted everyone's attention.

Qin Guan went into the dressing room nervously, leaving Sister Xue surrounded by staff members outside.

F\*ck! There are so many people in the crew! She was familiar with the simple modelling backstage, but now she was surrounded by assistants, photographers, logistics assistants, lighting engineers, propmen...

They were all talking about Qin Guan without any scruple.

"A newcomer? I heard that he has not graduated from any film or drama school. He's only a small-scale model!" Sister Xue's veins pulsed in anger. A small-scale model? He's a B level model, got it?

"He is really handsome, but this is a play with ancient costumes.



He doesn't look that elegant. Can he really play Zhang Changzong? Looks aren't everything!" Not that elegant? He is a poster model for top foreign brands. Top, understand?

Actually, they were just jealous of the chance Qin Guan had gotten. Even though he was an amateur actor, he had gotten an opportunity many professional actors couldn't get.

Meanwhile, the dresser was staring at Qin Guan's face, holding her brush for about three minutes. She couldn't bring herself to do it. According to the role, Zhang Changzong's face had to be white as snow, and the actor had to have powder applied on their face. This was unnecessary in Qin Guan's case though.

After several light brushes, the dresser pushed Qin Guan out, gritting her teeth. What a pity! I have put so many skincare products on my face in the past 20 years, yet it was all in vain!

Qin Guan stood outside the dressing room in his white robe and blue cloak. His long hair had been pinned into a small bun on his head. He looked as calm and serene as an immortal.

Everyone fell silent. His acting skills notwithstanding, he definitely qualified to be a decorative vase. Everyone went off and got to work.

When the director and the producers of the play arrived, Qin Guan became nervous. Gui Yalei, a veteran actor, Chen Hong, an ancient style beauty, and Zhao Wenxun, a handsome man, also arrived.

They were all famous actors. Sister Xue pushed Qin Guan from behind, reminding him to remain silent. Director Li was straightforward as she made a short introduction, "This is Qin Guan, who will play Zhang Changzong. Qin Guan, I think you know your colleagues. Let's begin. You can get to know each other in the process."

You are all so cool! Is that okay to say? The older actors were shocked by the director's words. They were all casting pitying looks at Qin Guan.

Qin Guan had nowhere to go. He had to do his best.

Several embroidery screens had been placed in the hall with the high ceiling and the red pillars. Light entered through the windows, shining on the embroidery frames, which were so thin that one could see the things on their other side.

Qin Guan stood before a frame and took a deep breath. His first play had just begun.

Chen Hong walked along the path between the screens, followed by the camera, which eventually turned toward Qin Guan. A young man in a long robe was standing against the light, doing sewing work in front of the scroll of a lotus painting.

There were pink lotuses and green leaves on the frame. The painting set off the handsome young man. One could say that it seemed as if a figure had walked out of the scroll and become real.

Aware of the coming strangers, Qin Guan turned his head gently and smiled brightly, making the lotus pale in comparison.

Looking at Qin Guan's elegance and talent with the camera, Li Shaohong cheered him on silently.

This had exceeded her expectations. Actually, Li had been worried that Qin Guan would pose like a model.

Now she could relax. Wonderful! He even practised on ancient formalities. The scene has been saved!

When Qin Guan sat back and began his embroidery work, all the staff members and actors were shocked.

Is he really that good at embroidery? All his movements are in harmony! Li Shaohong was surprised. She recalled the first time she had met Qin Guan, when he hadn't even been able to hold a needle. How could he do that now?

Qin Guan had made a good impression on Gui Yalei and Chen Hong. Everyone liked a hardworking guy. His line delivery was also natural. When he hugged Chen Hong though, Li shouted for the first time.

"Who are you hugging? Would any toy boy dare hug a princess when they meet for the first time? Besides, your real master is the queen, who is standing behind you. You looked like you were

hugging your girlfriend!"

Everyone laughed, including Gui Yalei and Chen Hong. In fact, there were no specific instructions on the script. It was all up to the director's interpretation.

Qin Guan understood immediately. A mighty queen had sent her toy boy to her daughter for entertainment. The boy was just a pet, one that should know how far to go and when to stop.

Qin Guan turned Li's words over in his mind before he said, "I see. Let's do it again!"

Li Shaohong nodded, and the cameraman got to work again. Qin Guan spread his arms and touched his clothes slightly with his jade-like fingers. He stopped, and Chen Hong naturally leaned against his chest.

Li clapped her hands lightly. Good comprehension. The princess can lean on you, but you can't embrace her. Qin Guan had mastered the preliminary skills of a toy boy.

"Okay! Next!" At Li's order, the scene was finished with only one interruption. Although he'd had to work with two veteran actors, the green hand hadn't been nervous.

# Chapter 144: Taking Off The Costume

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Qin Guan asked the two older actors, "What did you think of my acting? Were there any shortcomings? Is there anything I should pay attention to?"

Gui Yalei and Chen Hong exchanged a glance. Respectfully, Chen Hong let Gui speak for both of them. Gui said, "You should trust the director, young man. At the beginning, people will doubt you because you're a green hand. After the first scene though, when you appear in full costume and makeup, they will accept the director's judgement and your own comprehension."

"An actor is someone who acts. Amateur actors can also be successful. Unlike professional drama school graduates, they possess a different kind of intelligence and other advantages. You should believe in yourself and act according to your own understanding. If there is something wrong, the director will remind you and explain."

"I wish all actors had your spirit. It's better to follow the director's instructions. Keep up the good work. Cheers, young man!"

Qin Guan watched the two ladies walk away in shock. They gave so much advice to a nobody like me!

Silly boy, there are not that many kind-hearted people in real life. It's your potential and merit that narrowed the gap between you three.

The effort one puts in their work is the only thing that can impress an actor and make them accept someone else.

When they were far from Qin Guan, Chen couldn't help but tease Gui, "Professor Gui Yalei, you are not usually this conversable with green hands."

Smiling, Gui answered, "Everyone likes a beauty. He's surrounded by so many good-looking faces, yet he still stands out. He deserved every single one of my words."

They smiled at each other knowingly. By then, Qin Guan had won the staff's praise with his extraordinary embroidery skills and ancient formalities.

The shooting went on as planned. In the second scene, Qin Guan would play alongside Zhao Wenxun.

In the script, the queen had brought Zhang Changzong to Luoyang from a town in South China. Simple, young and naive, Zhang Changzong had admired his older brother, Zhang Yizhi, who had come to the capital for the imperial examinations.

Thanks to the queen, he had earned a fortune for his brother, and the two poor men would be able to become noblemen in Chang'an city.

Unfortunately, his brother had favored romance over knowledge.

He had missed the examinations in order to meet a woman, making all his efforts go to waste. However, Zhang Changzong was still willing to support his brother. He gave him all his awards without hesitation, and Zhang Yizhi accepted them eagerly.

Qin Guan's performance was quite natural, as if Zhao Wenxun was really his brother and the hope of the whole family. The director did not stop them at all, rendering all the crew members speechless.

In fact, Qin Guan considered Zhao his father, a man he had to listen to.

The two scenes were all Qin Guan had to do for the day, and he finished them both in advance. Li looked at her watch and waved at Qin Guan.

"How many lines did you recite?"

"All of them!"

What? Although he's a co-star, Zhang Changzong has lots of lines.

"The whole scene?"

"Yes, all the script."

"Great! Let's do one more scene!"

What? Qin Guan was confused. He tried to find Sister Xue in the crowd, but it was in vain.

He had no choice but to nod. "Okay!"

"Then take off your costume!" Li told him happily.

Horried, Qin Guan realized that in the following scene, he would be carried to the royal court as a tribute in only a white Confucian style garment.

The picture formed in both his mind and the surrounding ladies' minds.

Qin Guan felt defeated. What a pure boy!

He changed into a loose, thin white robe, and let his hair hang down. Only then did he realize that he had been cheated.

He had forgotten that the shooting process had to be carefully arranged so there was no time wasted. If he was naked, or at least without underwear, they would wait till very late to shoot the same scene at night. It wasn't necessary to change costumes.

Also, to depict realistically the legend that the toy boy prayed for the queen without eating any food for three days, he hadn't even



gotten a lunch box!

Swallowing his saliva, Qin Guan watched the other actors, assistants and staff take their eight-yuan lunch one by one. Tears filled his eyes.

The old man selling the lunch boxes felt sorry for the handsome boy, but all the boxes had been sold out. He dug in his pocket in the hopes of finding some kind of candy for the boy, who was staring at him with shining eyes, when Sister Xue pulled Qin Guan away.

What a shame!

As night fell, the giant palace was alight with candles. Qin Guan lay down feebly before three joss sticks as tribute.

He was not even acting. He was really hungry and thirsty. He was put into the royal carriage by the queen, ennobled and swoon-worthy.

Qin Guan didn't need to think about it. He finished the scene without stopping. Li Shaohong struck while the iron was still hot. She asked the costume master to pull off Qin Guan's front pieces. Qin Guan suddenly began to scream, "What are you doing? This is hooliganism! Help! Director! Sister Xue!"

Sister Xue smacked him over the head with the script, reminding him that the next scene would be a medicinal bath. Qin Guan was too hungry to think, but his silly behavior helped him finish the

next scene smoothly.

# Chapter 145: Kissing And Cuddling?

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Do you want to know why? Performing was in Qin Guan's nature. Just follow me and watch the overall process.

Qin Guan: "Really? Am I already a nobleman? Hurry up! I don't need a medicinal bath, I need food! I want a three-day feast!" The lines seemed tailored for Qin Guan.

Zhao Wenxue: "What's your hurry? The Queen granted you a bath for spirit compensation."

Qin Guan (looking around): "Really? Okay, I'll stay for a while then." It was so harmonious with Qin Guan's true qualities.

Sister Xue was speechless with Qin Guan's luck. Zhang Changzong was just as funny a guy as he was.

Qin Guan was ignorant about the next part though. Zhao Weixue was trying to brainwash him. "The most important reign is manipulating someone else's love. It's a more splendid achievement than controlling a territory. It has real-life significance!" There were smooth ancient lyrics playing as background music. They sounded deep and arousing.

Director, this is way too literal for a conversation between toy boys.

After that speech, Zhao Wenxun took off his clothes and entered the bathing pool. The two of them enjoyed some quiet time together. The artistic picture of bathing beauties was mesmerizing.

"Okay!" the director said. Qin Guan's work for that day finally ended.

Zhao Wenxue helped a wet Qin Guan out of the pool and patted his shoulder in encouragement. "Well done! Cheers!"

Then he left, showing Qin Guan his handsome back view. Fortunately, the guy is feeble from hunger, otherwise he might steal the show from me.

It would be embarrassing if he was reading lines and the audience kept watching Qin Guan in the pool.

In the following days, Qin Guan rode a flying crane, blew a bamboo flute, hunted deer, argued with ministers, and experienced a palace revolution.

Finally, it was time for his and [Shangguan Wanr](#)'s cuddling scene.

Queen Wu Zetian's maid and officer.

By that time, Qin Guan had become friends with the whole crew. Li Bingbing, the actress who played the other princess, made jokes with him.

"Qin Guan, is this your first time doing a cuddling scene?"

Qin Guan nodded conscientiously. "It's my first time acting and doing a cuddling scene."

Li Bingbing smiled. "That's good. Don't forget to tell me when you shoot it. I'd be happy to watch."

You're here to make fun of me? I thought you were here to offer guidance!

Everyone around was smiling, taking pleasure in his misfortune. Nobody was kind enough to help him. Qin Guan gritted his teeth, "Hey! You jerks! There's nothing to cuddling. Just wait for my performance!"

Qin Guan and Shangguan Wanr were looking at each other silently in their white pajamas, expressing tenderness and love through their eyes. The burning candles cracked in the quiet night. "Camera!" the director said.

Qin Guan shed silent tears for Shangguan. "I don't know what I want my life to be like. My brother chose this life for me when I was a child."

Taking pity on him, Shangguan caressed his cheeks and embraced him. She leaned her head on Qin Guan's shoulder. The actress was very capricious. His broad chest and thick shoulders are so sexy in my arms!

Her mind drifted away as Qin Guan recited his lines. "Nobody in the world loves me. I'm afraid I don't know what love is."

Then it was time for Shangguan to speak. Li Shaohong waited by the camera, but nothing happened.

"What are you doing? If you forgot your lines, you'd better tell us!"

The actress tried her best to get herself together and apologized to the crew. The scene began again from the very beginning.

She was at a loss for words during her conversation with Qin Guan. They stopped for a second time.

They exchanged heated words as the actress stammered. They had to stop for a third time.

The director was speechless, but she yelled at them to stop again.

As a green hand in a TV play, Qin Guan didn't think that anything was wrong. He just listened to the director.

Unbelievable! Li Bingbing pulled the actress aside and said in a low voice, "That's enough! I know what you're thinking about, but this is too many takes! Enough!"

The girl glanced at Li disapprovingly. "You're such a hypocrite! Even the figurants want to be intimate with Qin Guan! I can't pass up such a good opportunity. Are you jealous? Too bad your character loves Zhang Yizhe. Ah! Stop! I'll behave myself next time!"

Before Li could smack her on the forehead, Shangguan started begging for mercy. Then she shared Qin Guan's secret with Li.

"Believe me, you didn't hug him..." The two beautiful girls started talking lasciviously.

Their subject wasn't romance, but pedication.

Qin Guan's scenes were over when Zhang Changzong died during the revolution. By then, Zhao Wenxun, his partner for most of the play, had almost become Qin Guan's older brother.

The boy looks elegant and perfect, but he's silly in nature. He is sincere with others and hard-working. He never complaints about anything.

As a green hand in TV plays, Qin Guan couldn't control the position of the camera and the interpretation of his role at the beginning. The director always shouted at him, but he just smiled like silly, touching his head and letting things go.

After the shooting, he would consult with the older actors and the director as if nothing had happened.

His most valuable virtue was his intelligence. The clever boy had been gifted with an extraordinary retentive memory, which was highly praised by all the staff.

He had to be some kind of genius. He was not arrogant either, although talented people usually were.

They all got to like the young man in the process and grew very close with him.



## Chapter 146: Let Me Go! It's Indecent!

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When Qin Guan finished his lunch box on his last day on set, Li Shaohong stopped her work and came and patted him on the shoulder in encouragement.

"According to our rules, any actor who dies in the play gets a bonus."

With a chicken leg in his mouth, Qin Guan smiled. His eyes had narrowed into tiny slits. Li Shaohong didn't say much to him. The boy is very intelligent, but he's silly in everyday life. He made friends with everyone in the crew. Maybe I will give him more chances in the future.

After bidding farewell to the crew, who had taken care of him every day, Sister Xue received a bonus of 200 yuan.

As Qin Guan started his Cherokee, he opened the window and told Sister Xue, "Add all possible terms concerning income to the contract. Films, animation, advertisements. Otherwise, you'll suffer losses. The share can be the same as on model jobs. Don't look down on it!"

Although she had an annoyed expression, Sister Xue felt warm in her heart. She handed the bonus back to Qin Guan and patted his car. "Don't worry about it. The play is finished, so you can just relax. I won't accept any new jobs for you. You have exams, right?"

Qin Guan smiled proudly as he showed off. "I'm the No.1 student

at my college. I'm well-prepared." Before Sister Xue could tell him about the payment for the TV play, he drove away. He was afraid that she would ask for a share of the bonus. That would be 60 yuan!

When the whole play was finished, Qin Guan would receive his final payment. According to green hand co-star rates, he would get 2,000 yuan for each episode. That would be 16,000 yuan in total, which was pretty good.

Qin Guan was not bragging. The four accountants he had met last time had passed their exams with his help, and they all took the exam for the junior technical post together.

The two subjects, Primary Accounting Practices and Basic Economic Laws would be over before noon. They were all at the same skill level, so they finished their papers without any trouble.

They had been planning on treating Qin Guan afterwards, but he had already left. They still had his phone number though, so they decided to help him in the future if he needed anything.

Qin Guan had won their friendship. (Of course, the author is not encouraging cheating here.) If one helps others, others will help them in return.

Qin Guan's schedule was tight that day. He had to go to Huang Jiajia's house for a quiz. He had been too busy to finish her papers.

Besides, it was one of their few lessons before the College Entrance Examination, and he wanted to complete their over one-year long courses.

In the evening, Qin Guan spread the papers in front of Huang Jiajia, proud of his own work.

Chinese: 123
Math: 99
English: 118
Physics: 100
Chemistry: 105

It was 545 in total, which was three points below the minimum passing score for college admission.

Qin Guan was excited. The first time he had met Huang Jiajia, she hadn't even been able to score 300 points. Judging by her current achievement, the rebellious girl had made great progress.

Huang Jiajia remained calm as she stared at the papers. Actually, she was one of the best students at her school, and she had high

hopes of getting into a pretty good college.

However, her goal was the Capital University of Finance and Economics, which required 670 points even for students in the capital. Tears started falling on the papers without any warning as she began to sob.

Qin Guan was flustered. What the hell does the princess want? Her score is pretty good, and there is more than a month left to go. With some more effort, she will be able to enrol at a good university!

Qin Guan had a low EQ, so he had no idea what Huang Jiajia was thinking about. He considered her tears a sign of anxiety over her score.

He tried to smile kindly as he comforted her. Huang Jiajia embraced Qin Guan and buried her face in his chest. Qin Guan couldn't help but scream.

The girl cried out as tears and snot ran down her face. After the entrance examination, she would have no excuse to stay close to Qin Guan. Her first love would have brushed past her.

Qin Guan was shocked and annoyed by the young girl's feelings. She had a soft body and a sweet-smelling breath. He had the impulse to retreat. Even an idiot would have known what was going on. He touched his forehead and said in his gentlest voice, "Huang Jiajia, let me go, okay? Let's have a talk."

(Is this what you call a gentle warning?)

Huang Jiajia cried even louder. Her love was one-sided. My single-minded, silly teacher won't reciprocate my emotions.

Qin Guan didn't know where to put his hands. He dared not touch Huang Jiajia. As he hesitated, Huang Jiajia's mother came in to see why her daughter was crying. She entered the room and saw Qin Guan hugging Huang Jiajia.

They looked at each other for a second before she left quietly.

Her mother is different. Why doesn't this naughty girl take after her?

After less than a minute, Huang Jiajia's mother entered again with a stick. She pulled Huang Jiajia away with one hand, and then waved the stick towards Qin Guan.

## Chapter 147: Fighting Back

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"You bastard! You dare bully Jiajia! You brute! I shouldn't have trusted you! I'll beat you to death!"

She was a master of the stick. Qin Guan ran around the room covering his head. He tried to explain, "You misunderstood! Things are not like they seem... Huang Jiajia, help me explain!"

Huang Jiajia sniffled and pouted, turning her head away proudly. Her mother grew even more agitated. I did not misunderstand!

The stick hit Qin Guan over and over like raindrops. Actually, I hurt her feelings. There's nothing to explain. I'd better run away.

Qin Guan escaped from Huang Jiajia's home with bumps all over his head. Huang Jiajia is really her mother's daughter. Both of them are great at fighting.

Huang Jiajia's mother pushed Qin Guan out of the door, comforting her crying daughter, "Darling, stop crying. I'll break his legs if he dares come to our house again. How dare he bully my daughter!"

Huang Jiajia wiped her tears away. "Mum, my score is not high enough for his college."

"Forget it, you'll apply to other colleges."

"No! I want to be in the same college with him. I like Teacher Qin."

Huang Jiajia's mother was confused. This has to be a story of a shameless teacher molesting an innocent girl. Surely, there was nothing meaningful between them.

Huang Jiajia began to cry. "He doesn't like me! I won't see him again if I'm not in the same college as him! You just drove him away! I didn't have intercourse with him! It's all your fault!"

It was a typical case of a villain fooling his victims. Huang Jiajia's mother was the one who loved her the most. She would do anything for her daughter.

Patting her on the chest, she promised Huang Jiajia, "You just try your best during the next month. So long as you pass your exams, I will help you."

Huang Jiajia stopped crying and smiled. "Really? You're telling the truth?"

Her mother nodded. "Don't worry, I'll take care of it for you." Huang Jiajia felt relieved. She applied herself to her courses happily.

Her mother's idea was simple. She planned on complaining to Huang Jiajia's father until he found a solution.

Qin Guan returned to his dormitory with a broken heart. Huang Jiajia's mother hadn't paid him for their last lessons. Forget it. It can be considered punishment for breaking her heart.

Before his sorrow could fade away, he received a call from New Silk Road. Sister Xue was waiting for him at their headquarters.

Qin Guan didn't realize the importance of the meeting until he entered the meeting room and saw Ni Dalei and the director of the Market Department waiting for him.

At the director's request, Ni Dalei read the statistics of his models' orders in nearly half a year. He had a serious expression on his face as he did.

Everyone was losing customers. Qin Guan was the worst one among them. He was actually at number zero.

This was common for models after a couple of months, but it was strange that Qin Guan would face such a problem at the beginning. Other models of Ni's had also been influenced. Ni had been aware of the situation and reported it back to the headquarters.

Several days ago, they had come to the terrible conclusion that the Pioneer Fashion Model Company had declared war against them.

They had bribed a phone receptionist who happened to be in charge of Ni's business calls.



It was shameless commercial espionage, and it was not suppressing just a single person, but the profits of the whole company.

New Silk Road had found out from the receptionist that the famous model Shao Xiaobing had been taking jobs from them. It had come as a surprise, but the director had to do something about the company's future development.

Qin Guan and his agent had been invited there to discuss suspending their affiliated contract. The director couldn't shut his eyes to the lost customers, not if the reason was an affiliated model.

There were two choices for Qin Guan. One was to sign a formal contract with New Silk Road and Sister Xue, and the other was to be relieved from the contract and go back to being an independent model again.

Looking at the preoccupied Sister Xue, the director told her, "I feel for you, but this is the best solution according to the director of the modelling school."

Professor Li's friend was also involved. Sister Xue frowned deeper. If they signed the formal contract, Qin Guan wouldn't be able to have control over his own time, and the division rate would be 7:3. Only renowned models could get a rate of 5:5. This was beyond Qin Guan's reach.

Neither she nor Qin Guan would be satisfied with such a contract. There was only one choice left. They had to work by themselves.

Sister Xue took a long breath. She was ready to give her final answer, when suddenly Ni's phone rang.

"Hello, this is New Silk Road. Yes, yes. Which model? Qin Guan? Hold on, please."

The director was sitting opposite Sister Xue and Qin Guan. He had a well-thought-out plan and he was just waiting for their decision. In his opinion, anyone in their right mind would choose to sign a formal contract with New Silk Road.

If it was not for the J clothing advertisement, which had a good sales volume and was well-known in the advertisement circle, he wouldn't have been trying to sign a contract with Qin Guan.

He was a rising star though, and the director wanted to secure him for a new annual stage performance before he was discovered by another company

His idea was pretty good, yet the two people sitting opposite him were not reliable. One of them wouldn't take a job as his carrier, and the other was quite confident about Qin Guan. They both replied in one voice, "We'd like to cancel the contract."

# Chapter 148: The Path Winds Through High Peaks

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The director jumped up. Ni Dalei, who was standing behind him, stopped him before he could get angry.

Ni murmured something to him before answering the phone.

Smiling, Ni sat in front of them and tried to persuade them, "Think it over. Leave some space to each other and wait for a while."

Wait for what? Qin Guan and Sister Xue had no idea, but Ni seemed nervous. The call had been from Two Sung Electronics, a South Korean company.

The company exported its products, which included small household appliances, DV cameras and cell phones, to China, just in time to catch up with the latest trends in electronic appliances.

They were unsatisfied with their small market share in China though, so in 2000, they began to invest great capital in advertisements.

The directors of their Publicity Department had seen Qin Guan's sample in the A.M advertisement company.

"Who is this model? He is really young and handsome."

"Yes. Even better than Zhang Dongjian."

"We want him as our model."

The director of A.M swiped his sweat away. "You have so many products. Which one do you want him to represent?"

The man from Two Sung pointed at one of their products with certainty. "This one, but we also have some additional items. Tell the model. If he agrees, we'll start at once."

Wilful rich men! You haven't even seen our advertising plan!

A.M had called New Silk Road, but that level of customer was beyond Ni's authority. He was only in charge of C level models.

The director hung up and turned over the news in his mind in embarrassment. He had to negotiate with Qin Guan gently. There was a carrot in front his nose now. A.M assigned background model work to New Silk Road too. I can get mad over anything except money!

His attitude changed all of a sudden. He returned to the table with large steps and picked up the formal contract again. Then he told Qin Guan naturally, "What are you waiting for? Like I said, we can't yield to our opponents. I've decided to fight them! We won't abandon any model, even an affiliated one. We'll get revenge for you. I arranged an advertisement with Two Sung to compensate

for your losses. Just do it, young man! Don't worry about anything."

Sister Xue accepted the result. In her opinion, it was the best outcome for her and Qin Guan. It would be better for him if he didn't do part-time jobs before he became famous. Besides, Qin Guan would get an ad as a bonus.

After receiving the shooting annunciate, Sister Xue waved farewell to the director and left the headquarters with Qin Guan. They were more scared than hurt.

They didn't care about how the director would deal with Shao Xiaobing.

The director of New Silk Road wouldn't let Shao go. That same day, Shao's agent received an internal warning from the company, commanding that he stop stealing their orders. The company also asked Shao to reflect calmly after finishing his current work. He wouldn't be getting any new offers anytime soon, except for original representing jobs.

Shao wasn't angry when his agent informed him of the punishment. "Shao, we are all tired these days. It'd be better if you took a break. The company also has some things to consider."

"Of course. I need to take a good rest. Don't worry, it won't be long. Soon those sons of bitches will be licking my toes!"

"Why? What for?" His agent was confused. Is he hiding something from me?

Putting down his teacup, Shao explained happily, "I have predicted the outcome. I knew that New Silk Road is no tame lamb, so I secured immunity for myself in advance. The Capital Fashion Week!" he said before closing his mouth and tasting his tea.

"What?" His agent was not as calm as Shao. The fashion week had first been launched in 1997 and had been getting more and more influential ever since. Plenty of overseas brands participated in the event.

He turned around before the tea table in excitement. "Great! If you can participate, I won't be worried about the force-out. There'll be no more than eight models attending the event from the whole company. Which interview did you pass though? An obscure brand won't do."

"Ne-Tiger." Shao smirked slightly in pride. "And the other smaller brands I have cooperated with. If the other models didn't mind, I would like to build a bridge for the company."

His agent relaxed. Shao had the best connections in the modelling circle. He always made friends with people who could help him, but seldom did he ever suppress somebody who was a threat to him.

Those unlucky models were usually newcomers with no background. After several rounds, they were forced to the shallow

waters before they could adapt to the deep sea.

Qin Guan is the only exception. Is Shao's instinct too sharp? Or is it too weak?

Against all expectations, Qin Guan had soared up to the sky with one jump. All the TV stations were playing his advertisement.

It was impossible for Shao to suppress him now. He had to jump higher to get out of this muddle. The Capital Fashion Week would be a good start. It would be better to change career though.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan was on his way to his dormitory. It was dark, and the hit song "Leaving Sorrow to Myself" was playing in his car. Qin Guan was swaying to the music helplessly.

Too bad he was not gifted at singing. He was not tone deaf, but his voice was terrible.

He had the typical Qin voice, which was low and magnetic, but broke at a high pitch. It was the so-called karaoke throat that failed at professional singing.

## Chapter 149: The DV Film

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The next day, Sister Xue and Qin Guan drove to the A.M. headquarters. They met the same director who had welcomed them last time. They didn't beat around the bush. They talked about the controversial points of the contract right away.

"We know the rules. As a big company, their payment is reasonable for Qin Guan. He isn't a famous model yet. What does DV film mean though? We have to shoot a DV film for the contest sponsored by Two Sung."

"He's a leading actor in a small film? That sounds great. Is the payment included?" Are you kidding me? We're not idiots to do two jobs without getting paid anything!

Qin Guan read the contract twice before replying, "I accept."

"What? Are you silly? We don't have to be afraid of such a big company. I'll ask for more money for you!"

Without further explanation, Qin Guan pointed at the DV director's name and signed his name.

Sister Xue stopped at once and smiled at the director of A.M. "Shall we begin today? Where is the studio?"

Where's your moral integrity, sister?



If you think Qin Guan was an idiot, you're wrong. He knew nothing about the entertainment circle, but he had a general idea of the famous guys appearing on media, magazines, networks and newspapers in his past life.

The name "Zhang Yang" was on the column of DV directors. He was among the sixth-generation directors in China, who were good at maintaining a balance between art and commerce. This could be considered a God-sent ability. Zhang Yang could feel the pulse of both sides. His films became popular without any trouble, and were not overlooked as underground films.

He had gained professional praise and a wide audience. Generally speaking, he was a very talented director. Of course, the DV was a trial for him. In Qin Guan's opinion, he was using it as a background for prevailing in feature movies.

That was why Qin Guan could be lead. It was just for play. There was no mention of the box office, as the show would be suspended. The contract had been settled, so they could start.

Qin Guan was shocked by Two Sung's investment when he entered the studio. The product that would be featured in the advertisement was a professional PD110 DV. Of course, as a layman, Qin Guan thought it was a household camera. The background was quite fashionable, and Qin Guan's costume was a space suit.

The idea was that a space traveller had stepped into a mysterious room and opened the DV on the transparent tribute altar, which projected the Earth on the screen inside the room.

There was a vast starry sky. Clustered by shining stars, the water-blue planet looked dazzling. The handsome invading alien would make the advertisement perfect!

Of course, post-production would be A.M.'s responsibility. All Qin Guan had to do was act the part. His costume had cost a lot. He would be wearing long silver hair, pale semi-transparent skin, and clear puce eyes. It was the best test for a model's looks.

It was nothing for Qin Guan though. After the final brush of silver powder, he hastened into the studio. He wanted to start and finish work early so he could get paid earlier. His new house was in need of overall decorations for the kitchen and washroom.

"Actor ready! Three, two, camera!"

Qin Guan pushed in. In the lens, the alien invader gasped in admiration before the mysterious DV altar. A surprised expression formed on his fairy-like face. He walked to the altar like a nobleman, his waving cloak shining like silver.

Qin Guan touched the DV on the altar with a religious gesture. The lens zoomed in, his curious eyes becoming clear as a day.

After a series of movements, the director reshot close-ups of the altar. When everything was perfect, he let Qin Guan go.

Qin Guan felt sweaty all over his body when he took off the

costume. Sweat was flowing down, leaving a trail on the silver powder.

It was the middle of May, and the temperature was getting higher. Qin Guan had suffered in the airtight jumpsuit and the thick cloak.

He didn't feel refreshed until he changed into his loose T-shirt and put a sweet frozen sucker Sister Xue gave him in his mouth.

The DV contest would take place in the second half of the year. He had no idea about Zhang Yang's film. I won't suffer any losses anyway. The profits from the advertisement will be 50,000 yuan!

Before he could relax for a few days, he received a call from Sister Xue asking him to go to the Wangfujing Church. The church was located near the busy Wangfujing business street.

Confused, Qin Guan stepped into a small photographic equipment store a few metres across the church.

Sister Xue hadn't been clear on the phone, and this seemed like an unlikely place for shooting. Suddenly, the glass door was pushed open and five people squeezed in. The room was too jammed to move.

Qin Guan fixed his eyes on the newcomers. Wow! It's my acquaintance, Li Bingbing! The two of them hugged.

Then Qin Guan turned around. The two leaders of the group were taken aback when they saw Qin Guan clearly. A short-haired man in high spirits said, "Hi, I'm Zhang Yang. Are you Qin Guan?"

He's the director! Qin Guan greeted everyone, "Hello, I'm Qin Guan. I'm employed by Two Sung!"

The director touched his recently-cut hair, murmuring, "Are they kidding? I only needed an ordinary shop assistant, not such a handsome guy."

Qin Guan was confused himself. What? A shop assistant? Only by then did Zhang Yang realize that it was their first meeting and Qin Guan had no idea what the script was about.

Anyway, it's quite a simple DV. There's time for him to read the scrip now.

Du Haibing, who was standing behind him, took a sample script from his backpack and handed it to Qin Guan.

Qin Guan finished the script within two minutes. Aha! No wonder there were only a few pages. Even the leading actor had very few lines.

They were actually the following.

"F\*ck!"

"How much for one?"

"The yellow one."

"Why are you selling roses now?"

"It's for you."

That was all.

# Chapter 150: Sunflowers

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Qin Guan thought it was a trap. With Zhang Yang as a director and Li Bingbing as the heroine, it had to be quite a good DV. But what the hell was it about?

Zhang Yang saw Qin Guan's doubts and told him, "Two Sung had originally asked me to make a short film for their DV contest. The script had been inspired by our chat. The investment was limited though, and I spent all of it on the DV camera. Du Haibing and Li Bingbing are my good friends, so they're here just to have fun and get compensated for an uncompleted collaboration."

"Don't look down on this opportunity. I had originally planned on inviting Xia Yu to be the lead, but Two Sung said you'd do it for free, so..."

Qin Guan had the impulse to shout "Thanks" at the great director. Forget it, I have already signed the contract.

Before the shooting, Zhang Yang scanned Qin Guan from head to toe. Things did not look so good. The boy was too handsome. It would be unrealistic for him to chase after a flower-selling girl for that long.

"Do you have any casual clothes that are torn or out of fashion?" he asked Qin Guan. Qin Guan nodded. He had plenty of them back at his dormitory.

Satisfied, Zhang suggested taking some testing shots.

Qin Guan agreed, and the first scene began. DV shooting was random, without background, lights, costumes or assistants. All they needed was a DV camera, a photographer, a director, and an actor.

Carrying a cross-body bag, Qin Guan walked along Wangfujing Street. He opened the door of a store and turned over the "Closed" sign. Then he turned on his camera, faced the middle of the street, and put in a new film.

He began to clean the store as a part of his routine. Another employee entered the store, and the boring day began.

The first scene was finished in one take. They replayed the film, and there were no accidental departures from the frame or items blocking the shot. The scene was okay.

Qin Guan was speechless. This was really a record of everyday life. All he had to do was ignore the camera.

There were also some scenes that had to be recorded in the store. Just Qin Guan looking after the store, hear the chattering of the employee and replacing the film.

It took them less than a morning to finish the first scene. They all looked at each other. This was his first try, but Zhang Yang was able to adapt to the situation.

A film movie set had high light and background standards. That could be fixed, unless they had to shoot high-speed running or other kinds of movement that were as quick to shoot as walking. The first scene between the leading actors was about to begin. Li Bingbing felt dazzled by Qin Guan's splendid smile.

She'd had a conversation with him while they'd been working on "Daming Palace", but they hadn't had the chance to be partners. Their tight schedule had prevented them from having too much contact.

When she'd gone there to help her friend with the DV trial, she had not expected her partner to be Qin Guan.

She had played in many dramas, yet this was the first time she'd met an actor who could surprise her with his looks.

She was a veteran though, so she focused on the role.

In 2000, she was in her prime time. Two twisted plaits were hanging down her shoulders, and she was wearing a skirt and holding a large bouquet of sunflowers in her arms.

Qin Guan jumped down and walked up to her. With a curious and slightly amazed expression, he fixed his eyes on her, full of passion and love. She got distracted for a while, but she delivered her lines mechanically. "Would you like some flowers?"

"How much are they?" asked the shy boy.



"Five yuan each."

"F\*ck!" Qin Guan answered instinctively. "That's too expensive! Can I get a discount?"

Everyone burst into laughter. Qin Guan tried to explain, "It's true, it's too expensive! You can buy flowers at the Dazhongsi Wholesale Market for 1.2 yuan each."

Zhang Yang pointed at the street. "But she's selling flowers here! Everything here will cost more than at other places, even a piece of bean curd. Don't use other peddlers as a point of reference."

Qin Guan scratched his head and apologized sincerely, "I'm sorry, I couldn't control my mind. Let's go again!"

He hadn't wasted any film anyway. Zhang Yang waved his hands generously, and they repeated the scene.

The next step would be the post-production. Qin Guan had to take some clothes for his exterior shooting with Li Bingbing. To save on the expenses, they shot the rest of the interior scenes at the house of one of the crew members.

They had to be self-sufficient. It was a small room of only a few square metres, and there was nothing inside except for a computer, a shelf, and a bed.

The property assistant made a bowl of instant off-brand noodles for Qin Guan. "It's been processed so there's no product placement," the assistant explained when he saw Qin Guan's doubtful expression.

All Qin Guan heard was, "Awful Noodles". The man had to really hate instant noodles.

The photographer and director wouldn't have done such a thing.

They had lived on instant noodles during their poor days.

Qin Guan's scene was simple. He had to watch the short DV introduction on a computer while eating noodles with a smile.

He picked up some noodles with his chopsticks and began to act. Staring at the screen, he sucked the noodles into his mouth loudly. The noodles ended up hanging from the corner of his mouth.

The director nodded in approval. Those eating manners fit the role perfectly. He had not expected Qin Guan to act like that, but he was an intelligent actor after all.

Qin Guan's expression changed frequently as he watched the video he'd taken during the day. He looked crazy, insulted, shocked. The girl he liked and had been buying flowers from every day had actually been the main culprit of the Wangfujing robbery!

Startled, he stood up and kicked down his chair. Zhang Yang was

really satisfied with Qin Guan and his wonderful sense of the camera. "Cut!" he sounded, thus signalling the end of their work that day.

Before Qin Guan could even review the shooting process, the second day of work had begun.

Qin Guan and Li Bingbing repeated the same series of scenes in different costumes. The story board indicated Qin Guan's resolution to buy flowers regardless of the weather.

The bouquet changed to roses. This was the only scene between Qin Guan and Li, and the only time they actually interacted with each other.

# Chapter 151: The CCTV Hit Show Daming Palace

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Li Bingbing was pricked by the thorns on the roses. Qin Guan carefully pulled the thorns away and handed the roses back to her. He looked at Li with a worshipping expression as he said nervously, "They're for you."

Li accepted the flowers with slight surprise and secret delight. Zhang shot the scene twice just to be safe.

As an old friend of Li, he knew exactly what she was thinking about. The girl would definitely play some kind trick.

In all conscience, if he was a girl, he wouldn't have let Qin Guan go either. He had to finish this short film in two or three days though. Two Sung was waiting for him. He had no spare time to connive with Li, so he'd warned her in advance.

As for Qin Guan? The silly boy had no idea. He just acted according to the director's instructions.

Acting was easy. In the last scene, Qin Guan gave Li Bingbing the videotape, which was the only proof of her crime, with the intention of putting an end to his love.

The film ended in a cliffhanger. It took them two and a half days, and there were only six people working on it. According to the director, there would be only 30 minutes left after the final editing.

It was actually a home DV show! Qin Guan felt a deep feeling of resentment. No wonder Sister Xue had disappeared after the first day. She had done this deliberately!

The crew was dismissed without any celebrating feast or bonus. Qin Guan had finished his first movie without realizing it.

Zhang Yang told him that he would send the work to Two Sung. If he got his own studio, then he would publish it.

On the other hand, Li Bingbing pretended to be Qin Guan's understanding older sister. She confirmed that the film had been a trial and warned him so he wouldn't be cheated by Zhang.

Patting her own chest, she promised Qin Guan appropriate roles in the future as compensation.

Looking at her young beautiful face, Qin Guan had the impulse to warn her that in his past life she had chosen countless awful roles.

Qin Guan now had a clear idea of how unreliable those guys were and abandoned any hope of their plan succeeding. I'll just go back to being a straight-A student. I'll return to my courses with a broken heart.

Qin Guan buried himself in his books, studying for CET 6 in June. His whole mind was concentrated on learning. Meanwhile, the annual CCTV drama was quietly broadcasted.

With exquisite scenes, graceful lines and outstanding actors, the TV play "Daming Palace" showed the audience a splendid page of the prime time of the Tang Dynasty. The audience quickly indulged in the style, wilfully luxury and romance created by Li Shaohong.

The handsome Zhao Wenxun, who was the first actor to come on stage, became the object of girls' affection.

Qin Guan's character appeared in the middle and later scenes. The hit show didn't have any influence on him, yet he was unprepared for the exposure.

The Two Sung Group seemed to know that Qin Guan had played in the TV series. Taking advantage of it, the advertising company aired his DV on TV.

CCTV and numerous other TV stations broadcasted his advertisement. Some were cunning enough to air the ad in the commercial breaks during the TV play.

By then, Qin Guan was recognized on the streets. People still didn't know his name though, so he didn't cause any traffic jam when he went out of campus. At most, they would kindly ask him, "Are you the alien nobleman?"

In those cases, Qin Guan would answer honestly, "Yes, it's me." By the time the 23rd episode aired though, the effect was magnified.

Housewives expressed their feelings about the play. "It must be the queen's toy boy. Only a handsome man like him could be brought into the palace by the queen."

"He is really quite the troublemaker. If I was the queen, I would have grabbed him myself."

Young girls also recognized Qin Guan. "He is the model from J shirts and the Two Sung DV. He's so handsome!"

"I'll buy some J clothes for my boyfriend. I wonder if he'll be as handsome as Zhang Changzhong in them."

In 2000, the internet reached ordinary people's homes. Technology had improved a lot, and the standard network speed at the time was 512 K/S.

Launched in 1999, the "Haijiao" Forum became popular among netizens. It was famous for its content and clarity.

The most popular parts of it were the tittle-tattle and gossip sections. The gossip section was especially noisy. Qin Guan's post was at the top of the forum. That section was generally considered the wind indicator of the entertainment circle. Most hit shows and stars had a space there.

Titled "Talking about the most handsome man in an ancient costume", Qin Guan's post attracted lots of attention.

The author had written, "As for the recent hit show 'Daming Palace', a lot of my friends have published relative posts. Just like everyone else, I had also fallen in love with Zhao Wenxun, who plays Zhang Yizhi and Xue Shao in the play. When I saw the 23rd episode today though, I betrayed him. I decided to award the crown of the most handsome man in an ancient costume to Zhang Changzhong. He's my new favorite."

"When he turned away from the screen and Taiping Princess, my heart was conquered. The graceful lotus on the frame paled in comparison to him. He deserves to be remembered as the Lotus Childe in historical records. The title matches reality perfectly."

"While I was waiting impatiently for the commercials to end, I also saw him act as an alien nobleman!"

"To conclude, he is handsome not just in an ancient costume, but also as an alien! He's a really handsome boy. From now on, he will be my Prince Charming. Don't try to compete with me!"

The post was like a stone thrown in a lake. Girls who had just finished watching the TV play gathered under it fast.

"Agreed."

"He's mine!"

"I betrayed Zhao Wenxun myself! Breaking news! I have also seen



him on posters and magazines. I have the whole set."

"Are they on sale, sister? Where did you get them? I'll offer you a high price!"

# Chapter 152: Learning About The Buddha Doctrine

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Netizens at the time were too shy to say "I want to have your babies" or "I'm drooling over the screen". The power of fans was unlimited though.

Within two hours, Qin Guan had become the prince of the gossip section. Some mighty girls had even found reports on the New Face competition. Finally, they focused on New Silk Road.

The next day, the telephone operators of New Silk Road nearly died of exhaustion. Crazy fans were calling them all day long, asking for information about a model named Qin Guan.

When the director of the Marketing Department was informed, he thought he was going to go crazy, too. This was not an entertainment company, so they were not capable of receiving so many calls. They had to set up a special telephone line just for Qin Guan.

Qin Guan became really famous. With such popularity, his level had to be upgraded as well. Many top level brands wanted a good model and actor to promote their products.

The director was so depressed, he was thumping his chest and stamping his feet. Why didn't I insist on the contract? I wasted such a good opportunity. It would be much more difficult for him to sign a formal contract with Qin Guan now.

Qin Guan received so many calls from friends that his phone was about to explode. So was Sister Xue's. She got calls about brand endorsement, magazines, interviews, TV auditions...

She was both miserable and happy. There was a great difference between a film and TV agent and a model agent. She would have to be in charge of publicity, selecting roles that fit Qin Guan's characteristics, and rushing to the frontline to fight for opportunities.

Sometimes, she preferred being lazy, just like Qin Guan said. She wasn't resigned to be just a model agent though. With a success in film or TV, Qin Guan would enjoy better domestic development without waiting a long time or fighting to stand out among countless models.

So long as he was famous, famous brands would approach him. Waking up from her daydream, Sister Xue decided to check the script notices carefully.

In 2000, the domestic market for TV series was flourishing, and many classic TV plays were emerging, such as "Kangxi Dynasty", "The Grand Mansion Gate", and so on.

Those were out of Qin Guan's league though. A man couldn't be lucky forever. The scripts in Sister Xue's hand were not classics.

There were still some decent works though, including "Romance during the Tang Dynasty" and "The Legendary Swordsman"

(directed by Zhang Jizhong), which were worth an audition. As for the stranger ones, such as "Happy Encounter in the East and West" and "Royal Babies", even Sister Xue couldn't bear to read them.

Looking at the thick pile of scripts, Qin Guan was surprised by her abilities. In such a short time, she had managed to create a good relationship within the film and TV circles. In spite of the quality of the scripts, the chance to audition was valuable for plenty of actors.

Qin Guan had good taste. He wanted to participate in the two TV series that had been famous in 2001 and had aired on CCTV for over 10 years. It was a pity that Sister Xue was not as shameless as him. He had to be content with the second best one, which would be shooting in the summer.

He would be playing Bianji in "Romance during the Tang Dynasty". Another toy boy and a monk? Qin Guan was left speechless by the role. He would be playing another heartbreaker, Yang Lianting, in "The Legendary Swordsman". Why did he always get such roles? He would rather be a co-star and have less lines. Why was he always the toy boy? Once for the princess, then for the leader of the martial arts circle... It was unbearable!

Sister Xue ignored his complaints. She told Qin Guan to practice by himself. It seemed like his roles in ancient costumes would only be increasing, so he had to study with Teacher Rong in his spare time.

Fortunately, Fayuan Temple, the temple with the longest history in the capital, was not far from Qin Guan's college. He could learn

about the Buddha Doctrine there.

Qin Guan was good at acting. Before he left, he promised Sister Xue that he would find a martial artist for training.

Sister Xue was quite worried about Qin Guan, as martial art movements in film and TV were quite different from traditional Chinese kung fu. One focused on shape and style, and the other stressed on real fighting. Forget it. It's better for him to learn more.

.....

Qin Guan headed directly to the Fayuan Temple.

Located on the south end of the Jiaozi Hutong outside the Xuanwumen Gate, the Fayuan Temple had been founded during the 19th Year of the Zhenguan Period by Emperor Taizong of the Tang Dynasty. The Buddhist Academy of China had been established in the temple in 1965.

Unlike the Lama Temple, where incense smoke was all around, the ancient temple was simple and dignified, with red walls, grey tiles and green trees.

The stone praying incense burner in the square was surrounded by smoke. There were several wintersweet trees standing beside it, which made the temple look noble and unsullied in the winter.

The students of the academy were doing their matin in brown frocks. The pilgrims didn't disturb them. They just burned their first incense stick for the day.

That year, the book "The Fayuan Temple in Beijing", written by the famous Taiwan writer Li Ao, had been published and become widely popular, both domestically and overseas. As a result, the quiet temple had become famous all of a sudden, attracting countless Buddhism followers and visitors.

Unlike the pilgrims, Qin Guan headed to the guest receiving hall. Scanning the exquisite corridors, he realized that the hall had to be for VIPs.

A young acolyte in a grey frock greeted him. "What are you looking for, my benefactor?"

"I would like to get some primary Buddhist texts. Instruction books would be even better."

Smiling, the young acolyte guided Qin Guan to a shed nearby. He pointed to the books on the shelves and said, "These are all books donated by followers. They are sold for charity. If you like, just put the money in the box according to the prices on the tablets."

The grand temple is really considerate! Qin Guan saluted the young acolyte before going into the book shed.

# Chapter 153: Bianji In A Grey Frock

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Qin Guan picked several primary books on Buddhism and some buddhist stories. He had no intention of becoming a monk. Bianji was focused on having intercourse with a princess in the play after all.

There was an accomplished martial artist at his college, Mou Xiaoliu. According to Huang Jiajia, Mou was the student of a master who engaged in Xing Yi Fist. Learning a little from her would have to be enough.

When Qin Guan appeared at the door of Mou Xiaoliu's classroom, even the tutor could not control the students. They all started screaming.

The tutor had taught Qin Guan the year before. She waved at him to go away, shouting, "Qin Guan, you troublemaker! Stay away from my class! There are still ten minutes left!"

During the last ten minutes, Mou was completely distracted. She couldn't hear what the tutor was saying. All she remembered was Qin Guan gesturing at her that he would be waiting for her outside.

As soon as the bell rang, Mou ran out of the classroom with her bag without telling her friend.

Qin Guan smiled at the girl with puppy eyes. "Could you help me, Mou Xiaoliu? Are you good at fist fighting? Could you teach me? I'll pay you!"

Mou nodded. "No problem. I'll do it for free!"

Qin Guan didn't listen to her. He would be taking up as much of her time as a part-time job, so he had to compensate her. Mou asked Qin Guan seriously, "Do you want to formally acknowledge someone as your master?"

Qin Guan shook his head. "I just want to learn some fixed patterns. The basic skills are not important to me."

It would be simple. Without any further questions, Mou made a short introduction in a clearing of trees.

"I am a student of Xing Yi Fist. My ancestor had Li Cunyi as his master, and he inherited the Big Frame School in Hebei Province. The basic techniques of Xing Yi Fist are three body stances, five fist patterns, and twelve shapes. I have to prepare for our lessons. We can start this weekend. Is that alright?"

Qin Guan nodded happily.

At Teacher Rong's command, Sister Xue had made several Tang suits for him, including a kung fu costume, which had cost her a lot.

If I practice martial arts on the tree path at the Fayuan Temple in that costume, I might turn into Buddha on the spot.



Several days later, Qin Guan picked up Mou in his Cherokee to go meet Sister Xue. Their expenditure was supervised by Sister Xue, but Qin Guan also majored in accounting, so the extra money for tuition had to be considered a reasonable expense. His agent had to approve of his teacher though.

Qin Guan took Mou to Professor Li's hall. At the beginning, Sister Xue seemed doubtful because of Mou's age, but Mou shocked her by showing them the first fighting pattern.

She demonstrated a series of fist movements before them. Her moves were simple yet practical, performed with irresistible force.

Mou finished her performance and waited for praise with shining eyes. Itching to try, Qin Guan said, "It's my turn!"

He imitated Mou's performance almost perfectly, which shocked both Sister Xue and Mou. Although Qin had just copied the pattern, not her force, it was still enough for the film. Sister Xue felt assured. Qin Guan was thinking about his gift of extraordinary retentive memory, which was usually more practical in memorizing documents.

He could copy the simple movements, but he was still inferior compared to students who had been practising for a long time.

Still, Qin Guan was getting better and better at Xing Yi Fist. Sister Xue was quite satisfied with Mou. She was a very hardworking, simple girl.

She proposed that Mou become Qin Guan's temporary assistant during the summer holidays, and Mou accepted with extreme pleasure. Qin Guan didn't even express an opinion.

Mou would have to find a part-time job in the summer anyway. What would be better than staying close to her prince? They made the decision right before it was time for Qin Guan to audition for "Romance During the Tang Dynasty."

It was the final audition before shooting started. Actually, the actors had basically been selected, but because of the promotion of Li Shaohong, the assistant director of "Romance During the Tang Dynasty" had decided to give Qin Guan a chance to try for the role of Bianji.

The crew had taken advantage of the props from the "Daming Palace", saving a large amount of money, so it made sense that they give him a chance to audition.

Qin Guan was wearing a green Tang suit with loose cuffs and trouser legs. The suit looked like a frock from a distance, and in combination with his short haircut, he looked almost like a real monk.

He put his palms together devoutly and greeted the assistant director, who recognized the extreme beauty of suppressing sensual passion.

He was the one in charge of the casting. Excited, he took Qin Guan to Director Gong and the head scriptwriter, who were

explaining the plot to a handsome young man with fake eyelashes.

The assistant director didn't think much of him. There were many actors there for the audition after all. He pushed Qin Guan toward Director Gong and said, "This is Qin Guan. He was recommended by Director Li. Isn't he more handsome than the others?"

The director had originally thought that the young man standing before him was a cute boy, but compared to Qin Guan, Nie Jin looked like an inferior being.

The scriptwriter looked cheered up. The romance was obviously fabricated, unofficial history focusing on love and legends. Bianji, who had been a nobody in history, was the main character of his script.

The role had to be interpreted three times, during three periods of the man's life, childhood, adolescence, and youth. Qin Guan was the most devout and refined actor he had seen for the part.

# Chapter 154: Success And Failure

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Qin Guan looked up as a breeze went through the lower hem of his frock. He moved gracefully, in the style of a scholar. A light smell of sandalwood surrounded him.

The director and scriptwriter were both shocked. The most surprised one was Nie Jin though, who was trying out for the role.

Although he had graduated from the Shanghai Theatre Academy, he hadn't gotten a chance to star in any decent TV plays. The scriptwriter had made changes to the story and made Bianji the main character.

The unknown handsome young man would be his rival for the part. Director Gong seemed to appreciate him very much.

The director was slightly excited. A monk who aroused the deep love of a princess and had intercourse with her, thus break religious precepts, sounded a lot like Qin Guan. He looked at Nie Jin, who was standing behind him in confusion. This boy is outstanding and professional too. Besides, I just promised him the leading role. It would be shameful to take my word back.

The scriptwriter maintained a clear mind before Qin Guan's beauty. He kindly pointed to the new script, reminding the director of the different periods in Bianji's life. The director thought about the simple, honest actor who would play Bianji as a teenager and looked at Qin Guan again.

Finally, he realized that he would not be able to find two more actors to match Qin Guan's looks. For the consistency of the whole play, he had to reject Qin Guan.

He told him to wait for them to get back to him, which was what they usually told people when they failed an audition. Nie Jin exhaled in relief. No one would want to be Qin Guan's opponent. I got very lucky today. It seems like my ordinary beauty brought me luck.

Qin Guan's legendary victory streak was broken. In the modelling circle, his beauty was a prominent advantage that swept away all obstacles, but when it came to films and TV shows, which were more complex, it was a double-edged sword.

The producer, scriptwriter, director and actors could reject anyone. No one could get successful easily, unless they were beautiful. In 2000 though, there weren't that many plays or roles for beautiful actors to select from.

Qin Guan's range of character choices was limited. At the time, all the directors were dreaming of international prizes.

The overseas media was not interested in a rising China though, but in the everyday lives of ordinary Chinese people.

Many directors had been on the wrong path. Reality didn't equal ugliness. It also encircled the true meaning of beauty and love. In the lens though, those were omitted, either consciously or unconsciously.

This restriction was not caused by Qin Guan's looks, but the political and economic environment. Qin Guan still had a long way to go.

A good beginning was still just a beginning. After thorough consideration, Qin Guan collected his thoughts and smiled confidently.

Just in time, Assistant Mou handed him a bottle of mineral water. In the early summer, a considerate girl could make anyone happy. The small flies in the water were merely a detail!

Qin Guan was ready to go again. He started his car and drove off to his next audition.

His second audition was a piece of cake. Yang Lianting was only a supporting part in Zhang Jizhong's play "The Legendary Swordsman". The character would appear in several episodes though, so Zhang himself would make the final decision.

Qin Guan had no idea about the great advantage he had until Zhang opened his mouth and he heard him speak with the accent of his hometown.

Unless one was an anchorman or a TV show host, their local accent was clear to their fellow townsmen.

Their native dialect narrowed the gap between them, and the

bold and generous Director Zhang was very satisfied with Qin Guan. He made a decision as soon as possible. Linghu Chong would not be getting the lead. That co-star was not worthy of Qin Guan's talent.

Usually Director Zhang would leave after a cup of tea, but the two of them chatted happily for more than half an hour. By the time they were ready to leave, Qin Guan was on Zhang's white list. Sister Xue also took this chance to get Zhang's private telephone number.

It was a happy surprise and a blessing in disguise. One successful interview and an unsuccessful one. Qin Guan considered himself a lucky guy.

Yang's part would begin in Zhejiang Province in July, when Qin Guan would be on summer vacation. It seemed that Qin Guan wouldn't be able to return home that year, so he decided to spend time at his new house. The adjustments had been finished, but there was still no furniture inside.

When everything was ready, Qin Guan counted his savings and picked up his girlfriend to visit the Ikea in Madian.

Cars were rare in the capital at the time, so there was no traffic jam. The Ikea was located at the north side of Madian, so its parking place was sufficient for its customers.

Aiming in fashion and simpleness, Ikea satisfied the demands of the petty bourgeoisie and the white-collar class.

Qin Guan parked his car, opened the passenger door, and locked it after Cong Nianwei got out. They stepped inside the mall hand in hand.

The thing that impressed Qin Guan the most was the western fast food. His favorite dessert was the ice-cream cone.

The golden yellow cone was crisp and it smelled wonderful. Snow-white ice-cream with a thick milky fragrance was squeezed out of the machine, accumulating in the cone like a small torch. The little tail at the end was so sweet!

Cong Nianwei bit the white ice-cream with her pink lips, leaving a cute mark. Qin Guan stared at the cone in Cong Nianwei's hand with shining eyes, making her feel embarrassed.

"Do you prefer vanilla?" Cong Nianwei kindly exchanged her ice-cream for Qin Guan's. Maybe he just didn't like chocolate.



# Chapter 155: Let's Build A Love Nest Together

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Cong Nianwei was not prepared when Qin Guan lowered his head to kiss her lips. She tasted like vanilla, sweet, cold, and smooth.

Cong Nianwei was annoyed by her boyfriend, who reached out for a yard after taking an inch. After their first kiss, Qin Guan had become an addict. He would take advantage of any chance to kiss her. Cong Nianwei was already afraid to be with him in public.

As punishment, she took a bite out of the ice-cream in Qin Guan's hand. It was chocolate, and it tasted sweet and slightly bitter.

They headed directly to the third floor, planning to shop from top to bottom. In the service centre on the first floor, they got an Ikea pencil, a map, and a list of all the products. Ikea was always considerate.

Qin Guan and Cong Nianwei were drawn to the new products on the third floor, where the bedroom furniture was exhibited.

They saw a three-piece French style set that included a wooden queen-sized bed, a bedside table, and a big closet. The closet was designed for a couple, and it cost 3,900 yuan. The small bedside table could also be used as a dresser. The drawers on both its sides could hold more sundries. It cost 699 yuan. It would cost Qin Guan about 6,498 yuan to furnish the whole bedroom. Qin Guan felt a pain in his chest. Realizing that Cong liked the furniture though, the mean thoughts in his mind were pushed out. But will she stay

overnight for the furniture?

Cong Nianwei had no idea about Qin Guan's plans. As a top student at the Architecture Department, she liked those kind of things. In her mind, such simple furniture was easy to assemble and it was suitable for a young person's home. She was really enjoying decorating a new house.

Gritting his teeth, Qin Guan bought a curtain that reached the floor, a complete set of sheets, cushions, towels, and two hairy carpets. Everything matched Cong Nianwei's taste, and it cost Qin Guan about 2,000 yuan.

We didn't even buy household appliances! Qin Guan sniffled and pulled Cong Nianwei to the kitchen supplies section, where he spent hundreds of yuan.

The Dazhong electric appliance market was nearby. Qin Guan could only afford to buy a fridge, but women were all born shopaholics. There were no exceptions. Cong Nianwei was a straight-A student, but she still was one. Right before leaving, she took pity on Qin Guan and treated him to a portion of chips and a hot dog to comfort the bankrupt boy.

Qin Guan had the impulse to tell her that he still had about 10,000 yuan left in savings, but he was planning on spending it on her birthday present.

During the summer holidays, her tutor would be teaching at a big program. Cong Nianwei would be one of the assistants, and she

would perform data analysis. She was also planning on staying in the capital for the holidays to earn both money and experience.

It was the first time they would be spending a whole holiday together. Qin Guan would be able to celebrate her birthday with her in a happy, sweet way.

Dating time always flew by. After begging for a French kiss, Qin Guan saw Cong Nianwei off and she ran into her dormitory building.

The final battle had come. With a calm expression, Qin Guan took the CET 6, which was normally meant for postgraduates.

He wrote swiftly and finished the paper without any difficulty.

The invigilator watched the other students, who were obviously older than Qin Guan. They seemed to be regretting that their offspring hadn't lived up to their expectations. What a promising student! If you fail to get a higher score than the sophomore, don't choose me as your tutor!

The surrounding seniors were annoyed by Qin Guan. Do you want to piss us off, young man? Do you think you're talented? Show us your paper then!

When the invigilator turned around, the senior student on Qin Guan's right kicked his desk vigorously and commanded in a low voice, "Hey, young man! You seem smart. Share your answers with

me, or I'll make your life miserable!"

With a shy smile, Qin Guan pushed his papers towards him.

I blamed you wrongly. You are a loyal man! Before he could copy off Qin Guan though, the invigilator appeared behind his back like a ghost. Qin Guan pretended to write and turned his paper over.

The invigilator kicked against the desk of the senior student, who was too proud to cover his tracks.

He's staring at me! Does he know?

Looking at Qin Guan's innocent eyes, the invigilator reminded him kindly, "Watch your papers. Better fold them. Don't help those cheaters, or you'll be unfair to yourself. I know you are a hardworking man."

Qin Guan nodded tamely at the tutor, who seemed happy to be saving a lamb from the claws of a wolf.

The senior student was under close surveillance until Qin Guan submitted his papers and left.

Under that kind of pressure, and thanks to his poor knowledge of English, his results were awful.

Qin Guan's finals were finished, and the summer holidays began.

Qin Guan called his parents and friends to inform them about his arrangement. Zhou Jing and Li Jian beat their chests and stamped their feet in outrage. They'd have to depend on themselves now.

Laughing, Qin Guan hung up and opened the door of his new home. The cozy smell overwhelmed him. Although the living room was still empty, the warm bedroom and fully-equipped kitchen were enough for him to comfortably spend the holidays there.

He put the shopping bags beside the fridge and filled it with groceries. He was very satisfied with his work.

Everything was ready for Cong Nianwei. After handing the spare key to her, he would fly to Zhejiang to begin shooting for his new play.

# Chapter 156: The Legendary Swordsman

## Yang Lianting

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Qin Guan wouldn't tell anyone, but thanks to the popularity of "Daming Palace", he had done a back cover for ELLE Clothing. Moving from the inner pages to the back cover was quite a leap. Besides, he had also gotten an invitation to audition for the Capital Fashion Week.

After Qin Guan dealt with all his affairs, he left the capital, blowing a kiss at Cong Nianwei, who saw him off reluctantly.

The play "The Legendary Swordsman" had been struck by bad luck and suffered through many hardships and dangers.

The original leading actor, Shao Wen, had been replaced by Li Jipeng after six episodes had been shot. There were thousands of people participating in the 40-episode TV play, so there were unpredictable changes every day.

That's when Qin Guan's good luck stopped. When he arrived at Zhenjiang, he was greeted by the typical intense summer heat of South China. The temperature was as high as 50 degrees, and the Wuxi shooting location was a great test for the actors, who were wearing multiple layers of costumes.

Director Zhang's plan had been to finish the play within 180 days, but despite the favorable beginning, he had experienced various difficulties ever since the play had started in March.

At the beginning, Shao Wen had been irresponsible towards his role, considering CCTV's investment of tens of millions a trifling matter.

The change of the leading actor meant that the crew's previous work had been in vain.

A heavy rain in June had washed off the decorations of the Medicinal God Temple, and the art designers and prop masters had had to start over again, which had delayed the whole process and been a complete waste of money.

Compared to those difficulties, the heat was nothing for the crew. Plus, the famous author Jin Yong had transferred the rights of the play to CCTV for only one yuan.

Qin Guan had joined the crew like a small river reaching the sea.

He wouldn't miss any opportunity to learn from others, as he knew very little about acting to begin with.

It wasn't until he began to copy from older actors though that accidents started happening one after the other. Qin Guan felt sad about them.

Miao Jiajia, the actor who portrayed Yue Lingshan, twisted his ankle and his foot swelled up like a balloon.

Qin Guan looked at the stunt double for the acrobatic fighting and flying, who used a heavy hanging wire, and estimated that the danger was coefficient with the fighting. Who said that this wasn't a hard job? Just try and fight someone for 200 rounds!

Qin Guan had learned a lot from Miao's accident. At the time, young actors focused on their attitude instead of their acting skills.

They all wore three-layered costumes with long sleeves. Their sweat would drip down when they were standing still, but when the director shouted "Filming!", they would put down their fans and newspapers and devote themselves to the scene.

Nobody cried of exhaustion. They all wanted to get the job done.

Out of all the crew, Qin Guan preferred to spend time with his partner the most.

That was, as you can imagine, the actress who portrayed Dongfang Bubai, Mao Weitao.

The older woman was not a professional actress, but a Yue Opera performer. She was actually famous for portraying a young man. Director Zhang had taken a fancy to her at first glance though and asked her to temporarily join his crew.

As an alumna of the third generation of Yin School, Mao had been assigned to direct the Zhejiang Hundred-Flower Yue Opera Group. She had gotten the job thanks to her perfect opera skills



and neutral stage appearance.

She had arrived on set two days after Qin Guan. As soon as she'd joined the crew, she had stood out.

Sister Mao had immediately liked Qin Guan, who was playing her brother Lian. Qin Guan was a silly, but earnest young boy. In their spare time, she taught him some simple Yue Opera arias, which he absorbed very quickly. If he wasn't too old and had no intention of engaging in the art, Sister Mao would have recruited him.

Several happy days later, their parts appeared in the play.

As Qin Guan was getting dressed, he couldn't help but make jokes about the costumes. There was a really big difference between male and female directors.

Director Zhang instruct the prop men on how to make a sword or a jade cup gorgeous, but when it came to costumes, his taste was awful.

As the virtual hierarch of the Sun Moon Holy sect, Yang Lianting was wearing a grey rustic gown. There was a lot of lacework and embroidery on the gown, but the colors clashed horribly. Qin Guan also had to wear a high crown on his head. It was ridiculous!

Qin Guan was the No.1 model in the domestic young modelling circle though, so he looked valiant in his thick clothes. If it wasn't for the high temperature, his outfit would have been outstanding.

Both Yang Lianting and Zhang Changzong were toy boys, but Zhang was gentle and soft, while Yang was a tough guy. People considered him Dongfang Bubai's toy boy, but he considered Dongfang his wife. He was by nature a chauvinist.

He asked unscrupulous things of Dongfang and reproached her at will. On the other side, he loved her very much. He was a complicated character with a lot of depth.

Yang Lianting's first scene was a group scene. Tens of figurants and leading actors would have their first fierce collision in a cave of the Sun Moon Holy Sect.

The throne of the hierarch was high on the rock. There were countless cameras around it.

Director Zhang still had a good impression of Qin Guan, his younger fellow townsman. As an upright man, he warned Qin Guan, "Don't forget your lines. Stupid green hand mistakes will be acceptable, but stupid careless mistakes will be detestable."

Qin Guan sighed slightly in relief. He was the youngest actor if one didn't count the figurants. That distrustful view did not belong just to the main actors. The figurants were also sweating for him.

Actually, the members of the Sun Moon Holy Sect wore thicker clothes than anyone else. Some of them were even wearing large cloaks.

Everyone was waiting silently in position. "On your marks! Ready? Three, two, camera!"

The cameras started filming. Qin Guan walked out of the cave with his hands clasped behind his back. The camera hanging high above him couldn't capture the details of his outfit. Everyone around could only hear his voice.

Step by step, Qin Guan read his lines carefully. "Elder Shangguan, you succeeded in capturing Linghu Chong. His Excellency is quite happy with you."

"It's thanks all to His Excellency's blessing." As soon as Shangguan finished his sentence, the camera turned to Qin Guan and panned out. Yang Lianting's full image appeared on Director Zhang's monitor.

# Chapter 157: Hierarch's Secret Garden

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Qin Guan's appearance in full costume and makeup was more shocking in the small monitor than in real life. Wearing his high crown and loose gown, Qin Guan smiled before speaking. He was quite the domineering toy boy.

His lines were perfect. No mistakes whatsoever!

"Cut! Stop!" The first break was because of Ren Woxing. The older actor was really surprised by Qin Guan's ability to recite lines. He had failed to control his expression and frowned.

Lv Xiaohe, the man who portrayed Ren Woxing, was a very capable actor. As a bold and straightforward man from Northeastern China, he looked down upon pretty boys. Qin Guan, who had joined them half-way through the shooting, had attracted the attention of all the girls on the crew as soon as he'd arrived.

Teacher Lv thought Qin Guan was protected by some sponsor or director. He looks like a peacock, not an actor. Just read his record! Qin Guan felt misunderstood. It's not my fault I'm handsome.

In his first scene, Qin Guan's lines were clear and his rhythm was perfect, not at all inferior compared to the other actors'. Lv Xiaohe was too surprised to control the muscles on his face.

The first break was not Qin Guan's fault. Fortunately, the previous film had been reserved, and they could start over from the moment Elder Shangguan had tried to bribe Qin Guan. It was

not such a big mistake.

The figurants heaved a long breath and wiped the sweat off their heads. It was so hot! Taking the chance, Qin Guan lifted his arm up and wiped his face quickly. (The prop master shouted, "Hey! Stop!")

Teacher Lv was left speechless by Qin Guan's action. His nature seems different than his appearance! He felt better for some reason.

They went on. Yang Lianting was bribed into leading Linghu Chong and the others into the hall, where the most important scene would take place.

Hundreds of figurants filled the hall. The air was stuffed with the heat and the moist smell of the cave.

Director Zhang was irritated again. He shouted at everyone, "Take responsibility for yourselves and finish it in one take! I'll curse anyone who makes a mistake!"

To be honest, most directors were bad-tempered. They had to establish their prestige and take responsibility. A bad film was a derelict of duty, not only for them, but also for their whole crew. A director cursing was nothing out of the ordinary.

Qin Guan had even more lines in the next scene. Because of the echo inside the cave, he had to deliver every word and sentence

clearly in a loud voice. His speed had to be neither too fast, nor too slow. Everyone was worried about the green hand, but they witnessed a miracle.

Qin Guan finished his monologue without stammering and answered his partner's questions successfully. While he was speaking, he walked around the throne, gesturing in an imposing manner. He seemed like a behind-the-scenes master.

According to the story, Yang had been attacked and broken one of his legs before he'd been caught by the rebels.

Qin Guan didn't give up. He finished the five-minute vigorous scene with a painful expression.

In the scene, the hero and heroine had only a few lines, while Qin Guan had to make a long speech. They both looked at their young co-star with new eyes.

Qin Guan couldn't tell them that he was gifted, but he enjoyed the special treatment of the senior actors. The mountains in Zhejiang were harsh but graceful, just like a painting.

In midsummer, the flowers were blooming. The palace of Dongfang had cost a lot. The camera followed them, mounting the peak. Dongfang Bubai was hiding in the luxurious garden, so they could only hear his voice.

Feeling the crowd approaching, Dongfang became slightly angry.

He grumbled to his lover in a flirtish manner, "I won't see anybody except you!"

Qin Guan's leg hurt. With the green leaves as background, handsome Yang delivered the most sincere and shocking words between two lovers, "If I refuse to bring them here, they'll kill me. I won't die without seeing you for the last time." The camera zoomed in on his devoted expression.

The love between two evil characters could also be pure and true. Everyone suddenly felt guilty for forcing Dongfang.

At his words, Dongfang drew himself up to his full height, surprising everyone.

Teacher Mao's appearance in full makeup was unparalleled. Her gestures and expression were domineering, charming, and fierce.

She covered Qin Guan gently with a blanket (50 degrees, three-layers of costume, and a woollen blanket). Qin Guan felt dizzy from the heat. The camera turned to the others, who were taking pleasure in his misfortune. No one was showing any signs of solidarity or friendship.

The camera turned around as Dongfang spoke.

"Are you hurting?" He took Yang's hand, expressing tenderness and love through his eyes. Meanwhile, he took a handkerchief from his sleeve and scrubbed the sweat off Qin Guan's forehead.

Qin Guan pushed him away aggressively, just like a violent man would his wife. He exploded without any reason, "What are you thinking about? All your enemies are here! Why are you fussing like a woman? Kill them, and then we'll have time to care for each other!"

Director Zhang took a big close-up of Qin Guan's face. With his handsome face and vigour, Qin Guan seemed quite aggressive even against the No. 1 leader among the martial arts circles.

It was his honor to have such a handsome man as his lover.

Dongfang was not angry. He actually liked his attitude. He nodded at Yang shyly, but became really fierce when he turned around to face his enemies.

His long dress was dancing in the air along with the falling petals. Dongfang took an elegant leap and fell down together with flowers. The silk threads landed after him.

Dongfang picked up his beloved Lian and flew into the flowers. The beauties and the flowers complimented each other.

The scene was finished. When Director Zhang sat before the running camera, everyone fell silent. It was a really good effect.

Their fair skin and slender hands were interlocked. Qin Guan leant against the throne, just like the real king of the kingdom.



Director Zhang waved at the actors, indicating that they could go on. Dongfang waved his long red sleeves and took an attractive pose. Several lines of speech broke the silence. The fight was about to start.

Lying on the throne, Qin Guan watched them with envy. Yang's leg was broken. He could do nothing but show his concern for his lover during the battle.

Why was Director Zhang still zooming in on Yang's face then? That was a foul! It was a bias towards his fellow townsman!

Actually, Dongfang's close-ups were far more than Qin Guan's, but they were tragic in a lot of ways.

## Chapter 158: The Wire Is Nothing

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The acrobatic fighting scenes were complicated. They had to repeat the same scene many times.

The first time, Qin Guan looked alive and happy as he was watching them. The second time, he was serious. The third time, it was really hot. The fourth and fifth time, it was like a dried fish was lying on the throne under the sunlight.

God! Who would save poor Yang Lianting? People seemed to guess his heartfelt wish. Finally, Xu Qing rolled Qin Guan up. In the next scene, he would be hanging up from a wire.

It was his first time trying high-tech props. The special effects group tried to move the mobile block, but Qin Guan felt uncomfortable. The audience would just see the handsome actors on the screen, but the actors themselves felt terrible while filming it.

In the scene, Qin Guan had to slide backwards and hit a pillar. To make the strike look more horrifying, he had to spit a mouthful of water.

Before the director could shout "Camera!", Qin Guan gestured for a break. Sister Xue, who was standing beside him, hastened to give him a bottle of water.

After drinking more than half of it, Qin Guan felt refreshed. If he had been dehydrated like that, he would not have spit out water,

but blood.

Qin Guan turned around and saw that all the actors had taken this chance to rest. He had to hold on to the equipment though.

He leant weakly against the artificial hill and waited for a full 10 minutes before the crew was done. Then they moved on to the next scene.

This was the last scene for him. When it was over, he would get another bonus.

"On your marks! Special effects! Three, two, camera!"

The machine rolled at high speed, pulling Qin Guan backwards. Bang! Qin Guan's back hit the pillar hard.

Director Zhang looked through the lens. Qin Guan had not spit the water out in time. He waved at everyone. Another take!

Bang! Another heavy hit. Teacher Mao couldn't bear to watch. Fortunately, Qin Guan had learned something from Mou Xiaoliu. He tightened the muscles on his back. His back was slightly red after the hits, but there was no wound.

The scene was repeated three times before Director Zhang was satisfied. The onlookers now had a better opinion of Qin Guan. He was a good-looking, smart, hard-working boy after all.

Anyone who was steadfast in their work was welcome everywhere. Teacher Mao seemed concerned about Qin Guan, while Ren Woxing patted his shoulder in encouragement. Was I just unintentionally accepted by another teacher? Yay!

Then Qin Guan's character died. A sword went through Yang Lianting's heart, and he fell down gracefully before he was covered by petals. Dongfang looked down at him. Yang died with a calm expression on his face, as if he had just fallen asleep. Flowers were still floating around him. It was a visually beautiful scene.

Fresh red blood flowed out of the corners of Qin Guan's mouth. The dying Dongfang caressed Qin Guan's chest and uttered his final words on earth, "I love you, Brother Lian."

Then he collapsed into his lover's arms with a smile, and they died in each other's embrace.

Dongfang had to fall into Yang's arms from a high place, but as a dead man, Qin Guan had to remain still.

The stunt double hit Qin Guan hard.

Bang! Qin Guan's small feet jerked slightly, which satisfied the director. See? He is really devoted to his work, even when he's pretending to be a corpse!

I'm really jerking from the hit, not because that's the normal

reaction of a corpse. Qin Guan closed his eyes and endured the pain, waiting for Teacher Mao to replace the stunt double. Luckily, her weight was more bearable.

"Hold on till Dongfang dies!" Sister Xue encouraged Qin Guan in a low voice. Qin Guan held his breath. Mao's face touched his chest for a few seconds before Director Zhang shouted, "Cut!"

It was the most beautiful voice he'd ever heard. Qin Guan stood up immediately, holding his stomach dramatically. The most difficult scene had finally been finished.

He looked at the other actors. Judging by the progress of the shooting, the play would most likely finish in late September.

Sister Xue went to get Qin Guan's bonus. It had taken several days to finish his two short scenes. It was really hard work.

Teacher Mao's scenes were also finished at the same time. The two of them had become friends in a few days.

As a newcomer from the modeling circle, Qin Guan had gotten to know Director Zhang, and he felt proud of himself for that. After receiving the crew's praise, he returned to the capital without a stop.

His girlfriend was waiting for him at home anxiously. He wondered if Cong Nianwei had been longing to see him while he'd been gone.

He was obviously overthinking. He sneaked inside his nest only to find that the rooms were clean. There were no living traces inside his bedroom.

There was no one in the bathroom either. There was only a bowl of leftover fried rice in a plastic wrap in the fridge, indicating Cong Nianwei's presence.

Qin Guan smelt it. It's fresh. It must have been cooked recently. He noticed that the groceries in the fridge were different. He had been gone for more than ten days after all.

The light of the sunset was shining down on the balcony outside the living room. The lock was opened with a clang, and Cong Nianwei opened the door slowly with two bags of fruit and vegetables in her hands.

Qin Guan opened his arms wide for Cong Nianwei, who was dressed casually, and shouted enthusiastically, "Surprise!"

"God! You scared me!" Cong Nianwei looked frightened. Her bags fell down and several potatoes rolled out of them.

She stared at Qin Guan angrily. "Come help me!"

This is not in the script. Generally speaking, when a male actor on TV opens his arms, his girlfriend runs up to him like a bird! Yet this is what I get!

Cong Nianwei went into the kitchen as if she was in her own house. "Wash and clean the vegetables. You can steam the fried rice that's in the fridge. I made it this noon. I thought that if you returned late this evening and I was not in, you could have some homemade food," she told Qin Guan.

# Chapter 159: I Love You

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Qin Guan was slightly surprised and moved. "You left food for me every day?" he asked.

Cong Nianwei was busy cooking. She was chopping a green onion into small pieces. "Of course not. I counted the days and left food for you before you returned. I didn't stay here. I'd just drop in every evening to eat the food. I didn't want it to go to waste!"

My silly girl, I'm not concerned about the food, but about the fact that you cared enough for me to make it.

Qin Guan had originally thought that their position in the relationship was not equal. He had been obsessed with Cong Nianwei for two lives and he just wouldn't let her go.

He was the weak one who kept chasing her. As a straight-A student at the Architecture Department, Cong Nianwei was always calm and reasonable. Girls like her were serious even when they were in love. Qin Guan was still swayed by the pros and cons of their relationship though.

It was only on that day that he felt loved during their everyday life.

His girlfriend didn't ask him to act gracefully. She didn't look down on him because he was poor. She didn't show off to others about his achievements or feel inferior because of his rising social status.



She was splendid on stage and good at cooking. She had a mighty heart, but she also cared about him. F\*ck! I want to cry!

Just do it! Qin Guan threw the potatoes back into the basin and hugged Cong Nianwei from behind. He lowered his head and buried his face in her hair, murmuring softly, "Weiwei, I love you."

Cong Nianwei was so startled, she nearly cut her finger with the kitchen knife.

As she felt his broad chest and heard his low, charming voice though, she felt slightly intoxicated.

Opening her lips, she replied, "I love you too."

Her sweet-smelling hair and honest reply made Qin Guan's blood flow south.

"What's this? What's so hard?" Cong Nianwei was a little confused. Qin Guan lifted his butt to move that essential part of his away from her. A shorter boy would have failed, but he pulled it off thanks to his height. He still hated to part with his girlfriend though.

Cong Nianwei seemed to realize what was going on. Her face suddenly turned as red as an apple. She plunged the knife into the cutting board with a bang and shouted, "Qin Guan!" The excited part of him was frightened into shrinking.

After giving the situation some thought, Qin Guan decided to wash the vegetables instead.

Cong Nianwei was still speechless by the time she was done cooking. Qin Guan lit several aromatic candles, which were usually used for bubble baths, and turned off the lights. There were various aromas, including lily and rose lavender. It was really romantic, but no one could have had dinner with that thick smell in the air.

Having such a silly boyfriend was terrible!

Qin Guan turned on the lights resentfully and blew out the candles.

TV had cheated him again! Where was his candlelit dinner?

Even though they ate the dinner Cong Nianwei had cooked with love, Qin Guan was still aching for something. Leaning against the door frame, he took his most handsome pose and asked her in a low, deep voice, "Darling, will you stay tonight?"

Cong Nianwei looked at him as if he was an idiot. She put the clean tableware away and answered, "None of my stuff is here. I have to return to my dormitory."

Qin Guan leant against the other side of the frame and said tenderly, "There's a supermarket downstairs. We can buy some

stuff for you. We have enough time. Besides, I'm worried about you. You live in that dormitory alone. It's said that there's a ghost on QH campus. It's too dangerous."

It's more dangerous to stay with a fool like you.

Cong Nianwei had been living in that dormitory for several days. There were lots of students who spent their holidays at college. There was nothing to be worried about.

Qin Guan had just returned that day though, and she really wanted to stay with him. "Maybe tomorrow," she answered hesitantly. "I didn't come prepared today."

Qin Guan snapped and stepped forward to lift her. He wanted to swirl her around to express his happiness.

Bang! Qin Guan had forgotten how tall he was. Cong Nianwei's forehead hit the door frame hard.

The two of them looked at each other silently. Qin Guan put Cong Nianwei down and stood there respectfully, waiting for her reproach.

Cong Nianwei burst into laughter. She kicked Qin Guan's leg and said, "It's late, take me back home!"

Qin Guan relaxed and decided to try to get more out of the situation. He looked at Cong Nianwei with a pitiful, flirting

expression. "I'm afraid of the dark. There aren't many people living on this block. I don't want to be alone. Stay and keep me company. I'll sleep on the floor. I swear!"

Liar! A bold man like you afraid of dark? Qin Guan ignored Cong's disdainful look and brazenly dragged her down to the supermarket.

Cong Nianwei followed him, getting everything she needed to spend the night there.

Satisfied, Qin Guan spread the large Ikea carpet on the living room floor (he'd been driven out of the bedroom). He looked at the sleeping Cong Nianwei in satisfaction.

The lights were out, and the dim moonlight slid through the curtains and fell on her shoulders. The thin covers set off her soft lines. She looked gentle in the quiet night.

Standing by the door, Qin Guan stared at her silently for a while. He didn't leave until her breathing slowed down and she fell into a deep sleep.

# Chapter 160: Gunpowder Smoke At Fashion Week

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Qin Guan nearly cried out as he lay on the hairy carpet. It's too hot! I'm such a coward! If I'd insisted, maybe I would have gotten a chance to sleep on the bed.

Stop dreaming, boy. Just sleep. You have a lot to do tomorrow.

The next day, Qin Guan put on his best clothes before Cong Nianwei's doubtful gaze. He had an interview that day.

The Capital Fashion Week would begin in September, and dozens of domestic and foreign brands had gathered at outlets east of the capital. There was a large demand for models for the fashion show.

Several Asian countries with a flourishing model industry had acted without delay, sending their top models to the Chinese capital.

Some European and American brands couldn't bring their own models to the fashion show though, so they needed to explore the talent in China.

The Plaster Flag Nation and the Pickle Nation wouldn't let that opportunity go. They were near China, which worked to their advantage, and they also had their own brands in the Fashion Week.

Frankly speaking, they were taking food right out of China's bowl.

With the resume Sister Xue had prepared under his arm, Qin Guan looked at the outlet buildings in shock. They had been decorated beyond recognition.

There had originally been several small European style buildings there, but all the shops along the street had been given to the exhibitors for free so they could take care of their affairs before Fashion Week.

The street had been remoulded into a flea market by various fashionable guys.

Large advertisement boards had been placed outside the buildings, clothing racks were messy and disorganized, and accessories, buttons and scarves were piled in baskets and boxes.

The most attractive part was the models shuttling around with their paperwork in hand. They walked among the brands in pursuit of an audition. Only the luckiest ones would get a chance to participate in the show.

There were English, Japanese and Korean models. It was a splendid assembly of top and second-line models. If one ignored the thick gunpowder smoke on the street, it was almost a feast for the eyes.

Qin Guan gave his car key and other belongings to Sister Xue and stepped into the square with a thick pile of papers. He attracted the attention of the other waiting models right away.

Everyone looked at him. He seemed like a very strong rival.

"Mr. Xiaoquan, is he a fellow countryman?"

"I don't think so. He must be Chinese."

"Oops! Will we audition for the same brands as him?"

"Don't worry. Generally speaking, Chinese guys are inferior to us. The brands we're after set high standards for model temperament. He might be handsome, but he will not qualify. We don't need to take him seriously. Our strategy is to look down on our opponents. Why do you get discouraged?"

"You're right, I'm too young."

That was the conversation that took place among the Plaster Flag Nation group. It was comparatively polite. They basically just considered Qin Guan an embroidery pillow. Let's see what the Pickle Nation was saying though.

"Our models are all handsome. They're the best ones. Look at those Chinese peasants and those short Plaster Flag Nation guys! Ha ha!"

"Senior Piao, look at that Chinese guy!"

Wow! An arch enemy. Qin Guan was wearing a black fitting, round-collar T shirt and jeans that set off his perfect figure.

He walked up to the group of models leisurely, greeting Ouyang Fen, who pretended not to recognize him.

Ouyang shrank into the group of Chinese models. That guy is so good at attracting hatred. The models at the square were divided into four groups based on their nationality.

Domestic models and models from Hong Kong, Macao and Taiwan were together, while those from Western and Latin countries were in the same group. Different races aimed for different brands, so they got along well. Although they were all Asian models though, models from the Plaster Flag Nation and the Pickle Nation stood out from their Chinese peers.

In 2000, Asian models didn't exhibit extraordinary talent at major international fashion shows. Thanks to the flourishing fashion industry though, there were several hot models emerging from the Plaster Flag Nation, including Liyuanlei, Shangtian Dapu, and so on. Fashion magazines, such as JJ, Ray, and Sweet, grew like mushrooms after the rain.

As a result, they were entering the Chinese Fashion Week with full confidence.



Unlike the devoted models of the Plaster Flag Nation though, the Pickle Nation preferred to market its own products. The models' entertainment skills were overall good, so before they distinguished themselves in the fashion industry, they acted on films or TV. That was why the Pickle Nation was called the Nation of Unprofessional Models.

The representatives of the first generation were Che Shengyuan and Song Chengxian, who strived to open the way for more models.

Their followers tried their best to squeeze in various shows to increase their popularity. They saw the new millennium as the first light of dawn.

Compared to the models from the Plaster Flag Nation, they were not as calm. Overseas large-scale fashion shows were of great significance to them.

That was why they sent someone to interrogate Qin Guan. It was a male model who seemed very kind. The two of them talked in standard English and strange Pickle English.

"Hello, sir. We are from the Pickle Nation. Which auditions will you attend today?"

Qin Guan was surprised with his direct question, but it was unnecessary to hide. He looked at the timetable of the whole Fashion Week. There were nine days in total. He could try out for

one show for each day if he didn't want to work very hard.

He felt confident about himself, and he told the model the brands he preferred. There were more than 30, which surprised the other model.

# Chapter 161: Dirty Tricks

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All the models were shocked. What was Qin Guan's style? Didn't a model have to have their own style and favorite brands?

For example, Ouyang Fen liked formal wear for masculine men, and models from the Plaster Flag Nation preferred novelty and ethnic brands with original designs.

As for the Pickle Nation, their models liked to audition for elegant, gorgeous brands.

The guy had to be crazy. He had chosen everything, from formal wear to casual wear, leaving nothing for others. If they asked him why, Qin Guan would tell them that he was attracted by the high pay. His roles on TV hadn't earned him international popularity, so the designers would pay him according to his level.

He would still get 40,000 yuan for nine shows in only nine days though!

No sooner said than done! When the designers opened their offices, the models took action.

Models from the Pickle Nation started whispering to each other, expressing their disbelief over Qin Guan's over-confident strategy.

The models from the Plaster Flag Nation were also looking at Qin Guan, who they had considered their opponent. A model without a

clear identity couldn't be taken seriously as a rival.

Qin Guan was in no hurry. He even invited Ouyang Fen to join him for the fast interviews, but Ouyang refused impolitely.

Qin Guan had no idea that all the models at the square saw him as a common enemy. It was not just Asian models. Several European and American models also wanted to beat him.

Qin Guan confronted all the other models. He picked the brand Te-Tiger, which would be the hitting the show on the first day, as his first choice.

The brand had started by doing fur design. After 20 years of accumulation and development though, it had become a top luxury brand. It had issued a collection of evening dresses, Chinese wedding dresses, and bridal veils.

As a domestic brand, it would present on the first day of the Fashion Week. Different groups of models chose it without prior consultation.

The small interviewing room was soon filled by models who wanted to rob their most dangerous rival of this opportunity.

The interview was very fast. The top designer was a strong man. People could hardly believe that such elegant, splendid designs had come from him.

The models from the Plaster Flag Nation began to audition. With a strange smile on his face, the designer said only two words when they finished, "Short legs!"

It was like a sword through their chests. Such a strong personality! After the models from the Pickle Nation finished their show confidently, the man once again said only two words, "Small eyes!"

He dismissed the models angrily. Those two countries are shameless! Qin Guan read through the material, looking for the subject of the opening show. It was cheongsams and Han costumes, the background of the brand founder. Suddenly, he understood.

The founder had been born in Northeastern China. The concept of the show was to honor the memory of traditional Chinese culture. Models who were unclear on those boundaries and history did not qualify for the show. The designer seemed to be a young nationalist.

European and American models were cleverer. They skipped that brand automatically.

It was time for the domestic models to compete on individual abilities. Qin Guan felt strange, as he was the last one to get an interview notice. Actually, he had arrived just in time.

Shao Xiaobing was observing the situation from the corner of the fitting room. This had been his trick. There were lots of models, but once the designer selected the right model, the others would

have to leave without auditioning.

The whole domestic modeling circle would be participating in the event. There would be 36 male models and 36 female models in the opening show. It was the traditional Chinese concept of six multiplied by six, which was supposed to maintain harmony. More and more models got an offer after the interview. Qin Guan's chances were getting smaller.

The designer was tired. He counted the models that were left. There were still three vacancies, but the models waiting outside were more than ten. Compared to the female models, the domestic male models were a lot less, and their figures differed a lot.

The designer didn't want to waste any time on inferior models. He asked his assistant to move all the sundries out of the hall and invite all the waiting models inside.

After all the candidates had formed a line, he said concisely, "Anyone shorter than one hundred and eighty-six centimeters, out!"

Several annoyed models left.

The designer pointed at two guys in the line. "You and you, wrong height. Out!"

Good sight! One of them had been 185 centimeters and the other one had been wearing a pair of padded shoes.

Then he glanced at the models' legs. "You, you and you, out!" No reason. He just didn't want models with short legs.

"You and you, out!"

Five more models had been weeded out. There were only four models left in the studio.

The designer massaged his eyes as he examined them. He pointed at Qin Guan and said, "Leave your resume and get the timetable from there."

Is that all? Did he get an offer just like that? Shao Xiaobing frowned. It took me about 20 minutes to pass the interview, and I used my connections to get on the show. How could Qin Guan pass so easily? Does the designer think he's picking Chinese cabbages in a street market? He didn't even ask him to perform!

Actually, the designer hadn't skipped the performance. He'd fixed his eyes on Qin Guan as soon as he'd entered the room.

The model had an elegant walk, an attractive figure, a sophisticated style, and a handsome face. He would be the prince in the yellow gown! An interview would be unnecessary. The designer was adamant.

Qin Guan was glad. He had won his first battle.

Sister Xue was enjoying a cup of iced coffee at the outdoor coffee stand. Qin Guan handed her the first notice under the admiring gazes of the other agents.

Then he went to audition for his second brand. It was a brand from Singapore, and a group of models from the Plaster Flag Nation and the Pickle Nation had already filled all the vacancies.

The designer felt deeply sorry for missing out on such a good model. Qin Guan got a business card from him before he left gloomily.

When he got back to the square, Piao and Xiaoquan's models smiled at him subtly.



# Chapter 162: John's Promotion

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F\*ck! Those sons of bitches! Are you challenging me? This is my home court!

You are wrong Qin Guan. Models depend on their ability, not nationality. Look! Those domestic male models are taking advantage of this to seize opportunities. Wake up!

Qin Guan watched domestic models pour out of a sports brand's office, which he'd originally planned to audition for. He felt disappointed with the cold-blooded world.

If you all see me as an imaginary enemy, I'll show you who I am!

He showed them his middle finger. Just wait and see, you sons of bitches! Then he rushed to the Cabben studio, which was the most important brand during the closing ceremony.

Cabben came from Hong Kong, and it was actually the name of a famous designer. As a spokesperson for original domestic brands, the brand insisted on the concept of overturning fashion trends. It was famous for its fine lines and the development of materials in Asia, so its first choice were models from the Pickle Nation.

No one expected Qin Guan to audition for the last show in advance. Surely, this didn't mean that the shameless guy had given up on his original plan?

They were only half-right. Suppressed by so many opponents, Qin Guan had decided to set a new path. He knocked on the door of the Cabben studio. Sure enough, the other models were all auditioning for the first group of shows.

There were very few candidates in the Cabben studio. The designer's eyes lit up as soon as Qin Guan entered.

He was even more satisfied with him after reading his resume. Confidently, Qin Guan made a simple self-introduction. By then, the models of the Pickle Nation had followed him into the room.

Brands always had the same character as their designers. Te-Tiger was bold and generous, and Cabben was weird and delicate. The crowd made the designer angry. He asked his assistant to lead everyone out. He had to rub his eyes before looking at the fake models outside.

After the designer's screams, Qin Guan finished his solo show leisurely. He passed the audition without any suspense.

The rest of the models had failed every single audition except for the audition of an indifferent brand.

Before going to another audition, they saw Qin Guan hugging warmly the designer of LEE, who John had introduced him to.

There was no hope. The guy had been gifted with both good looks and public relations.

Qin Guan had a nice meeting with many designers and discussed their concepts (thanks to Professor Li's lessons). The others were taking their interviews one at a time.

Qin Guan got offers from LEE, B+by, GIOIAPAN, Luomeng, Aimer underwear, VLOV and BRJ.

He only spent a little over an hour on the interviews, although they might have taken others a week. He finished his work in the fashion salon.

Sister Xue was over the moon. If it were not for his tight schedule, she would have asked Qin Guan to take shows till the last day of his life.

One show for each day. That was enough for Qin Guan. Sister Xue turned down his suggestion to participate in more shows.

"You are a public figure now. There will be media at the Fashion Week. If you perform in an inferior show, you will be sneered at by the reporters."

On their way back, Qin Guans' ears were filled with her rebuke. Sister Xue came back with fruitful results. She had gotten a pile of business cards from designers, which would be a valuable resource for Qin Guan's development.

Qin Guan wasn't thinking about the same thing. His and Cong

Nianwei's home and Cong Nianwei's birthday filled his mind.

He had to buy a TV, an air conditioner, a computer and other things, which would be a large expense. He also had to buy a birthday present for his girlfriend. Without any new income, he would be a pauper.

He bid Sister Xue farewell hurriedly and drove to QH to pick up Cong Nianwei. They had decided that she would temporarily live at their home for the summer holidays. He had to be hospitable so that she wouldn't change her mind.

Qin Guan thought this was the happiest day of his life. He slept in in the morning and found breakfast on the table. Cong Nianwei had prepared it for him before leaving.

With a warm feeling in his heart, he bought household electric appliances and furniture to fill their small nest. It was really his home now.

In the evening, they finished their work and watched TV together, sitting with their shoulders touching. That was all. Qin Guan slept in a small bed in the other room. The carpet was too hot for him.

It was August 6th, several days before the Fashion Week. Qin Guan furtively opened his eyes and realized that Cong Nianwei had sneaked out. He jumped out of bed.

It was Cong Nianwei's birthday, so he had to order a cake and buy her gifts.

After making preparations the whole day, Qin Guan finally covered everything with a big cloth in the living room. The key turned in the lock, and Cong Nianwei pushed her way in.

She looked at Qin Guan speechlessly. He had tied a silly blue bow around his neck. She had gotten used to his stupid behaviour by now.

She watched his performance calmly. Qin Guan bowed before her politely before pulling off the cloth.

He revealed a professional designer desk, a complete tool set, a PC, a printer, and a designing software.

Even a calm girl like Cong Nianwei was excited by the sight. She checked all the presents one by one before turning around and asking Qin Guan in confusion, "Is this all for me?"

"Of course, it's for my dearest girlfriend. Don't you see the colorful stickers on the machines?"

"Why are you giving me so many gifts?"

"Why? It's your birthday! These are your birthday gifts from your boyfriend. The one who loves you best!"

"My birthday is on August 8th."

Surprised, Qin Guan looked at Cong Nianwei, who was trying hard to hold her laughter back.

"Impossible! I saw your student ID!"

Cong Nianwei laughed again. "That's why you peeped at my ID? Didn't you notice that I covered a corner with my finger? I was born on August 8th!"

# Chapter 163: Shao Xiaobing's Dirty Trick

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Qin Guan was speechless with his stupid behaviour. Cong Nianwei kissed him on the face.

"That's all right. I'll celebrate my birthday two days in advance. I like your present very much. You are really attentive."

What boy bought such practical presents for his girlfriend? No one! Cong Nianwei liked practical presents. Maybe she was a boy in nature. Qin Guan was an honest boy who could make her feel assured her in the future.

Qin Guan was excited by the kiss she gave him. The more he got, the more he wanted. He begged for more, but Cong Nianwei refused with a red face, "I'm only a teenager. You need to wait several years!"

F\*ck! It's your birthday! I even dressed up as a present. He wanted to have some dessert for comfort.

He finally found the birthday cake between the printer and the computer. The box had been crushed. He took out the distorted cake resentfully. I'm the most stupid man in the world! I got the wrong date and I destroyed the cake!

Cong Nianwei smiled. She scraped some light cream with her finger and tasted it. "[Wedome?](#) I like it!" Qin Guan had a bite of cake from her hand. It was like a sweet dance of red strawberry and whipped cream. "Happy birthday! I love you."

A famous bakery chain

Night fell. Qin Guan lit several candles, and the young couple watched them burn, their shoulders and heads touching. They wished that time would move more slowly. After many years, they would still recall that moment vividly.

The wheels of time turned, and ordinary life went on. On the next day, Cong Nianwei was busy with work, while Qin Guan had to run for the Fashion Week.

He had to try on outfits, negotiate, rehearse, adjust, check the stage...

He was really tired, but he didn't regret his choice.

He suffered from the alienation of the models from the other two Asian countries and the hard intensity of work.

He would only be a few minutes on the stage, but the preparation was a long, boring process. Sister Xue turned down screen tests for small parts on TV.

Qin Guan had read the scripts. He had no wild dreams for the small screen, but the titles of the plays were still ridiculous.

"Women Soup", "Dangerous Sisters", "Lottery Dream"... What the hell were they even about? Besides, the roles only had one line. It was strange that Qin Guan was famous for period plays, when the



plays mentioned were all modern.

They were all evil characters with good looks. Sister Xue also expressed her worry about it. Zhang Chanzong and Yang Lianting had limited Qin Guan's choices, so they had to tread carefully. He had to focus on maintaining his fame, not promoting it.

Qin Guan had not logged in on the internet at all. He had no idea about his fame on the Haijiao Forum. On the other side, he was sneered at on the Goupu Forum, Hanjiao's rival website. The two forums were always in dispute for appealing to different audiences.

The guys on Goupu were annoyed by the silly girls on Haijiao, and they began to photoshop Qin Guan's photos as a joke.

Thanks to their dispute, Qin Guan had also become famous on Goupu. He had become a superstar on the internet by then.

Cyber fame didn't influence him though. He was shocked by the Te-Tiger outfits. The brand is renowned for its traditional Chinese style. Why do I get the imperial robe and mandarin jacket?

The cheongsam of his partner, who was a female model, was beautiful and charming, yet Qin Guan's costume...

Shao Xiaobing put on his gown with a smirk. He calmly caressed his jaw. It was trifle for him to trouble with Qin Guan. He had just told the designer which models would be able to pull off that costume in his opinion. Distinct characteristics sometimes were a

double-edged sword.

Work had to be treated seriously and models had no right to question designers. Qin Guan wore a skullcap and attached a coronet braid to the back of his head.

He looked tragic among the other elegant models.

Never mind the beauty of the embroidery or the shine of the imperial yellow. The costume looked really ugly among the costumes of different dynasties.

Foreigners had a different opinion though. At the time, everything about China seemed mysterious to them. Chinese people had inherited countless treasures and inspiration from their history.

The collection shocked the audience. It was scary, but not dangerous. When Qin Guan finished his first show, the designer hugged him excitedly in the backstage area.

# Chapter 164: An Admirer From A Foreign Land

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The costume looked splendid on Qin Guan. It was not overshadowed by the previous or following costumes.

It was the one the designer had been the most worried about, but Qin Guan made it look new with his figure. The designer kept Qin Guan in his mind. In the following days, Qin Guan performed in several shows smoothly thanks to John's help. After nine days, it was finally time for the closing show.

The night was tender, and the lights were twinkling. Media, businessmen, designers and brand agents from every corner of the world had taken their seats, waiting for the fashion feast to begin.

Qin Guan was speechless before the different groups of models backstage. He handed his luggage to Sister Xue and entered the dressing room first. He was surprised at Cabben's investment in the room.

All the costumes were hanging in the closets, the correspondent shoes under them. The socks and sleeve buttons were also easily accessible.

Why are my shoes not in place? Qin Guan took a pair of Oxfords from the shelf.

"Ouch! What the hell is that?" Qin Guan put his fingers inside the

shoes and took out a clip used for pinning clothes. He wouldn't have found it if he didn't make a habit of checking the accessories before changing into his clothes.

If he'd put his foot in, he would have gotten injured. Qin Guan stared at the blood on his fingertip, falling into deep thought.

The perpetrator had to be a member of the staff or a model. There were no cameras in the fitting rooms, so it would be hard to find him.

Qin Guan went out of the fitting room with the shoes and informed Sister Xue of the incident.

It was performing time. As a model, his most important task was the show.

Qin Guan put on short pants, a colorful silk shirt, a round-collar leisure suit, and a curled wig for the reminiscence. He looked like a weird, fashionable guy.

The assistant was listening to Sister Xue's description with a serious expression. He seemed to be getting more and more angry. He had witnessed plenty of secret feuds among models that meant nothing to designers and brands. For them, models were cabbages on shelves in the supermarket. They would pick up the best one and cook it at home.

When the dish was ready, they would either like it or not. The

cabbage had already been used anyway. If they poisoned each other before the cabbage was cooked though, the feast would be destroyed. It would be unbearable for the host of the show!

In the resting area, the designer told his staff calmly, "We can't let this go. Make an inquiry. There must be some clues around."

Then he waved at Qin Guan and patted him on the arm. "Are you angry? Can you finish the show?"

"It's fine."

"So what are you waiting for? Go! Go! Go! Put on a good show!"

Confused, Qin Guan was pushed towards the entrance. Fireworks exploded in the sky as a dreamy flare burned by the stage. Cabben models with a rare, wild style walked on the stage in a most unrestrained manner.

The model behind Qin Guan, who was from the Pickle Nation, was watching his light steps. Qin Guan attracted all the attention of the audience and the photographers.

His eyes twinkled as he unconsciously looked at the guest area of the entertainment circle, where his new Chinese friend Shao Xiaobing was sitting.

He knew that after the show, his so-called friendship with Shao would be over. Shao's plan had failed. The small trouble backstage,

which usually succeeded, hadn't had any effect on Qin Guan.

Shao would be disappointed with himself and cease any communication with him.

Qin Guan dared not think about that problem. He refused to think about Shao Xiaobing sitting under the stage, staring calmly at him. Qin Guan turned around to return backstage. He looked as hot and bright as a burning torch on the T stage.

Shao glanced at the model behind Qin Guan with shining eyes before he looked down indifferently.

I shouldn't have placed my hopes on the idiot from the Pickle Nation.

He left silently before the end of the show. No one noticed him, as their attention was on the performance.

If I get a chance, I'll still suppress him. His position is almost the same as mine.

The models clustered around the chief designer of Cabben, whose appearance brought the audience to its feet in applause. The show ended, leaving all the staff and models changing clothes in noisy disorder.

During the quiet after the show, there was a serious stalemate. Several models from the Pickle Nation and Qin Guan had stayed

behind at the office of the designer. They were all looking at each other.

The designer spoke first. "Tell me, why?"

Qin Guan was curious himself. I know I must have caused public outrage by passing too many auditions, but better models should make more money. It's reasonable. Those kind of tricks are disgusting.

Qin Guan hadn't thought that they would play such a dirty trick on a local model in a foreign country. They had overestimated their power though. At the beginning, Qin Guan had thought the trick had been a Plaster Flag Nation model's job. There were too many similar plots in their comics on school bullies. A blade in a shoe sole was a classic prank. (Although he'd only read the comics, that was what real life was like in that country.)

# Chapter 165: Huang Jiajia's Confession

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Only a secret admirer would commit such a foolish crime. Qin Guan's companions looked at each other in confusion.

"I don't want to say any more. You can go, Qin Guan."

Qin Guan and Sister Xue left conscientiously. Considering that there hadn't been any real injury, that was the best they could expect.

They had acknowledged the existence of a criminal and left it up to Cabben to catch him. It was time to call it a day.

They drove quietly on the way back. Without a detective on site, that was the best result they could have hoped for. At least they would be more vigilant in the future.

The model from the Pickle Nation would be on Cabben's black list from that day on, which was no trifling matter.

People had to pay for their stupid behavior, but clever men escaped unscathed.

Qin Guan returned home and put on his favorite colorful shorts. He took out a beer out of the fridge and drank it. Cong Nianwei was asleep in the bedroom. In the living room, the TV was broadcasting boring TV shows on mute. Qin Guan had been busy the whole summer, so he'd missed the European Cup.



Fortunately, I didn't miss her. All his anger and pressure dissipated at the sight of Cong Nianwei's back.

On the desk, several blueprints were rustling in the breeze. After a hard day, Qin Guan fell asleep on the couch.

Cong Nianwei was woken up by his heavy breathing. She went to the living room and covered him gently with a blanket.

"Sweet dreams!"

It was a dreamless night.

As the saying went, no pain, no gain. As juniors, Qin Guan and Wang Lei finally had some kind of routine. They wouldn't be cheated by Ye Dong though. Ye had become Vice Chairman and an honorable CCP member during the new semester.

Qin Guan couldn't help but annoy his classmates by getting the top college scholarship, but his roommates didn't care about that. Without any family education courses, Qin Guan felt relaxed. He could finally calm down and find a good job in his spare time.

While he was explaining his splendid future plans to Wang Lei with his new textbooks in hand, a girl called him from behind, "Senior Qin!"

It was Mou Xiaoliu. Qin Guan turned around and saw Huang Jiajia next to her. After enrolling at college, Huang Jiajia had found herself again, and her mother had come to appreciate the spoiled fashionista that she was.

Qin Guan gestured at Huang Jiajia to stop her from rushing up to him. He asked Mou instead, "Why are you two together?"

"She has enrolled at our college."

"What? That's impossible with her score!"

"Many ways lead to Rome. I could have a specialty or a sponsor. Who cares?"

Qin Guan waved at Wang Lei, who was watching the scene happily. He handed his books to him and said, "It's nothing. She's just my student. Go! I'll explain later."

Then he turned to Huang Jiajia. Before he could say anything, Huang Jiajia beat him to it. "I'm your schoolmate now, I'm no longer your student. I like you and I'll chase you!"

Mou was stunned. Why had Huang Jiajia confessed so suddenly? Wang Lei stumbled on a stone not far away and ran away in a hurry. (He had definitely been eavesdropping.)

Annoyed, Qin Guan told Mou, "I want have a private word with her." Mou left as soon as possible.

Qin Guan led the smiling Huang Jiajia to a pavilion nearby.

"Huang Jiajia, I have a girlfriend."

"I know, I've met her. So what? No one can predict the future."

"Listen to me. Frankly, we are just teacher and student. Nothing else. You might be in the same college as me now, but you will always be like a little sister to me, no matter how many years pass."

"But..."

"Huang Jiajia, I don't like ambiguous emotions. You had never made a clear confession like this, so I couldn't say anything." (Actually, it's a little cruel to treat a girl like this.)

"But... I really like you." Tears filled Huang Jiajia's eyes.

"I appreciate your feelings, but I'm only a tough guy with good looks. It would be irresponsible of me if I reciprocated your love. I'm not good at nice words or delicate rejections. I'm sorry."

"What if you broke up with your girlfriend?" Huang Jiajia was unwilling to give up.

Closing his eyes, Qin Guan tried to imagine Cong Nianwei leaving him. He felt pain in his heart.

Taking a deep breath, he opened eyes again. "No, never! I love her. If she wants to leave me though, I'll give her my most sincere blessing."

Huang Jiajia burst into tears. Her budding blossom of love, which had been waiting to burst open, withered. She cried her broken heart out. Tears poured from her eyes, ruining her makeup, but Qin Guan didn't think she looked ridiculous.

# Chapter 166: Job Hunting

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Qin Guan just felt sorry for her. He scratched his head helplessly and caught sight of Mou Xiaoliu, who was standing by the grove.

Seeing her as his savior, he walked up to her happily.

Mou's face was also covered in tears though. She wasn't crying loudly like Huang Jiajia. She was just sobbing silently.

Qin Guan lost his head. What was going on? Why were girls crying everywhere? Having no idea where to place his hands, he put them in the pockets of his pants and asked Mou in his most gentle voice, "Could you take care of Huang Jiajia for me? I have to go."

Mou fixed her eyes on the handsome boy and then closed them to prevent tears from sliding out. She nodded slightly.

Qin Guan breathed out, as if he had been relieved of a heavy load. He ran away as quickly as possible, as if a dog was chasing after him. F\*ck! If I stay here, I'll be drowned in women's tears. Why is Mou crying too? It's very strange.

Mou and Huang Jiajia sat facing each other silently.

"Will you give up?"

Huang Jiajia wiped her tears from her face with her arm. "Never! He will regret it one day!" Her tone was half-angry, half-affectionate.

The setting sun cast its last wisp of sunlight on the girls, who were comforting each other. The night fell, but their own sun would rise soon.

Qin Guan turned over in his bed at night. He wanted to call Cong Nianwei, but he didn't. He had no outlet for his emotions.

Who could I talk to about this matter? To my girlfriend? She would blame me for flirting with other girls. To my roommates? They would think I'm showing off. To my best friends from high school? Those two dare not even speak to girls! I'm too handsome to have friends!

Handsome guys still needed food though, so Qin Guan was planning on spending all his spare time on establishing his career. He was about to get down to business.

He did not want to work as a promotion specialist or a vendor, as one might have imagined. Considering his professional certificates, Qin Guan wanted to get a formal job. Even a part-time, unpaid position would do.

Unfortunately, reality was cruel. In 2000, job hunting websites such as 61job and China Talents had just been launched and did not have adequate resources.

They did not offer many full-time jobs, let alone part-time jobs. Besides, Qin Guan had to pick out the scammers from the heavy, complicated database.

After two days of endless interviews, Qin Guan discovered that four out of five companies recruiting part-time employers were not reliable. They either asked for a guarantee deposit or an agency fee.

Finally, Qin Guan gave up on the websites. His four older friends' companies were not looking for part-time employees either. Plus, Qin Guan didn't have a diploma yet.

His only choice was to beg an acquaintance. As an adult with two lives under his belt, Qin Guan preferred to rely on himself. That autumn, he put on his white shirt, black suit pants and cross-body bag and welcomed the new interviewing season.

The Lama Temple Talent Market and the Job Fair at the National Exhibition Center were very crowded. There were helpless people everywhere. Among the lines of cabinets, the ones sitting behind the tables would be the first one would have to pass on their way to a career.

Qin Guan squeezed in and out of the crowd, only to find that no company was in need of part-time employees. Without a diploma, Qin Guan could only get a cleaning or public security job.

Actually, he did not even qualify for public security, as that required a diploma from a technical school. There were also

additional terms, and relative experience and former soldiers were preferred.

Was there no job for him at the talent market? Who said that skill prevailed? Without a diploma as a stepping stone to success, how could he get through the door?

His only choice was to clean buildings.

Just as the description implied, the job was a joke among promotion specialists.

Promotion specialists would try their best to get into an office building despite the strict guards at the entrance. They just wouldn't give up. They would leave no stone unturned until they met the director of every company. They had to at least meet with a manager to promote their products.

Qin Guan had to do that to promote himself.

The strict entrance guard was nothing for him.

The Motorola Building at the International Trade Centre welcomed the most handsome visitors. Before the security staff could ask him to register, Qin Guan pointed at the reception. "I'm waiting for my sister."

The guard gestured, inviting him in.



The second passpoint was the reception hall.

Qin Guan walked up to the reception leisurely. The girls behind it were looking at him admiringly. One of them recognized him, recalling the latest issue of ELLE magazine.

She stood up excitedly as Qin Guan spoke naturally.

"Hey, ladies, let me check..." Qin Guan glanced at the chart behind them quickly. "Which elevator should I take to reach the Technical Department on the sixth floor?"

The two girls were dazzled by his smile. They pointed to an elevator on the left.

"That one."

Qin Guan passed safely again.

By the time he entered the elevator, the two girls realized they should have asked for an autograph or a photo. "I could show off to my friends at dinner!"

"Me too! I could post the photos on the Goupu Forum and show off to the women on the Haijiao Forum. They pretend to be sophisticated, but it's me who got a real life photo of my idol!"

"No wonder he's so highly appraised on Haijiao. It's the first time I see someone look more beautiful in real life than in pictures. Those inferior photos people upload are an insult to his beauty."

"What's his real name though? I only know that he played Zhang Changzhong."

"I don't know either. I have only seen his magazines and advertisements."

That was awkward!

# Chapter 167: Past Life Acquaintance

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The third passpoint was the reception of each company.

Qin Guan had gone through the first and second passpoint, but the third one was the most difficult. He had to choose the right company first. Large-scale private enterprises and foreign companies were out of the question, as they wouldn't choose a college student as a part-time accountant, even if he didn't ask for payment. They were too afraid to open their doors to stranger.

Therefore, Qin Guan excluded those companies and picked a machinery agency as his first choice.

This had been his profession in his past life, so he knew it well and could manage it easily. He had just switched from a technical advisor post to an accountant post, which would grant him more advantages.

He made an excited speech to the girl at the reception, making sure to mention machinery development history, the concepts of upper agencies, the perspectives of bidding, and the national focus in the future.

The girl was really attracted to his looks and talent. She called her boss excitedly and described Qin Guan as a genius on Earth.

Zhang Zhenqian was sleeping in his office, his face buried in a book. The call had woken him up. He was curious about the talented young man introduced by his assistant. Where is this god

from? Why would he drop in my small temple? My assistant will think I'm a blind villain if I don't hire him. I'm free, so I might as well see him!

Qin Guan had succeeded in passing though the third passpoint.

The girls of the company hurried to serve him. They carried chairs in and took water to the office. Finally, the strongest girl led Qin Guan into the boss' office.

Qin Guan was chilled by her sweet voice as she said, "Follow me." The two of them entered the office.

Before leaving, she didn't forget to cast a soft glance at Qin Guan.

He tried to calm down before he knocked on the door.

"Come in, please."

Qin Guan pushed in when he heard the voice.

"It's you? Zhang Zhenqian?" Qin Guan was really surprised.

"You know me? Impossible!" Zhang Zhenqian had no recollection of Qin Guan. If he'd met such a handsome guy, he would have remembered him.

Qin Guan was shocked to see him. Time stood still in that moment. Zhang was younger than the man he had met in his past life by ten years. He hadn't gone through the hardships of life yet.

In Qin Guan's past life, they had felt like old friends when they'd first met during a business bidding conference. From then on, they had worked in collusion with each other to cheat Qin Guan's company. Whenever Qin Guan had gotten a secret order, he had taken products from Zhang and taken advantage of his position to share small parts of a big program with him.

Thanks to their mutual exchange, they had led a happy life. Once, after getting drunk, Zhang had told Qin Guan about his arduous history of entrepreneurship.

It was wonderful to see his old friend look so good.

Qin Guan came back to his senses and realized Zhang was still waiting for an answer. He smiled happily. "Do you know Bu Qinglu?"

Zhang nodded. "Yes, do you know him? Did he recommend me? Impossible! I'm here only for a few days. I didn't tell anyone."

"No, he told me about you in a conversation. He said you were famous in the Chaoyang District. He described your golden chains, tiger tattoo, bare head, and the scar on the corner of your eye. You are exactly as Brother Bu told me. That's why your name escaped my lips."

Zhang looked down at the golden chains hanging over the tiger tattoo on his chest. He touched his bare head and smiled proudly. "Ha, I'm famous. Bu is really loyal to me."

Qin Guan covered up his mistake, smiling to himself. Zhang is the same careless man. He still believes everyone.

"Tell me, what can I do for you? Bu's friends are my friends too."

"I'm looking for a job."

Qin Guan made a detailed introduction of his status. The bald man turned out to be quite shrewd in business.

"If you need my help, no problem. I'll do my best to help you. If you want to work in my company though, it might be awkward. To tell you the truth, one accountant is enough for a small company. I only founded my company three months ago, and I have no business yet. Do you want to learn here? Personally, I think you should ask Bu first. He must be crazy, as he started a business with Wang Hailiang. According to my understanding, the two of them won't employ an accountant. You could ask them yourself though. If they refuse, you can always return here. You're welcome to come chat with me again."

Qin Guan saw hope in his future. He shook hands with Zhang and said goodbye. "I'll go find Bu. Would you like to have a drink someday?"

"Why not? Leave me your number." Zhang was fond of straightforward guys. Just like that, they became friends again.

Qin Guan left the Motorola Building and headed for the Lama Temple without stopping. He found Bu and Wang in a shop by the street, smoking and playing cards.

The three of them looked at each other for a minute. Then Wang ran up to Qin Guan with open arms.

They hadn't seen each other since the battle on Gui Street, but they had kept in touch through the phone. Qin Guan had been too busy with work and had always refused their gratitude.

Wang was excited to see him again though. Words cannot express my gratitude. You saved my life, brother.

When Qin Guan made his purpose for meeting them clear, Wang agreed without any hesitation. Patting his chest, Bu nodded repeatedly. He suggested taking Qin Guan to the office so he could get familiar with it. He also wanted to introduce him to the rest of the staff.

Qin Guan followed them to a one-storey building in Hutong with a serious expression. He saw a big handmade sign on the roof, supported by a tripod.

## Chapter 168: In The Bandits' Nest

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There were four large characters written in fresh paint on the sign. They read "Amazing Foot Massage Room".

Qin Guan watched the bustle awkwardly. "New business?"

"No, it's been here for half a year. My bros said the place was too difficult for customers to find though, so I made a showy sign."

Looking at the dazzling characters, Qin Guan said carefully, "Could we change the name? How about 'Amazing Pedicure'?"

Wang Hailing turned the name over in his mind. It sure sounds better! Educated guys are really intelligent! "Change the sign! Make it 'Amazing Pedicure'!" he shouted at the labor workers.

Then he waved dramatically to a group of people nearby. Three of them walked over.

"This guy is the manager of the foot massage room, that one manages the hair-washing room, and the third one is in charge of the mahjong room." He pushed Qin Guan towards them as he introduced them. "This is the accountant of our company. Greet each other!"

"When did we found a company, Brother Wang?"



"Just now. Stop that rubbish! Listen to me. You will hand over the accounts to Accountant Qin. Every week he will come over to check the records. Understand?"

"No problem! We'd appreciate your help, Accountant Qin!" They all greeted Qin Guan before walking away.

Qin Guan was speechless. "It's only three businesses?" he asked.

Are you kidding? You rely on those three guys to keep the books? They'd stick the money in the drawer in no time. Keeping books would be no more than handing in the profits on the weekend. And if there's any extra expenses, they'd just get the bosses to approve of them. Qin Guan couldn't do much, even if he laid groundwork as a cashier.

"Of course not! That'd be just a piece of cake for us. Come here! Open your eyes!"

Bu and Wang led Qin Guan towards a six-storey building across the street. There was a giant neon sign on top of it. Qin Guan went nearly blind as he saw the "Fruit & Candy" sign.

What a crazy world! The huge KTV club, which had been famous for decades in the capital, was their business?

Qin Guan was shocked by the news.

Confused and disoriented, he followed Bu and Wang. They

pushed the glass revolving door and entered the clean reception hall.

There were luxurious leather couches, Spanish style glass tea tables, and French spiral staircases. There were also three elevators on both sides of the hall for the laziest customers.

On the fifth floor, there were completely enclosed stores. Half of the space on the third floor was occupied by supermarkets and restaurants, and there were private smaller stores on the second floor. The whole club promoted humanity and comfort.

Of course, you could also get entertainment services there. The girls behind the bar counter on the third floor were happy to sing a song for generous guests or have a drink with them.

Bu Qinlu looked satisfied with Qin Guan's expression. He seemed like a peasant in a metropolis. Every visitor was shocked by the huge club and its unreliable owners.

On the cashier desk on the second floor, Qin Guan checked their cashier system and the scale of the supermarket. The software was quite advanced and could be logged in to the internet easily.

Qin Guan was stunned by the pile of account books in their office though. Is the computer on the desk just for decoration? Are the report forms in the software just for amusement? Has that notebook with lines of twisted characters been your account book for the past several months?

The two men's daily book-keeping was as follows.

Date: XXXXX

Earnings: XXXX yuan

Expenses: XXXXX yuan

That was all.

Qin Guan massaged his head before asking, "How much have you invested in the club?"

"No idea. Our bros gathered the money and we borrowed some more from others."

Qin Guan continued to massage his hurting temples. "I need all the documents and details of the investment, or I'll have no idea when you'll get your capital back! If you can cope with the Industrial and Commercial Bureau and the Tax Administration Office with such a notebook, your duty will be to copy it in the same way. As for me, I'll make a detailed account in the simplest and clearest manner. You also need to grant me a large sum of money so I can create the account."

"Of course, I'll give you an allowance every month. Better keep the invoices for me when you make purchases outside though."

"That's it for today. I have to read the notebook. We'll discuss the details in the future."

"You must know that the club still can't make ends meet. You have to be careful with what you spend."

"What? We're losing money?" Wang shouted. "Ever since we opened the business, profits have been pouring in from all sides. Every night the stores are full of customers. How can we be losing money? "

Qin Guan was speechless. Your business was founded with borrowed money. You are in debt!

Bu was cleverer than Wang though. He poked at Wang's back before telling Qin Guan, "We're not familiar with such affairs. You just make the accounts gradually. You'll come here once a week. We'll be in charge of public relations, and you'll focus on the book-keeping. 450 yuan a week. We'll be counting on you."

Qin Guan returned to his dormitory with a large bag of paperwork. Those two cheaters! They were flattering me. I caused trouble to myself!

That's when Qin Guan's miserable days began.

"No, no, no! The accounts of those three small shops can't be in the general ledger!"

"Brother Bu, why is the girls' income recorded separately? Fine, tell me how you divided the accounts then! According to your interests? Are you kidding? Are large boobs your only interest? Large butts are no reason to make an exception either!"

"Okay, Lily has a big butt. Her salary will be on your account!"

"Why would you put that in my account? Okay, okay!"

"Shall we deposit the profits in the bank? In a safe? What the hell is that?"

# Chapter 169: A Warm And Quiet Life

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From then on, Qin Guan was in endless trouble. People who lay down with dogs woke up with fleas. Being around unreliable people made him seem like a bandit himself, which made the graceful Teacher Rong extremely dissatisfied.

She hit Qin Guan's legs and arms with a thin rubber stick.

"It's only been a few days, and you already look like a Hutong idler. Behave yourself! Sit straight and stand still! Where is your elegance? You are not a very good student. Real grace is in a person's very core. Behavior reflects one's spirit. You're either noble or vulgar. Nobility maintains one's countenance even when they fall down."

Qin Guan felt a chill as he imagined those two guys being taught by Teacher Rong.

That day, Qin Guan began his lyre-playing, chess, calligraphy and painting courses. They were all supposed to help his consistent good behavior.

Actually, Qin Guan had been reading cursorily about all these skills except for painting.

He could play Chinese chess, Chinese checkers, five-in-a-row, aeroplane Chess and military chess. Teacher Rong engaged in I-go though. She made a cross on Qin Guan's papers.

If his ancestors knew that Qin Guan considered writing with a pen calligraphy, they would have laughed their heads off. Qin Guan couldn't talk about a hard-tip pen to Teacher Rong for fear that she would make fun of him forever.

He had also considered playing the harmonica at primary school music class the same as lyre-playing, which was even more absurd.

Wonderful! Now he had to spend all his spare time at Teacher Rong's house.

Time flew by. Busy people always felt that days speeded by. In October, the TV play "The Legendary Swordsman" finished its final editing, but it was just a simple page in Qin Guan's busy life. He turned that page easily. Qin Guan refused all other small parts in TV shows and films.

John kept sending him emails from the other side of the ocean. He sent him four emails a month. He would occasionally share interesting fashion news and trends from Europe and the US.

As Qin's best foreign friend (which was what he called himself), he was preparing Qin Guan for the frontline of the fashion industry.

Actually, Qin Guan wanted to tell him that no Chinese model could get a work visa.

There were more shows and opportunities overseas though, and many Chinese models would work abroad illegally with tourist visas. If they were invited to release conferences of top brands, their social status soared when they returned to China.

Long after the Capital Fashion Week, Cabben sent a notice to Sister Xue about the accident backstage. They also invited Qin Guan to their next show in China.

It was a compensation in disguise, which they would both benefit from.

The nine brands of the Fashion Week had all become long-term clients of Sister Xue's. Qin Guan turned down several offers in other provinces and focused on Beijing.

The KTV club was flourishing.

The two tough guys knew it would take them at least two years to get their capital back.

The three small shops were phenomenally profitable though, which aroused Qin Guan's desire to make money that way.

The "Daming Palace", which he had become famous for, had been replaced by the hit show "Legend of Dagger Lee". Similarly, the leading actor's classic hairstyle and handsome looks had attracted another group of crazy girls.



Fans were always forgetful. Except for some loyal fans stuck on Qin Guan, most girls had been attracted by the charming, dagger-wielding man.

Qin Guan seldom showed his face, except during shows. His harvest those six months were Teacher Rong's lessons and his full pockets.

In the past, Qin Guan had only been interested in his figure, not his spirit. After being trained by the good tutor though, he had changed a lot.

People always said that nobility could be cultivated in three generations, but Qin Guan was absorbing manners that should have been fostered in childhood.

He had become a gentleman by then. His movements had become as elegant as paintings, and there was a lingering charm in his gestures and expressions.

Cong Nianwei's reflection was the best encouragement for him. When they stayed alone, she would get lost in thought as she looked at her educated boyfriend.

The memory of how he used to be was vague. He was getting more and more shining in time, and she was drowning in his spoiling love. A smile was on her face. She hoped those days would never end.

By the time Qin Guan was done with all his private affairs, 2000 had nearly ended. The new year would begin soon.

The decorations for his new house in the capital had been finished, but there would be a model gala soon, so Qin Guan could not return to his hometown for the Spring Festival. His parents decided to celebrate the Spring Festival with their son in Beijing instead and see the new house.

Qin Guan picked them up in his car, which surprised them even more.

They were both conservative people, and they saw their son on TV and the fortune his modelling jobs had earned him.

They were worried that Qin Guan would be lured by the entertainment circle and abandon his profession.

For people their age, flowers blooming in the entertainment circle were like passing clouds. Their son might be handsome for some years, but that kind of success was like rootless duckweed. It had no solid foundation.

Getting a steady job was more important, even if the salary was not as high as it was in the entertainment circle. That kind of career choice would reassure them.

They felt relieved when Qin Guan told them about the certificates and his part-time job as an accountant. Our son is a

dependable young man. He really is our child.

Their mentality was not quite the same though.

# Chapter 170: Farce At The Annual Gala

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When Qin Guan's parents arrived, he showed them the supermarkets, vegetable markets and parks nearby. He had some work to do before the Spring Festival, but they could do anything they liked.

However, he soon realized it was impossible for them to go somewhere together because of their different interests. His father liked a quiet life, while his mother preferred sports.

Qin Guan smartly retreated before their two different timetables. It was a confrontation between two immortals.

He also had to attend the annual New Silk Road gala in formal attire. It was a bonus for models. If one's status was upgraded, there were many sponsors for outfits of their choice.

To express their appreciation for the contribution of the staff to the company, New Silk Road would hold a gala before the Spring Festival.

All the office staff, models, brand representatives, media directors and other contributors were invited to the feast.

Although Qin Guan was an affiliated model, he had brought great brand influence and profits to the company with his outstanding performance, so he had been invited.

The gala was held in a chateau close to the airport road, which had been a creative idea. If not for the desolate winter, it would have been even more beautiful there.

The drinks were free, which was considered a plus by most people.

The atmosphere was quite relaxed, and the emcee and performers were all company staff. Which part did they like best?

The lottery and the boss's performance, of course. At least there was a big buffet.

As a money-grubber, Qin Guan focused on the rewards of the annual gala. When the happy performance ended, the emcee announced the prize winners.

Qin Guan was surprised to hear his own name. It was great luck for an affiliated model, who was basically a nobody to all the staff.

"The prize winner for Best Newcomer is Qin Guan!"

Qin Guan mounted the stage leisurely, only to realize that the emcee was Ouyang Fen. Qin Guan hadn't recognized him under that heavy powder.

Ouyang watched Qin Guan with an evil intention. He handed him his bonus before telling the audience, "We'd like to thank Qin Guan for his contribution to our company. Under normal

circumstances, the prize winner would give a formulaic speech, but we have a surprise for you all. We didn't inform the winners in advance, so they did not come prepared. Our boss wanted to give them the greatest surprise."

"The annual newcomer winner is the best among all the models who started working during the same period, without exception. Look at the delicious boy next to me!"

"Meanwhile, they are also performance pacesetters with exceptional professional ability. Those models can adjust their mentality to any emergency in order to do their job."

"Our surprise for you today is an impromptu performance from our winner. He will dance to background music. If you like his dance, you can buy flowers for him, like people did during the election of the best lorette in ancient times. Of course, I'm not implying that our winner is a whore."

The audience applauded happily.

Ouyang Fen waved to Miss Etiquette, who carried the flower baskets to the stage. There were fresh flowers blooming in them. One cost ten yuan. There was also a small money box nearby.

The attendants seemed excited.

Qin Guan finally realized he was being used. No one had informed him of this, including his agent, who seemed like the

happiest person under the stage.

Sister Xue looked excited. It was a bonus after all. There would be hundreds of flowers in the baskets. If Qin Guan did well on the stage, they would get more money!

Ouyang asked Qin Guan, "Are you ready? We expect a surprise from our winner!"

The DJ pressed a button and music started playing.

"The [eighth exercise](#) has begun!"

The song was popular among Chinese students in the 1990s.

Qin Guan nearly fell down on the stage. Were they kidding? The audience was laughing.

"Ha ha ha! It sure deserves to be called New Silk Road. That's so creative! It's better than singing or dancing!"

"I wonder if the winner can do exercises well. Ha ha!"

Qin Guan had no choice but to do exercises to the music. Fortunately, he hadn't forgotten the basic movements. His pants were tight on his legs, which made him look sexy to the ladies.

He pulled a red silk scarf from Ouyang's pocket and replaced it with his tie.

Then he saluted the audience like a Young Pioneer. The girls cried out under the stage. Several of them bought bouquets and threw them towards the stage.

Sister Xue glanced at the flowers and counted in her mind. The moneymaking begins!

Suddenly, the music changed to the Yangge of Northeastern China. Ouch! I twisted my waist!

Qin Guan looked to his right and saw Ouyang Fen smiling at him. Qin Guan was ready to risk everything. He took off the red scarf and danced, using it as a handkerchief.

"Ha ha ha..."

The audience was seething. Qin Guan tried to make faces and look at the audience. Some people spit out the wine in their mouths.

Sister Xue felt awkward. Teacher Rong's training seems effective. He sure is a good actor now.



# Chapter 171: The Lolita Fan

---

Flowers poured on Qin Guan's head. He picked one up and pinned it on his hair for fun.

"Ouch! F\*cking thorns!" If only he had a high IQ.

As Qin Guan was moving on the stage, the music changed to a sad song.

"She was an orphan. Her mother died when she was three..."

Hey, bro! Stop tricking me! How can I dance to this one?

In a flash of inspiration, Qin Guan thought of the contemporary dance he had learned recently. He began to roll around on the floor. "Ouch! So many thorns! It hurts!"

He rolled, looked up, straightened his chest, opened his arms, and ran forward. He took a small leap and jumped high before rolling on the floor and doing a perfect split with a grimace.

He showed the concept of the sad music through contemporary dance.

His idea was beautiful, but reality was cruel. His performance was pretty good, and some old guests bought flowers.

His pants were too tight though, and they got torn when he jumped in the air.

His crotch was open, but the audience wasn't aware. Only Ouyang Fen had seen.

Great! You fell right into my trap!

Ouyang pushed the DJ away and switched the music to a fast disco song.

Embarrass yourself, Qin Guan. Let all the staff laugh at you! Ouyang Fen was shocked as he stared at Qin Guan's pants proudly.

Qin Guan was prouder than him though. I'm not afraid. I'm wearing long shorts! Fast dancing? Fine! I'll look even hotter!

Qin Guan took off his suit. The buttons fell off with his wild movement.

His fans were even more excited. New Silk Road was really the No.1 agency in the modelling circle. Qin Guan was so hot!

The boss was wondering who had arranged this.

In for a penny, in for a pound. Qin Guan began to unfasten the buttons on his shirt.

People crowded around the flower baskets. Sister Xue hid away for fear that the ladies would stomp on her.

"Wow! He's taking off his pants!"

"Oh, my! My heart!"

"Oh, take them off! Take them off!"

The performance was reaching its peak, when suddenly Ouyang Fen saw the grim-faced boss. I think I'm in trouble. Qin Guan, you bastard!

Better late than never. Ouyang Fen switched the music to a rhythmic song for athletes.

Qin Guan finished his dance and got down from the stage, holding his pants up with his hand. It seemed indecent to fasten his pants on the stage.

The most powerful partner of New Silk Road went up to the boss.

The boss' first thought was "I'm doomed". That partner was famous in the business circle. If his business hadn't had something to do with the fashion industry, he wouldn't have paid any attention to models. He had to be angry with Qin Guan's indecent performance though.

The boss was ready for the worst, but the old man smiled as soon as he saw him.

"Is he from your company?"

"Yes, he's a green hand. He has gone too far as an affiliated model! I'll warn him."

"Oh, no. I think it's okay. He's a smart boy. I'll be more confident with models from your company now."

The boss' expression changed immediately. "You flatter me. Thank you for your support," he answered earnestly.

"Can I have his autograph?"

The boss was confused. The old man is a star chaser? He realized he wasn't when his partner pointed at his daughter, a sweet little girl about four or five years old.

She waved back at her father happily and handed a one-hundred-yuan bill to the flower sellers. "Ten flowers to the beautiful boy," she said in a childish voice.

Her father shed tears of sadness beside her. He had been replaced in his daughter's heart by Qin Guan. If it were not for my daughter, who would have paid attention to an idiot in torn pants?

Qin Guan was quite satisfied with his performance. He begged a designer to mend his trousers in the backstage area.

When the New Silk Road boss, his partner, and the little girl went backstage, they found Qin Guan in his colorful shorts.

"Daddy, he's handsome even in shorts! I want his autograph!" Her father's heart was nearly broken.

"I love my daddy best though. He always pays attention to everything. I'll marry you when I grow up, daddy!" Her father instantly felt better. I love you too now, young man.

Qin Guan had no idea about their complicated conflict. He just signed for the little girl. He had been practising his signature for a long time.

He got an unexpectedly warm handshake from her father as well.

"Nice shorts color," the man said.

Qin Guan's pants were mended, but his shirt had been destroyed beyond repair. As a result, he had to fasten the collar around his neck and wear the suit. It looked like a fake collar from the 1960s.

When Qin Guan went back outside, there were other prize-winners making ad-lib performances. Compared to Qin Guan though, who had gotten several flower baskets, they were not as successful.

Qin Guan helplessly watched Sister Xue take out 1,000 yuan from his money. No tip, huh?

You even get a share from my performance at the annual gala? I object!

Overruled!

# Chapter 172: “The Legendary Swordsman” Is On

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Qin Guan took a taxi home. He pushed the door open carefully and saw that his parents were sleeping.

Wherever they were, they made themselves at home. Qin Guan took off his suit and fake collar, feeling slightly drunk. Sweet dreams!

Sweet dreams? Of course! Qin Guan's parents had been there for several days. They were really good at socializing, so they had quickly established a good relationship with the old people and idlers of the neighborhood committees.

His mother had joined the community Yangge group, and his father had made friends with Chinese chess fans.

Qin Guan felt ruthlessly abandoned by them. He had prepared a map and a tour, intending to take them to the Summer Palace and other famous sights, but his plan had met a premature end.

His parents had turned up their noses when they'd heard it. No one liked strolling around in the winter!

Still, they led a happy life before the Spring Festival. His mother had even brought a gong and a drum home for practice.

Clang, clang, clang...

"Qin Guan, ask your mother to stop!"

"No! She didn't stop you when you watched that fishing competition at home."

Both father and son were cowards, but their neighbours would stop her.

.....

Far from her hometown, Qin Guan's mother had failed to make her traditional Spring Festival cold dish, the aniseed smoked Spanish mackerel and salty sausage. She was still able to serve them a large basin of Y city specialties though, such as assorted stewed meat.

If the king of stewed dishes was the Buddha Skipping Wall, and the household stewed dishes representative was the Northeastern Chinese hotchpotch, one could say that Y city assorted stewed meat combined the merits of both.

It didn't require as much work or as many delicate ingredients as the Buddha Skipping Wall, nor was it as bold or cheap as hotchpotch.

It was enjoying to watch Qin Guan's mother cook. Both Qin Guan and his father would be satisfied with just assorted stewed meat as



their New Year's Eve dinner.

Qin Guan's mother used various ingredients for the dish, but not very expensive ones. Qin Guan helped her curiously, trying to learn from her.

After cutting the sea cucumbers, pork bellies, testicles, lunch meat, carrots, chicken breasts, quail eggs, shrimp, and scallops, she boiled everything in a tasty chicken soup.

Then she took out all the ingredients one by one and put them in a large celadon bowl in a flowery shape. Next, she added a little salt, ajinomoto and cooking wine to the soup and boiled it again to thicken the mixture of cornstarch and water. Finally, the soup was poured into the bowl. The dish was ready.

There were also traditional steamed yellow croakers, prawns, Fushan carbonado and Spanish mackerel dumplings made by Qin Guan's father. It was a simple, but abundant New Year's Eve dinner.

Joy was overflowing. Despite the strange environment, Qin Guan's parents were very happy. It was a completely new experience for them. Squabs had to leave the nest after all. Before they left though, parents liked to accompany them for a while.

Qin Guan's family traditionally watched the CCTV Spring Festival Gala. They heard the sound of a few firecrackers outside. Not long after, firecrackers were forbidden in urban areas.

They didn't go to sleep until they heard the New Year bell.

Happy times flashed by. Several days after the Spring Festival, Qin Guan saw his parents off. His eyes were filled with tears as he watched the train speed away. Am I too sentimental?

After the winter holidays, the "The Legendary Swordsman", directed by Zhang Jizhong, was aired on CCTV without any promotion.

Previous news were discussed again along with the TV show.

The audience scrutinized the actors from head to toe. Fans of Linghu Chong in the original work were quite unsatisfied with the actor and his performance, but some attractive co-stars became popular.

Qin Guan thought that the show had caused him more trouble. Zhang Changzhong was an idol in ladies' hearts, but Yang Lianting had attracted a group of wired fans.

At college, he often saw a boy in red with a needle and thread in his hand, who was always pretending to be embroidering in the air. It was horrifying!

Qin Guan tried to talk to him, but failed. The boy would just look back at him with the most shy expression before running away. Qin Guan was completely confused. Maybe he is just playing dumb.

Wang Lei had a different opinion. He thought the boy was scared off by Qin Guan's hormones.

Those rotten girls on the Haijiao forum were even more terrible than male fans though. They had supreme fighting powers.

They could find countless exciting points of gay love in the formal plot, full of homosexual passion.

Although the actor who played Dongfang Bubai was a lady, she did a really good job portraying a man.

It had to be wonderful to die in Yang Lianting's arms.

Besides, Dongfang had teased Linghu Chong with his words.

In the end, their love had shocked the leading actors, who had fulfilled their wish to be buried in the same grave. That year was also of significant meaning for those in favor of homosexuality, as the Netherlands had become the first nation to recognize homosexual marriage on January 1st, 2001.

One could understand the passion of those crazy fans.

It was alright for Qin Guan. Other than at college, he didn't attract any special attention. The one who had influenced him the most was Ye Dong, who had resorted to extreme measures to be elected as chairman of the Student Union.

He had submitted applications for all his roommates for the 39th Capital College Sports Meeting. He had also submitted a flag-bearer application for Qin Guan.

# Chapter 173: The Beijing Film Academy

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The athletes of his college had passed with a unanimous vote. As they stood with students from other colleges, only the flag-bearers could show off or attack.

Qin Guan's roommates were quarrelling in the dormitory because of Ye Dong. Qin Guan had to miss a couple of interviews thanks to his behavior. He had acted first and asked questions afterwards.

Each of them was an individual with a distinct personality. They had been living in the same dormitory for four years, which would be a beautiful memory for the rest of their lives.

However, that didn't mean that they would bend to one person's capricious will. As an emuleomaniac, Ye Dong had a clear aim, and he was taking advantage of all his resources to achieve his final goal. His roommates had been the best choice.

His repeated self-assertion had damaged their friendship for the first time though.

A good-tempered young man like Qin Guan felt that it was necessary to have a discussion about the problem.

"Well, Ye Dong. Better inform us next time you want to use us. We have our own schedules after all."

"If I tell you in advance, will you help me?"

"Yes..."

"Okay then."

Qin Guan backed off close to tears. He was not that good at negotiating. Next! The strongest man from the Northwest, Mu Lejiang, came up.

They stared at each other silently for several seconds before they embraced. Hey! You compromised just like that?

Wang Lei, who had poor marks in PE, had nothing to do with the affair. As for Liu Xiaoyang, he had already been persuaded by Ye Dong.

He was lying in bed, thinking about the professional equipment he would buy and how he would manage to shine during the sports meeting.

Boy, you are all so naive. Never try to argue with a professional politician. You'll only find yourself losing.

Qin Guan wanted to cry, but he had no tears left. Hugging him, Ye Dong murmured with a smile, "No words can express my gratitude for your kindness. You may lose some opportunities because of the sports meeting, but trust me. You shouldn't give up your life on campus for work."

"You know, Qin Guan, if you focused more on campus life, you'd be more popular than you are now. If you ran for chairman, no one would beat you. Anyway, thank you for your support. I'm proud to be your roommate. I really want to spend more time with you. After one year, we will drift apart. This may be the last team activity of our dormitory. Maybe my way was not convenient, but I was just too anxious to express my love. Would you please accept my sincere apology?"

Qin Guan felt like crying. I'm so popular in my dormitory. His words really moved me.

Wang Lei looked at his emotional roommate speechlessly. He was too easy to make sentimental. Compared to Liu Xiaoyang though, who was choking from sobbing too hard, Qin Guan did not seem to be the worst one.

It was a sunny day in May, and there was a commotion at Renmin University.

Led by Ye Dong, a delegation from the Capital University of Finance and Economics participated in the sports meeting.

When Qin Guan walked into the court in white sportswear holding the red flag of his college, the audience was shocked.

They couldn't accept that their own emcee girl was inferior to the boy in white.

They read the sign carefully. Were they kidding? It was not a drama or music academy, but an economic college.

That boy could live on his looks, yet he was just competing with them as a straight-A student. People enrolled at art colleges with a score of just over 300. How could people who had to live on their IQ survive then?

The girl led the delegation into the court gloomily.

Great! They were close to the Central Academy of Drama and the Beijing Film Academy. There had been no Beijing Broadcasting Academy at the time.

The students of the two academies were excited. They had originally intended to show off their beauty, as there would be no chance once the sports meeting began. Qin Guan had attracted all the attention though.

The team of the Beijing Film Academy was in turmoil. The seniors of the 97 class were all busy with their graduation, and the best student from the 98 class, Pan Yuchen, was not there. Du Chun and Ling Xiaosu from the 99 class were the only ones present. They had to choose another student. Suddenly, they realized that there was no freshman from 2000 who could play a pivotal role.

They were confused. We are no longer the best-looking college.



They were angry with the students registered during the past three years. Any one of the graduates of the 96 class could have rivaled Qin Guan, such as Chen Kun and Huang Xiaoming.

Bingo! We could send our girl! Where is Miao Pu?

Students from the Central Academy of Drama were clear on their dilemma, and they had already begun tittering.

Their boy, Deng Cao, was not too bad.

After competing with each other both openly and secretly, the two academies finally decided the winner.

During the closing ceremony of the sports meeting, Qin Guan was appraised as the most handsome flag-bearer. As he was waiting on the court, he got along well with the students from the Beijing Film Academy. They recognized him from his roles in the two famous TV shows. Although Qin Guan had only been a supporting character, it was still enough for them to accept him as a member of their group.

# Chapter 174: Will You Go To The US, Qin Guan?

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For the sake of his college, Qin Guan talked happily with students with good marks.

As a result, he became the most popular person in the sports meeting.

For selfish motives, he also asked the students who would become superstars in the future for an autograph. They were professionals of the entertainment circle, none of whom signed in regular script.

They were a little confused when he asked them for a signature, as Qin Guan was just as famous as they were at the time.

Qin Guan couldn't tell them that he had come from the future though. No one would believe that.

Time was of the greatest importance for junior students, not just because of their heavy schoolwork, but also because they had just begun to think about their future. There were various choices they had to make.

Because of her outstanding design inspiration and solid training, Cong Nianwei's tutor had asked her to design some large-scale buildings during her sophomore year. Although it was just basic design, her tutor could see her potential.

To be honest, QH University had the best Architecture Department in China, but there were different building styles in different countries. As a student majoring in Architecture, open horizons and rich experiences would inspire Cong Nianwei a lot. Her tutor suggested that she take graduate lessons abroad.

He recommended that Cong Nianwei select some foreign universities to pursue further studies. Once she made her decision though, she had to start preparing.

After hesitating for a long time, Cong Nianwei finally called Qin Guan to share that option with him.

The news stupefied Qin Guan. He would have to pay more attention to his tutor's suggestions to study abroad now.

By his nature, Qin Guan had no inclination towards making progress. He already had a wonderful plan for his future. First, he would get his CPA certificate before graduation, and then he would open an accounting firm with the money he had earned from his part-time job. He would be able to provide financial support to Cong Nianwei so she could continue her studies as long as she liked.

Wherever water flowed, a channel was formed. He would make the perfect proposal at the peak of their love. That was how fairytales always ended. The prince and the princess lived happily ever after.

What's going on now? This means that we'll part ways as soon as we graduate. Then what? What should I do? Wait for my girlfriend at home? No! No! How can I continue living the fairytale alone? This won't do.

Qin Guan had two choices.

The first one was to stay at home, chat with other friends, and run a poor firm. Occasionally, Sister Xue would book some shows for him. At night, when everything was still, he would cry himself to sleep under his quilt.

His second choice was to go abroad with her. Students were crazy about going abroad.

Between 2004 and 2006, it was a busy period for returning scholars, who finished their studies overseas and came back. By that time, the inland was thirsty and scholars were at their peak. Qin Guan's starting point might even be higher than that.

After clearing the situation, Qin Guan called Cong Nianwei back at midnight.

Cong Nianwei had fallen asleep by then. "It's too late," she murmured in a low voice. "I haven't even made a decision!"

Qin Guan's anxiety made her feel warm. She turned over before she added, "If you don't want me to leave, I'll think about it again. It's only an option after all."

"Actually, I'll be back in two years, which is not a very long time. Women hold lower positions in the architectural industry. Without enough qualifications and experience, it'll be hard for me to exert my abilities."

"What? No, I haven't decided which university to apply for. There are several colleges with good Architecture Departments. QH will give me a chance for individual promotion. Which country? My tutor has suggested the US."

Qin Guan was clear on her thoughts now, which cheered him up. The US is a modern country. Maybe then she will want to... Ha ha...

Taking a deep breath, he tried to calm down and continue the conversation. "I have already made my decision. It's better to see the world while we're still young. Fill in your application, and then we can take the TOEFL, IELTS, or GRE. Any one is fine. Let's go together."

Cong Nianwei was surprised. She thought they had been talking about their future plans. How had they decided to study abroad together? Qin Guan's decision made her nervousness disappear though.

If she went with him, her days overseas wouldn't be as hard as she imagined.

After hanging up, Qin Guan turned the matter over in his mind

as he lay on his bed. He had to work more. Maybe he could accept one of those ridiculous plays.

It was a sudden decision. If he could make money himself, he could stop asking financial support from his parents. The expenses overseas would be high though. It seemed like he'd have to fight for his and Cong Nianwei's future.

Oh, by the way, I should send an email to John. He might help us do some things in advance, such as gather the right paperwork or rent an apartment. He might even help me find a job in the US.

As he thought of this, Qin Guan's sleepiness evaporated. He got up and turned on his computer. When he finished his email, he stared at the date on the screen, lost in thought.

Our way to the US might be not smooth. It's 2001. In a few months, there will be a terrible incident in the US that will shock the whole world. Maybe I don't need to worry about the future though. God will take care of everything.

Qin Guan thought about his plan overnight and went to class with black circles under his eyes. There were so many things he had to do.

First, he would have to have a talk with his tutor, who liked him the most, and learn from his experience. Second, he would need to talk to Sister Xue and inform her that he would fail to keep up their arrangement. Third, he would have to inform his parents, Professor Li, Teacher Rong, his best friends, and his roommates.

Then he would have to find some learning material about studying abroad, which might help him get a scholarship from a foreign university. The final thing on his list was the simplest one: find work.

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Qin Guan started right away. Sister Xue found it strange that he read all the scripts, which he usually didn't pay any attention to.

She wanted to commit suicide when she found out about his decision. She had worked very hard to get him where he was. In two more years, he would soar to the sky, yet he wanted to go overseas!

Sister Xue called Professor Li immediately. "Professor Li, where are you? Help me!"

Professor Li was over the moon though. She couldn't predict the future in the domestic modelling circle, but rather than accumulate working experience at home and upgrade his level by acting in TV shows, she would rather that Qin Guan starred on the international stage.

# Chapter 175: Qin Guan Seized The Opportunity!

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Professor Li had been wanting to send Qin Guan to an international competition, but he'd had no plans of studying abroad so far.

Judging by his personality, he was bound to revolt and abandon the fashion circle to return to college. However, things had changed, and now he was planning on going abroad himself.

Besides, Qin Guan was going abroad with his girlfriend. Considering the terrible living expenses, he would definitely need to make more money.

Professor Li finally stood a chance of seeing a domestic male model go out and reach the top fashion circles.

Sister Xue had been attacked from two sides. Professor Li had also abandoned her. Her only comfort was that Professor Li would arrange for her to become a formal agent for New Silk Road after Qin Guan left.

Sister Xue had nearly lost her motivation to live. She wasn't willing to leave Qin Guan. They had been comrades-in-arms for the past two years after all. She had witnessed all his steps towards success, yet she couldn't stay with him any longer. She was really sad.



Sister Xue held her tears back as she embraced him. "Cheers, Qin Guan! Let's fight this final battle! It's just to make money, right? I love it! Wait to hear from me!"

What would be the best money-making job for Qin Guan? Not TV shows or fashion shows, but advertisements!

To maintain his image, Sister Xue had turned down a pile of dispensable or tasteless advertisements from A.M. It was time to revisit them though.

After a discussion with the director of A.M, Sister Xue immediately got a notice through email. She began to check the advertisements with Qin Guan.

"This is the latest offer, a body wash ad for Adidas, audition inquired. This is for junk food. I have no idea what brand."

Qin Guan picked up the paperwork at the bottom. Sister Xue took a look at it. "Medicine? That's terrible! How much does it pay? Okay, let me read it!"

Sister Xue read it carefully and turned it down immediately, "Never! Afrodyn is out of the question! I don't care how much they pay."

They made their final decision as soon as they finished reading everything.

"Good, let me see. Two of them require auditions. The other three don't. Congratulations, Qin Guan. Most second-line stars couldn't get that many offers, even though most of them are background jobs."

"Now, let's see the films and TV shows."

Sister Xue pulled a thick pile of scripts from under the table. They had come from film production companies and various film and TV studios.

After excluding those that had already begun and weren't in need of actors, they still had eight scripts left to read.

They read them one by one.

"Wow! Interesting! 'Romance Across the Universe of Time'. It's a low-budget Sci-Fi film with period costumes. It's the first one to be produced in China. We could keep it as an alternative."

"What the hell is 'Maid in Red Mason'? Don't be silly, Qin Guan."

Qin Guan didn't care. He had never heard of that film in his past life, but all actors made some terrible films. It required an audition. Maybe he wouldn't pass it. Anyway, it was an alternative for making money.

Sister Xue could only turn to the next script.

"The 'Graceful Princess' production hasn't decided on the actors yet. Let me see... Servant of the protagonist, uncle of the protagonist, Prince of Xixia... A villain again? No, it's not. Good. Let's save it for later."

"What about 'Qianlong Dynasty'? You'd need to have your head shaved for it though. No! Fine, you'll just audition for these. You'll also audition for the A.M. ads, and I'll sign a contract with the J shirts boss for this year."

Looking at Qin Guan's furtive back, Sister Xue added, "Afrodyn is out of the question!"

Qin Guan bent his head. That advertisement paid the most. He didn't need to worry about his fame anymore anyway.

Qin Guan met the Adidas representative in the meeting room of A.M.

There were six models waiting there, but the representative was hesitant. The director of A.M was murmuring something to him.

Qin Guan tried to eavesdrop on their discussion.

"No, you can't convince me. Although the advertisement will air in Asia, this doesn't mean that we have to choose an Asian model."

"We're talking about deodorants and bathing products, and Western models are more alluring and sexy than Asian ones. You know that Asian models are reserved. They are not good at looking hot. Why not find some European or American models? Let's call this a day. I can wait till you find other models."

Qin Guan's ears quivered. What does he mean by that? Under normal circumstances, he wouldn't have cared. At worst, he would have just waited for another chance. Things had changed though. He had a family to support now, which was a very heavy burden.

He couldn't wait for that stupid guy to gather another group of inferior models for a second audition. He would always be the final choice anyway. His time was too precious to waste.

Qin Guan stood up suddenly and walked to the centre of the room, gesturing for everyone to be quiet.

He had shocked all the attendants, who fell silent at once.

Qin Guan cleared his throat and spoke to the representative, "Dear sir, you are a successful businessman, so your time must be precious. I overheard your conversation just now. May I have a word with you?"

## Chapter 176: Afrodyn!

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The representative of Adidas nodded in surprise as Qin Guan went on with his train of thought.

"Sir, you may not be familiar with me, but I'm Qin Guan, the winner of the New Face National Model Competition. I have a rich experience on printed media, runway shows and TV advertisements. I have been a model for J clothing, Two Sung, and LEE. I have also been on the inner pages of the Chinese ELLE, and I have played roles in two popular TV shows. Besides..."

Qin Guan made a pause there. If Sister Xue, who was quite familiar with him, had been there, she would have known that he was about to surprise everyone.

"There is an old Chinese saying that says that seeing is believing. That's why I'll show you my abilities," Qin Guan concluded. He stood up in front of everyone and took off all the clothes on his upper body, exposing his bare chest.

All the ladies screamed.

The waiting models were surprised. How could he audition like that? What a brave man!

The experienced director was not surprised by Qin Guan's sudden action. He supported his jaw on both hands and scanned Qin Guan from head to toe.

Fair-shaped muscles without the stiffness of European and American models. He looks pretty good. Beautiful V-line abs. Pity that he's still wearing pants... Smooth skin without pores, perfect Asian characteristics, light hair, drops that fall down his body...

He rubbed his jaw. Before he spoke, Qin Guan opened his mouth again and said, "You should see the expression of the girls at my college when they see me. Just look at these ladies."

"If your company hires me, they might be willing to buy that body wash not just for their boyfriends, but also for themselves. It will smell like me after all!"

The director cast a glance at his assistant.

The girl was a classic workaholic. She was pretending to read the documents in her hand though, but her eyes were actually fixed on Qin Guan's bare chest.

The director made a decision immediately. "Great! Young man, you're hired! You convinced me!"

The representative secretly gave Qin Guan a thumbs-up. Thank goodness! I don't need to spend another day serving an unreasonable client.

Qin Guan put on his clothes again. The Adidas assistant licked her lips unconsciously as she saw the beautiful outline of his back

and waist.

The director thought it was time to leave, before his excellent assistant turned into an indecent woman.

Qin Guan, on the other side, went to see the representative for the medicine advertisement.

The second advertisement was quite simple. There was always the same line in patulin ads: "If you catch a cold, get a runny nose, or spike a fever, please take XXX cold medication."

He just had to play a weak patient. It was a piece of cake for Qin Guan, who used to pretend to be sick to skip classes in his past life.

His partner was the mother of the representative from the medicine plant, which saved them a larger investment.

The old woman looked like a gracious lady until she saw Qin Guan.

As a housewife crazy for TV shows, she was familiar with all hit shows and the advertisements broadcasted between every episode.

She was a fan of Qin Guan, and she thought of him as a boy from her neighborhood.

She had originally agreed just to do her son a favor, but now she

got serious about the job. I won't encumber the boy! What's his name though? I wasn't able to find it in such a long list of cast members!

The woman asked Qin Guan straightforwardly, and he told her his name considerately, making an even better impression on her.

Qin Guan was lying on the couch feebly with a red nose. There were used tissues all around him. The woman ran in at full speed and bent over him, shouting anxiously, "What's the matter, son?"

"Cut! What are you doing, sister? Your son has just caught a cold, he's not dying! Don't look so nervous. Just slightly worried is okay. You went too far with your performance."

Her son looked around awkwardly. He thought his mother was doing this intentionally, just to have more contact with Qin Guan.

No one was that strict with a green hand though, so they began once more. The old woman did better next time. She read her lines precisely with satisfaction.

Then she and Qin Guan held the medicine box up and shouted towards the camera like idiots, "Good curative effect for colds! XXX is the best!"

The advertisement was finished, and the woman was pulled away by her son, waving farewell at Qin Guan with his autograph.



Qin Guan saw her off before rushing to his next interview.

Before leaving, he turned his head around unintentionally and saw the rearranged set. There was a giant queen-sized bed there.

The A. M. staff noticed Qin Guan's curiosity and told him, "It's also for a kind of medicine. Are you interested?"

"What medicine?" Qin Guan asked without thinking.

"Hui ren afro dyn. They pay high for models, about twenty percent more than others."

"Forget it, let's go." Qin Guan was afraid that he would fail to resist the lure and take the job.

He went to another audition instead, which was even more exaggerated.

Adidas limited their candidates to models, but that biscuit ad was more loose on the selection.

There was a hodgepodge of printed media models, advertisement models, actors, and green hands from talent agencies.

Their method was also strange. They focused on one's ability rather than their resume.

# Chapter 177: The Nearly Forgotten Money

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For a food advertisement to attract customers, they had to empathize with the models when they tried the new product.

A model could be good-looking, but that advertisement needed a model to arouse purchasing desire with their superior acting skills.

To make the process shorter, the audition was quite simple. Each person got a case of Xianqu biscuits, and they had to eat them in the greediest way possible in front of the director, the brand businessman and the principle of the ad company.

All the candidates were moaning except for Qin Guan, who seemed to light up with pleasure.

What was his best quality? Not his powerful brain or fairy-like looks, but his endless pursuit of food.

The audition was as easy as breathing for him. Eating was his best skill.

The interviewers were annoyed by the strange performance of the candidates.

Look at that guy! It's a food advertisement! Does he think it's okay to lick the biscuits as if he's intoxicated? Next! Oh, my! This one is smacking his lips like a pig! No one warned him about that? He's even spraying pieces around! Next!

Before he could get disappointed, Qin Guan walked forward leisurely, like a god descending from Heaven to save the doomed humanity.

He took a biscuit from the case with his slender fingers. It did not look like a simple crisp biscuit, but a fairy feast.

Qin Guan stared at the lemon-filled biscuit as if it was his lover. His fingers moved, putting his lover into his mouth.

His red lips opened gently, and he bit the biscuit, breaking it into two. As he was chewing, the mark of his teeth was left on the piece in his hand.

Perfect! It was perfect from every angle. Whatever others might think, the brand businessman thought that the biscuits looked the best during Qin Guan's performance.

Before leaving, the staff of A. M. told Qin Guan the good news.

They patted Qin Guan, who was putting away his belongings, and realized he was putting audition props into his backpack. It was a pile of biscuits.

Qin Guan's mouth was also jammed with them. They're delicious, but they're too dry. There's no water here!

The staff was startled to see all those biscuits in his mouth. Damn it! He's choking! Get some water!

Suddenly, everyone was frightened. If this had happened during the audition, Qin Guan would have definitely been thrown out.

After drinking the water, he waved the staff farewell awkwardly and went out of the building.

He turned on the headlights of his car. The night had fallen, and the stars were twinkling playfully. Qin Guan sighed with emotion.

I have never worked this hard before. With enough pressure, even the laziest people get moving.

The next day, he would act in three advertisements as an extra. He could earn 60,000 yuan in two days, which was as high as someone else's annual income.

To cover the two-year postgraduate tuition fees at a US college though, plus all the living expenses, Qin Guan would have to earn at least 150,000. He dared not relax yet.

Unfortunately, the US Dollar was very strong at the time. The terrible 1:8 rate made his future look dim.

The only good news was that his outstanding auditions had attracted attention from the leaders of A. M.

The Adidas and Xianqu biscuit ads would earn Qin Guan 70,000 yuan, which was a small step towards his final goal.

Qin Guan returned to dormitory. Lying in bed, he called all his acquaintances and told them about his plan.

There was also a more important thing he'd have to deal with soon.

Do you remember his first holiday as a college student? Qin Guan had bought some stocks from his uncle's company, which had been the best choice he'd made since his rebirth.

Western Electricity was one of the first companies in the Chinese stock market. In 1998, it had put an end to its private sales and begun to split stock rights.

The original price of two yuan had amounted to more than 280 yuan after a series of rises and falls. Finally, it had fallen down to about 5 yuan. Countless holders had made a great fortune overnight during those years.

The stocks in Qin Guan's hand would soar in the following years, and no one would be prepared for it. The performance of Western Electricity had increased by 50% every year, which had shocked the stock market.

Nobody but Qin Guan knew that this performance had been

forged though. The company leaders had bought plenty of stocks and undersold them gradually through 44 fake individual accounts.

The company had also invested 700,000,000 on the stocks through 69 fake individual accounts and cashed in most of the profits as company income.

After several months, the prices would fall steeply, and countless common investors wouldn't get their original capital back.

Y city citizens were hoping that the government would step forward to help them.

Qin Guan had a general idea of the timing, so he knew that this would be his best chance to cash in his money.

He called his parents to emphasize the importance of underselling the stocks and reminding his uncle.

His parents had nearly forgotten about the stocks, which they'd bought as a joke. They hung up and called Qin Guan's uncle, who told them their current price. Qin's parents realized they were millionaires!

Luckily, they were easy to satisfy. They were really happy with the price. Qin Guan took after them after all.

Both families dumped the stocks and became millionaires. They

went out of the stock exchange in a daze. The sum in their account felt like a dream. Qin Guan received a call from his mother and breathed a sigh of relief at the vast sum in his account.

# Chapter 178: A Dog Called Egg

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Wait, there had to be a mistake. It should have been 1.4 million, not 5.6 million.

Before he called his parents, Qin Guan suddenly remembered that Western Electricity had increased its stocks. He held 20,000 shares now.

Oh, my! God has blessed me! I'm a real millionaire! I don't need to f\*cking study abroad. I could just stay at home in the US and wait for Cong Nianwei. I'd be a good stay-at-home husband.

He was just kidding. Qin Guan loved money. He put the card in his purse right away. He had enough money now, so he could invest it somewhere. He would still work to pay his tuition fees. He headed to A. M. to shoot his advertisements.

It took him two hours to finish all three. Then he had to prepare for the biscuit ad right away. Adidas had said that they were working on the background and it might take them several days.

The Xianqui biscuit set was an apartment.

Qin Guan had to eat biscuits seriously as he watched TV. His partner this time was not a human being, but a dog.

It was a lovely golden retriever with shining, smooth hair and a smiling face. It was a typical tame dog.



It would have been the best dog if it didn't seize biscuits from Qin Guan's hand.

The advertisement required their cooperation. They had to eat their own food separately, but the dog kept rushing up to Qin Guan and taking the biscuits from his hand, embarrassing his trainer. It was a good boy. Its only flaw was that it was greedy.

The trainer had brought its favorite beef biscuits, but the model was so good at his job that it made the dog ignore its own biscuits and turn to the biscuits in his hand.

The director had a flash of inspiration. Go on! This may be even better!

There was a great turmoil on set. Qin Guan and the dog were eating happily together, their heads touching. The trainer covered his face. I should have trained it more. What a shame! Is there any salt in those biscuits? Oh, no! That's harmful for pets!

By the time the shooting was finished, Qin Guan and the dog's friendship had gotten as solid as a rock. They waved farewell at each other, unwilling to part ways. Qin Guan could see tears in Egg's eyes as he drove off.

He was glad he had chosen that advertisement. The half-full box of biscuits in his trunk would last him and his roommates a month.

Besides, he had collaborated with such a cute dog. What a nice day it had been!

As the saying went though, whatever went up had to come down. The Western Electricity stocks dropped in several days.

Qin Guan's mother was ecstatic when she saw the woebegone crowd outside the bourse. The stock market was a big risk.

Qin Guan's uncle was really grateful. He had been laughed at by all his workmates when he'd insisted on underselling the stocks according to Qin Guan's advice, and they had also made fun of him when he'd decided to buy more stocks.

Reality had proved him right though.

Qin Guan smiled proudly when his mother called him. It seemed that he had benefited again from his rebirth. Forget it, I should go to sleep. This millionaire has to work hard tomorrow.

The following day, Qin Guan went out of A.M. proudly, holding a bag full of Adidas sample sacks.

He dried his wet hair and drove off in the opposite direction of his college. It was not his style to deposit cash into a bank and wait to make profit. He would invest his money on property instead.

Under the Dongzhimen Overpass, the streets were crowded with people and vehicles. Thanks to the general construction and

development of the capital, there were construction sites everywhere.

The inner street of Dongzhimen was like another world, even though it was in the same neighborhood.

There were holes everywhere, and Qin Guan's car couldn't get through the Hutong. The residents had even built sheds and cooking benches on the road.

The main reason for that was the fake moving news. Every time the residents heard the news, they would try their best to expand their habitable space in hopes of getting more compensation from the government.

Imagination was good, but reality was cruel. They waited till the newly-built mansions blocked their sunlight, but there were still no definite news about moving.

In the end, the area would be maintained as a historical site of the city, and the residents wouldn't be as lucky as those living across the street.

They'd have to live in those shabby, noisy houses for the rest of their lives. If they wanted to go to the bathroom, they'd have to cross two streets. What a miserable life!

Qin Guan would finally use his money. Nobody knew that Wanda, one of the top real estate companies in China, had bought

the place. Qin Guan fixed his eyes on the place where the Wanda Plaza would be in the future.

A little while later, he was sitting with a real estate agent, drinking jasmine tea. The assistant was casting happy looks at him as the young agent was talking about the surrounding properties, saliva splashing around as he spoke.

The charm of the man made Qin Guan enjoy his treatment. It was different compared to the time he'd bought a car.

Qin Guan finished his cup of tea and waved at the young man to stop talking. He pushed the paperwork back and said, "They're pretty good. Some of the houses are almost brand new. I have my own plans though. Is there anything in Dongnei for sale?"

# Chapter 179: Feelings Need A Foundation

---

What? The messy Dongnei area? Is he kidding? Actually, we don't have any houses there.

Qin Guan knew what he was thinking about.

To suppress his doubts, he added in his most elegant and imposing manner, "I know your rules. Your company will deduct from the customers, and your bonus will be influenced. My business is bigger than you can imagine though."

Qin Guan crossed his legs gracefully and supported his hands on his knees. He lay back against the couch and threw a bomb at the young man.

"According to the current prices of the area, it would cost 3,500 to 4,000 yuan per square meter. Most of the houses there are low buildings, 30 to 50 square meters each. That would be about 100,000 to 200,000 yuan per house. You can get only five per thousand as a bonus. Of course you'd look down upon such a small amount. I have a lot of money though. If you can find me houses in that area..."

Qin Guan drew a circle on the map.

"I'll buy them all!"

"What?" The young man pulled his chair towards the table and

picked up the map. He glanced at it, his hands trembling as if he was having a stroke.

"Really? Don't mess with me, bro!" He was excited enough to speak in his hometown accent.

"I'm not lying. Call me when you have two or three. If you can find enough for me, I'll give you a bonus myself."

The young man was so excited that he was already planning on pasting advertisements around the area. If there was no information on the database, he would look for houses himself. He was familiar with the neighborhood committee.

After leaving the warm young man, Qin Guan let out a long sigh.

The advantage of entrusting the agent was his professional integrity. He wouldn't ask any questions about why he was purchasing those houses.

It would be a good choice for the residents to sell their houses to him. They'd have to wait a long time before moving otherwise. If they could buy another house in a taller building with that sum, they wouldn't suffer any losses.

Qin Guan considered himself a kind man. Of course, he hoped the residents would not regret this after a couple of years.

Qin Guan didn't stop. He headed to Legation Street to purchase

more houses. The properties on sale there would not increase in value though.

The history of Legation Street could be dated back to the establishment of the capital of the Ming Dynasty. It was actually the largest business street of that dynasty. Businessmen came together in crowds in that flourishing area.

During the Qin Dynasty, the Ministry of Employment, the National Academy, and the Supervisorate of Imperial Instruction had all been located there. Some princes, dukes and ministers had also built their mansions there, such as the Su Mansion, the Zhenguo Duke Mansion, the Grand Secretary Mansion, and so on.

In the 1990s, the street had been recognized as a historical area by the government. Residents could sell or rent their houses out, but it was impossible for them to get a fortune by moving. Qin Guan bought those houses for sentimental reasons. He had always loved that street very much, both in that life and his past one.

Before the foundation of PRC, the street had been called the Legation Quarter. After 1900, 11 states had built embassies there, and the street had become a leased territory.

The page was turned over after 1949, when the foreign military camps and banks were gone. There were many tall buildings built then. The changes on that street represented the changes of several eras. Legation Street had witnessed all history.

The value of the street was not just historical, but also artistic.

The area was beautiful, with towering ancient trees. Compared to the sheds at Dongnei, the houses there were like royalty. Most of them were quadrangle dwellings compete in all aspects.

The first real estate agent Qin Guan visited had the property he wanted.

He was aware of the shortcomings of quadrangle dwellings.

Unlike purchasing a house in a tall building, the structure of a quadrangle dwelling deserved particular care.

Quadrangle dwellings had a yard surrounded by houses. A rich or big family could build two quadrangle dwellings, connected from front to back. High-ranking officials or rich businessmen could build three or four quadrangle dwellings linked together, with flowers planted between them for decoration.

A small quadrangle dwelling could be composed by 13 rooms, while larger ones had 30 chambers. If there was another quadrangle dwelling joined together, there had to be around 25 to 40 rooms.

None of this was important though. Frankly, no one bought a quadrangle dwelling for its living area, but for the floor space. It was a big trick.

Qin Guan had lived in a small quadrangle dwelling of 13 rooms, with a living area of more than 200 square metres. The floor space



was about 400 square meters though.

The price was 20,000 per square metre, which was far more than Qin Guan could afford.

The agent did not see Qin Guan as a potential customer at first, and Qin Guan's expression confirmed his impression.

Qin Guan went out, feeling like weeping. It was a starry night. The revolution was not yet successful. The comrades still had to work hard.

Qin Guan watched the busy Chang'an street, falling into deep thought. After a few years, the sum in my account will not be enough for me to afford even a small apartment here. How will I talk about feelings then?

Determined, Qin Guan rushed to the set of "Graceful Princess".

Sister Xue met him there and found the assistant director, who was in charge of the casting. They were let in.

The show was a period drama narrating a story during the North Song Dynasty (960-1127). Qin Guan auditioned for a supporting role.

# Chapter 180: The Charming Smile Of A Villain

---

The character was a good friend of the hero and followed him around as his assistant. Sometimes he had to entertain the main characters and villains.

It was not difficult for Qin Guan, who had played in two TV shows. He was only focused on the money.

Before Qin Guan could read his lines though, the director waved his hands around.

"No, no! Xiao Wang, come here. I want a co-star as background. Ordinary looks would be enough. Why did you find me such a handsome guy?"

"You haven't decided on the protagonist yet. We could find another handsome guy."

"Nonsense! Both the hero and the heroine were just cast by the producer."

The director knocked on the table with a rolled-up newspaper. "Even if they hadn't been though, how could I find someone more handsome than him? Could I ask him to play Cai Jing? The villain? Wait a moment, why didn't I think of this? Love and hatred! That's what sells!"

The assistant director wiped his sweat away. You want to cast him as the villain of the show? But this guy is too young to play Cai Jing! This is a period drama.

Qin Guan handed the notice and script to Sister Xue, who was just as confused as he was. Shall I play villains my whole life?

I'm leaving China soon anyway. I don't care about anything.

The leading actors didn't meet until the whole crew was ready.

The female protagonist was Fang Pingping, and the male protagonist was Li Jie. Qin Guan was a supporting actor.

Fang spoke to him first when they met. Pointing at him, she said in surprise, "Qin Guan, it's you!"

Qin Guan was surprised that she had actually recognized him.

"You know me?"

"Of course! You were famous in senior high school!"

Wait a moment. What did she mean? She said he was famous? Surely Fang had been the most famous student at their school!

Fang didn't pay any attention to him. She started reminiscing

right away, "You caused quite a stir at our school as soon as you enrolled. You were the arrogant, gloomy boy from Grade One. Your favorite pastime was reading poems at the playground until the sun set."

Qin Guan was left speechless by her words. Was I such an idiot? No wonder I was famous at school. I don't sound like a normal guy.

Fang looked pleased with herself. "All the girls used to secretly write to you, but I'd intercept their letters. I had asked a group of boys to wait for them before you got to school and throw away the letters at your desk. You should appreciate what I did for you. I know what it's like to be pursued by lots of people. Girls are more difficult than boys though."

That explained why Qin Guan had had no admirers at high school despite his handsome face.

He realized Fang was very crafty.

Li Jie had collaborated with Fang many times in bad shows, so the three young actors got to know each other fast.

There was no logic to the audience of period dramas. Shows like that had to have handsome actors, beautiful costumes, and an exciting plot.

The script combined historical events, national feuds, family vendettas, and romance.

During the last years of the North Song Dynasty, the daughter of Emperor Huizong, Princess Grace (played by Fang) had fallen in love with the young Grand Secretary, Tan Yi (played by Li Jie), who had failed to assassinate Cai Jing, the traitor minister, and ran for his life.

Qin Guan was left speechless when he read the script.

While he was in the dressing room, Fang and Li were discussing their first scene. They felt strange that the director was focusing on shooting beautiful scenes from the very beginning. It had taken him three times to finish a simple shot. Li's face had become stiff from smiling for so long.

When Qin Guan changed into his costume and came out, Li and Fang couldn't keep smiling anymore.

They immediately understood the director's motive. They would have to fight to remain the protagonists.

Such a villain would put them under great pressure. The audience wouldn't even be able to tell who the bad guy was.

Qin Guan had no idea about their feelings. He was just waiting for his first scene seriously. "On your marks! Ready? Three, two, camera!" Qin Guan switched to showing-off mode automatically.

Fang and Li were surprised. Comparison made a big difference,

and that guy was much better at showing off.

The cameras ran and the scene went on.

Eunuch Chang handed Tan's letter to Cai Jing, which made Cai believe that he had Tan under control. Holding the letter, Qin Guan smiled charmingly at the camera, fully satisfied and contented. Suddenly, silence prevailed. Everyone around was completely focused on his performance.

The magnificent costumes of the Song Dynasty and the official bright red gown set off Qin Guan's red lips and shiny teeth. His beauty was really unparalleled.

No one would believe that he was a traitor minister. Surely, he must have been wrongly accused. It had to be that muddle-headed Emperor's fault. He took the blame for the Emperor.

Could you please stick to your principles? You're defending a historically proven traitor because of a handsome actor. Where is your dignity?

Fang cast a sympathetic glance at Li. They would be working together in the next scene. According to the script, it would be the most important scene for the hero.

# Chapter 181: Romance Across Time And Space

---

In that scene, Cai Jing thought that Tan Yi was sincerely seeking shelter from him, so he invited Tan to his mansion for a tea drinking ceremony. Cai's servant found Tan's hidden weapons though, and Tan was caught by the guards.

Cai dared not execute Tan without permission, as he was Princess Grace's tutor. He just reported him to the emperor.

"Camera!" Li Jie began serving tea.

As soon as he picked up a cup from the tray, the director frowned. "Cut!" This was the most annoying word for an actor to hear.

The director couldn't tell what Li Jie's fault was, but he got a strange feeling from his acting. Qin Guan knew where the problem lay though. After a long-term training with Teacher Rong, he had learned how to serve tea.

He held up his hand to break the deadlock. "May I try?"

"You're good at serving tea? But of course, you were the high school prince!" Fang Pingping looked at Qin Guan in admiration. What an elegant boy!

With the director's permission, Qin Guan began right away.

Kneeling before the tea table, he cleaned his hands, looked at the tea leaves, and warmed the cups and pot. Then he poured boiling water into the dark red enamelled pottery, the [Fair Cup, the Fragrance-Smelling Cup, and the Tea-Tasting Cup](#).

They are all parts of a tea set.

Next, he put the tea into the pot. His fingers were dancing around the tools, his long sleeves moving gracefully.

Afterwards, he washed the tea leaves and brewed the tea. His natural, smooth movements were like flowing water. After a short time, he whisked the leaves floating in the water with the pot lid for fear that they would influence the taste of the tea.

Finally, he poured the tea into the Fragrance-Smelling Cups and passed one of them to Li Jie with both hands, as the Chinese traditional courtesy dictated.

Everyone was staring at Qin Guan with an open mouth. He's the perfect man! What will the leading actor do?

Li Jie was under great pressure. He was seeing stars before his eyes. He had to put up a desperate fight!

The director could only ask Li to copy Qin Guan's movements, not his style.



After several breaks, the scene was finished at last. Qin Guan's work that day was over. His next scene would be in two days.

Taking advantage of his spare time, Qin Guan decided to visit the studio of "Romance Across Time and Space", which was located in the suburbs of the capital. If he passed the audition, he could shuttle between the two studios. That was the advantage of being a supporting actor.

They arrived at the studio, but before Sister Xue could introduce herself, the assistant director pushed Qin Guan to try on his costume. Sweat was dripping down his face.

It was a romantic comedy in period costumes, but it was the first TV show to document different eras. Although the crew was somewhat tight on the money they spent on props and settings, the actors were pretty good. They were not the most renowned actors of the time, but they were really talented.

Because of their tight budget, the crew had to give each actor different roles. They didn't set strict standards on co-stars, as several of them were temporarily employed by idling agents.

Qin Guan's role was not an important one. He was just a villain, so the director didn't pay any attention to him.

The dresser was excited though. Even Wan Hongjie, the actor who portrayed [Zhu Di](#) and was sitting right beside him, was surprised.

Emperor Chengzu of the Ming Dynasty (1368-1644)

Wan was supposed to be a handsome prince in the play, and he was used to being the most beautiful person on set.

When Qin Guan put on a black costume with golden silk embroidery and held up a sharp sword though, Wan felt like a pauper in his yellow dress. What a miserable life! The production is so stingy!

Qin Guan would play the commander of the imperial guard of the Ming Dynasty. When the two of them came out of the dressing room though, the whole crew was shocked.

"Is that the actor who'll play Gao Fuming? He looks like a rising star."

"I know him! He played Yang Lianting. It was only for two episodes, but he impressed me quite a lot."

"Ha ha! It looks like the play is about a detective from the imperial guard and Zhu Di is the killer."

"Hush! The director is coming. We'll know soon enough!"

The director took a long time to come. He paid no attention to Qin Guan, who was just a supporting actor. He was only hoping that he wouldn't make any mistakes. Money was precious.

Qin Guan was not in the first scene, so he sat on a small stool, watching the other actors' performances carefully.

That show was really funny! He had learned a lot from other actors, and he knew that a comedy was a trial for every actor.

Xu Zheng, the leading actor, was good at making others laugh with his serious expression and humorless attitude. He didn't use exaggerated body language.

That was the secret of his success. After struggling for many years, he had finally won a prominent place among comedians. Not long afterwards, he would become a guarantee of box office success.

At the time, he was still a young man with a baby face though. His style was not quite developed yet. Unlike him, Zhang Ting, the heroine, had been born without any humor.

The director shouted "cut" many times, not because of mistakes in lines or acting, but because the actors and assistants couldn't control their laughter.

The director roared angrily, "Be serious! This is work!" Their laughter got louder as he shouted.

Qin Guan supported his belly with his sword as tears filled his eyes.

The director was fuming with impatience. He looked angrily at the actor who was laughing the loudest. Pointing at Qin Guan, he shouted, "Gao Fuming, your turn! What are you laughing about? Get ready!"

# Chapter 182: Several Slaps On The Face

---

Qin Guan stopped laughing abruptly and took a deep breath. Ah! I feel pain in my chest!

"Camera!" Qin Guan's face was still twisted in pain. Taking advantage of it, he began acting.

He looked up with a cold expression. The slightly twisted muscles on his face showed the sinister nature of the commander of the imperial guard.

It was the only thing that was effortless. His demeanor changed the atmosphere from funny to tense though.

His expression along with his black uniform made the crew feel afraid. They were all shocked by Qin Guan's acting skills. That young man has a great future ahead of him.

When that scene was over, the crew ran around to prepare for the next one. Meanwhile, Qin Guan was shouting inwardly. Someone help me! My chest hurts!

As soon as he recovered, the next scene began. Gao Fuming was having a discussion with his subordinates in the prison. He was planning on hiring an assassin for Zhu Di, the Prince of Yan.

Qin Guan was in his black gown with the golden embroidery. His tassels were hanging down from his hat, reaching his temples. His

handsome, cold face was visible under the candlelight, setting off his aggressiveness and charm.

He looked like a hero, an aggressive villain high on the hierarchy of an evil sect, someone called [Xuanyuan Aotian or Qiankun Wudi](#).

Common names for powerful heroes in web novels.

Qin Guan was surrounded by the imperial guards in their red uniforms. He waved his sword around, shouting, "Break the gate!" His imposing manner had reached its peak.

He stepped into the mansion valiantly as his soldiers caught Consort Shu and her female servant.

Consort Shu was really a good actress. She was the funniest one in the show. Qin Guan was very happy to work with her.

In that scene, Gao Fuming was supposed to smack the servant. Even though she was a brainless woman with big boobs, Consort Shu slapped Qin Guan right back. Suddenly, Gao Fuming noticed seven port-wine marks on her palm, which meant that she was his real master. He was so stunned that he forgot to get out of the way and he was hit on the face again.

According to the director's instructions, Qin Guan had to get slapped for real, not use some kind of dodging trick. The actress who played Consort Shu couldn't bear to hit his handsome face though. Qin Guan encouraged her, "It's nothing. I know how to ease the pain. Just hit me, I can handle it!"

Gritting her teeth, the actress slapped Qin Guan on the face. "Ah! The director didn't say 'camera'!"

"Sorry! Sorry!" The actress got even more nervous.

"Three, two, camera!"

Clap!

"Cut! Show your palm to the camera, or the audience won't see the marks clearly!"

Clap!

"Qin Guan, turn your head this way. You must look handsome!"

Bro, I'm only a supporting actor!

Clap! Clap! Clap!

After seven or eight slaps, the director called, "Good!"

In the next scene, Gao Fuming asked for another slap to see the marks more clearly.

Qin Guan nearly burst into tears. Miraculously, the scene was finished in one take, as the director was more worried about the scene between Gao Fuming and the Prince of Yan the next day.

Qin Guan went out of the studio exhausted. He put an ice pack on his red face and complained to Sister Xue, "What a stingy crew! They want to finish three days worth of work in one day!"

Sister Xue was speechless. Still, you make more money in a short time!

Covering his bloated cheek, Qin Guan was shocked by the scene he faced in his dormitory. There were lanterns, colorful ribbons, and paper flowers everywhere, as if there was some kind of important festival.

Confused, Qin Guan walked in his own room. His roommates were boiling instant noodles calmly on a small stove.

Li Jie was the cook, and Mu Lejiang was his assistant. There were also sausages and spiced corned eggs on the table.

Qin Guan sat down on his bed and said, "Good idea! Where did you get the stove?"

"From the tool store."

"Why are you making instant noodles again? Are you out of money? I could lend you some." Qin Guan patted his own fat chest



proudly.

"No, thanks. We'd have to pay you back."

Qin Guan didn't try to persuade them. He squatted down shamelessly and watched the noodles in the boiling water. "Can I have some?"

You have so many bills in your pocket and you want to share those poor men's noodles?

Who cares? I'm hungry!

After the satisfying feast, they lay down on their beds and fought for fun. There were still celebratory activities going on in the corridors. It was late at night, yet Ye Dong hadn't come back yet.

"What happened? It's like a Spring Festival outside."

Mu Lejiang murmured, "Ye Dong mentioned something about it. Our bid for the 2008 Olympics won. It must be a formal celebration. Ye Dong organized it."

"It has nothing to do with us. Let's just sleep."

The tough guys fell asleep amid the noise of gongs and drums. Something's wrong! Qin Guan sniffled unconsciously in his sleep. I can smell smoke.

He jumped out of bed and knocked on the iron pipes fiercely, shouting to the others, "Get up! Get up! Fire!"

His voice had barely faded away, when screams were heard in the corridor.

"A f\*cking fire!"

"Run!"

# Chapter 183: Fire!

---

"Hurry! Knock on every door!"

"There's so much smoke! I can't see clearly!"

The whole building was on fire. Qin Guan's roommates jumped out of bed and rushed into the corridor with their most valuable belongings.

Dense smoke filled the whole corridor. Scared students were everywhere. Qin Guan picked up a thermos from the table and wet some towels.

"Cover your mouths and noses with them! Bend down! We have to rush out along the side wall."

They did as Qin Guan told them.

"It's so hot! It's boiling water!"

Liu Xiaoyang burst into tears. I shouldn't have trusted him. His calmness misled me!

Shocked by Liu's misfortune, the others silently blew at the steam rising from their towels. It was almost bearable now.

They sneaked along the wall in a line, heading towards the exit of

the building. Scared students had formed a crowd downstairs.

After confirming that everyone was safe, they let out a long sigh of relief. Liu Xiaoyang sat on the ground, feeling cold between his legs. He looked down and realized...

It was bedtime, so nobody was dressed properly. They were wearing shorts, briefs, bedsheets, some of them nothing.

Mu Lejiang looked around and saw that nobody had noticed. "The fire..." he whispered to his roommates.

"It can't have been us. I put it out after dinner."

"Did you put on the special cover?"

"What was that for? Could the stove rekindle?"

They exchanged several glances before changing the topic.

"Fine day, isn't it?"

"Yes, It's cool."

Before the fire truck could arrive, the dormitory staff had already put out the fire with the fire extinguishers. It was said that the origin of the fire had been a tiny kindling point.

They all observed the stove carefully and reached the wonderful conclusion that they hadn't committed arson.

The tired boys felt relieved. They lay down and fell asleep soon.

Ye Dong didn't return to the dormitory until the next day. He told them that the fire had been a fine example of "no zuo, no die".

Several students had held a firework party on the rooftop of their building after the celebration. They'd had all kinds of fireworks and beer.

They had drunk beer under the stars and watched the colorful fireworks in the sky. It had been really cool.

They had forgotten that there were piles of colorful ribbons, paper flowers and posters left after the celebration though.

A small firework had silently started burning under the posters, producing stinky, dense smoke, although it had not been burning fiercely.

Aware that they'd been enveloped in smoke, the students had run away instead of checking the source of the smoke.

According to the staff, they had found nothing but a lump of plastic emitting thick smoke. That had been the origin of the fire.

If they'd had a clear mind, the students could have prevented a tragedy by pouring water on it. Their drunk brains had made them all idiots though.

Qin Guan was packing his luggage, complaining without any guilt, "Those guys don't take public safety seriously. They brought prohibited items into our dormitory without scruple."

What about your spirit stove and the cheap water heater?

Ye Dong agreed with Qin Guan and added, "Our college will do a general inspection. The tutors in charge will check our dormitories for any prohibited items. They'll search each room one by one."

"What?"

"What?"

"When?"

"Now! Building No. 2 has already been inspected. If I'm right, the inspection group has to be in the corridor."

"What the f\*ck..."

"Ye Dong, could you be more practical? You're talking rubbish all the time. This is a big thing..."

Ye Dong was confused. "We only have a water heater. They're not interested in that kind of thing."

Li Jie covered his face sadly. "I just wanted to eat instant noodles. I'm not to blame. My investment will go to waste now..."

He pulled the spirit stove from under the bed.

"My political career will be ruined!" Ye Dong yelled desperately. "We must destroy all evidence!"

"Use your high IQ! Or do you use it only for food?"

Qin Guan had gotten dressed by then. He picked up his suitcase. "I'm leaving. Put the alcohol in the plastic bucket and take the stove apart. I'll put the parts in my trunk."

Remaining calm was the best strategy. As Qin Guan was about to go out, he saw the tutors and inspectors walk towards his dormitory.

# Chapter 184: The Human Rights Of A Tortoise

---

Qin Guan retreated to his dormitory. He picked up a pen and wrote six graceful characters on the bucket, "Niulanshan Erguotou".

A kind of famous but cheap spirit in Beijing.

Then he threw the pen to Liu Xiaoyang, ready to fool the inspectors with his acting skills.

The pen hit Liu on the forehead, leaving a large dot there. Dear Qin Guan, you are only pretending to be calm. You are actually frightened. You forgot to put the cap on the pen.

As Qin Guan was approaching the inspectors, he whispered to himself, "Keep calm! You're a brave boy!"

His legs were not trembling.

As he was about to brush past them, a girl in the inspection group asked, "Senior Qin, is that you?"

The question attracted the tutors' attention. She was staring at the bucket. This looks like alcohol!

"What's this?"



Qin Guan looked at her with his most innocent expression. "It's for the crew. I'm a green hand, so I have to get close to them."

Liar! You ran away like a rabbit after the shooting. It's your agent who kept flattering the crew shamelessly.

Unexpectedly, the strict tutor was convinced. Qin Guan is having a hard time. He even has to pay for the alcohol!

Wang Lei, who was hiding behind the door and observing the situation, was laughing at their IQ. If we knew they were such idiots, we wouldn't have sent Qin Guan to deal with them.

Qin Guan left, and the group entered their dormitory. Wang Lei realized that their IQ had returned to normal.

It was unfair. Wang Lei let out a long sigh in front of the tutor and the students. This was Qin Guan's home court after all.

Qin Guan got to the studio and put on his costume. Everyone patted him on the shoulder, expressing their sympathy.

Qin Guan fastened the turtle shell around his body and lay down before the gate of Prince Yan's mansion.

He tried to copy Xu Zheng's acting method. Putting his poker face on, he recited his lines in a flattering tone, "Your humble servant was a blind bastard. My senses were fooled. I was a crazy dog that bit its own master by accident..."

He started kowtowing. "Your Highness shouldn't fuss about a humble servant like me. Forgive me, Your Highness!"

What a slug! The actor who portrayed Zhu Di couldn't help but start laughing before Qin Guan could finish his lines.

All the onlookers burst into laughter, as if a water drop had fallen into a hot frying pan.

Hey, show some sympathy, guys! That was a heavy costume!

The director suppressed his smile before warning them, "Stop! Stop! You are wasting our money!"

Everyone kept laughing secretly.

In the next scene, Qin Guan had to fix his eyes on Zhu Di, who was sneering at the kneeling Gao Fuming.

"Your tears are flowing fast!"

Of course, I'm a poor tortoise! Qin Guan recited his funny lines, "Your Highness, it's not tears, it's the blood of your humble servant."

F\*ck! You're smirking, Zhu Di!

"My heart is bleeding whenever I think of my evil deeds. I see Your Highness' kind face and my heart breaks..."

Stop smiling, or you'll start laughing! Out of sight, out of mind. Qin Guan lay down on the ground again.

You did it, Qin Guan. If he'd looked at your face, he would have started laughing again!

After that scene, Qin Guan could rest for a few days. As a social elite though, he was still really busy. He had to work on his courses, study for the TOEFL, and shuttle between the two filming studios.

In half a month, his cheeks had become concave.

Nah, It's just you. You just missed a few meals.

Qin Guan finished working on the shows. He died twice and he would die two more times. He had been playing villains in all four plays after all! He lay on the steering wheel feebly, trying to weep, but failing to shed a tear.

Only delicious food could comfort him.

He was not far from Xiaochang Chen, so he decided to have a bowl of boiled pork giblets with baked wheaten paste.

No giblest-lover could say no to that. Originating from the Guanxu period of the Qing Dynasty (1644-1912) in the southern part of the capital, that dish had quickly conquered the country.

During that era, people living in the southern part of the city and engaging in physical work had replaced the pork in their broths with pork heads and giblests. After being processed by cooks, the dish had evolved into boiled pork giblests.

At Xiaochang Chen's restaurant, the chef boiled chitterlings, lungs, bean curd, blood curd and marinade together. After adding garlic juice, fermented bean curd and caraway, the thick soup got soft and tender. If the customer also bought some white-water sheepshead from Li's restaurant right next door, they'd enjoy the most perfect feast on the Earth.

# Chapter 185: The Manservant

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The soup was boiled again and again to feed the endless customers. After a long time, there was a pot of soup left. The restaurant's business was flourishing because of it.

Qin Guan was among a group of men who were eating and sweating. Nothing could compare to a delicious meal after a busy day.

Actually, there was something. A good salary!

The next day, Qin Guan returned to the studio for his last scene. He would get paid soon.

Finally, Cai Jing was defeated in a political struggle. He was degraded and exiled to the borders. He died on his way there due to the hardships he went through.

Qin Guan was lying in a torn carriage with dry lips. He was seriously ill. Looking in the direction of the imperial city, he closed his eyes reluctantly.

The script assistant nearby was sobbing. Her eyes had nearly swelled.

Why do those evil guys kill all the characters? The hero's fiancée and parents all died for the heroine. Why don't you die instead? Leave Master Cai alone!

Qin Guan finished the scene without any trouble. "So much for Cai Jing! Let's applaud him!" the director suggested. He was happy, as Qin Guan had added glamour to the funny show.

Qin Guan got an extra bonus. This was one of the advantages of a generous production.

There was also an advantage to being a supporting actor. If the crew got to know you, you would have a steady flow of jobs.

Fang Pingping walked up to Qin Guan as he was packing his things. She touched his bag on the ground with her tiptoe. "Why don't you stay longer? You could at least attend the celebration."

"I have another show to shoot. And another one after this. I'm really busy these days."

Fang looked at him in surprise. "You work harder than me! Do you want to make a living in the entertainment circle?"

"No, I'm a college student. I only act in my spare time. Besides, if I wanted to join the circle, I'd have to attend all the social activities."

Fang felt insulted. "I'm a nobody in the circle. Ever since '[Prince Pearl](#)', I have gotten lots of main roles, but I couldn't impress the audience. 'Prince Pearl' has limited my choices."

A popular TV series in the early 2000s.

Qin Guan smiled to himself and comforted her, "In two years, you'll be a superstar! I have faith in you."

With the development of the internet, you will define the beauty standards of a whole generation. You will make the pointed face popular.

The girl seemed happy with Qin Guan's flattery. "It's unrealistic to have such a handsome guy praise me. I have to fight for success. I have to become more famous so I can help you. We are schoolmates after all!"

Qin Guan opened his arms, and they hugged each other farewell.

"It was nice to meet such a considerate boy while I was feeling so low. Stop! Stop! This is not goodbye forever. I have your number, young man. I will call you and invite you to social gatherings! Oh, I wanted to ask you a question on behalf of my female schoolmates. Do you have a girlfriend?"

"Yes," Qin Guan answered unconsciously.

Fang Pingping smiled. She patted Qin Guan on the back and winked at him. "Me too."

Qin Guan was stunned. "You have a girlfriend?"

Before Fang could raise her fist, Qin Guan walked away, looking back and waving his arms at her. Fang waved back at him with a smile.

I have to work hard today. Shall I see him after work?

Meanwhile, at another studio there was a different show, way more interesting than "Grace Princess". The assistant director was interviewing actors. It was said that the play was just a way for the producer to promote his lover.

Qin Guan passed the audition and checked out the crude props. The set was simple, and the actors were horrible. It was really bad.

The salary for each episode was 1,000 yuan higher than other shows though, so Qin Guan decided to stay.

The title of the show was "Female Servants of the Red Mansion". Just as it implied, it was a play about women. The scriptwriter kept changing the plot all the time.

Normally, female servants like Yuanyang and Pingr would be beauties of different styles, so Qin Guan had expected to see beautiful girls there. Alas, there were none.

Wang Xifeng was standing in the middle of the set with Pingr, who would have a romantic relationship with him. Wang looked like a middle-aged woman. They were both looking at Qin Guan with open nostrils, as if they were nymphomaniacs.



The other servants, Ningr, Huar and Duor, looked even worse. Qin Guan couldn't even bear to look at them.

He began to defend Jia Lian, his character, against that injustice. His character was supposed to be more beautiful than any girl in the show.

He didn't say anything when he got his costume. As a childe of the Duke Mansion, he had to dress like a junkman.

Even at "Romance Across Time and Space", Gao Fuming's costume had been top quality. When Qin Guan saw one of the other actors though, he suppressed his annoyance. At least he would suffer alongside a future superstar.

This was not Hang's lucky day. He was a drifter in Beijing, playing tiny roles in every production, and an acquaintance had introduced him to this studio to play a manservant.

That's right! He would be playing Qin Guan's manservant, who was mentioned once or twice in the original work. To Hang's pleasure, he would have some lines. More than one actually!

## Chapter 186: So Funny!

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Huang Bo felt bored in a crew full of girls who always talked about clothes and makeup. There was no other man around. Therefore, he was really happy when he saw the actor who would play Jia Lian that day.

He was stunned when Qin Guan walked out of the dressing room with a high bun and a green gown though. Oh, my! That man is way more beautiful than those chattering girls!

Huang Bo lost his head. I'm not good at getting along with elegant people, and that guy looks like a nobleman. He will ignore me if I greet him.

Meanwhile, Qin Guan had rolled up his long sleeves and walked up to Huang, hugging him around the shoulders.

"Huang Bo? Are you the actor who will play Xingr? I'm Qin Guan, and I'll play Jia Lian. We'll become good friends. It's nice to meet you."

"Same here, same here." Huang gave him his symbolic silly smile. He looked confused.

Good lenses, but bad frames. He's a bold guy. I like him.

They had gotten close from their first meeting. In 10 minutes, they were already familiar with each other.

As an elder brother, Huang thought he had the responsibility to tell Qin Guan about the crew.

"We wonder if the producer wants to promote a certain actress. It might be Yuanyang. Pingr is impossible. She is such an ugly girl. Don't provoke those girls. One of them could be the producer's lover. Stay with me, I'll protect you."

Protect him from what? From the girls?

Before Huang could finish his speech, the girl named Ningr came over to greet Qin Guan.

"So you're the actor who will play Second Master Lian? Why don't you introduce yourself to us?" she said, pointing to the group of actresses.

The girls were looking at Qin Guan. They all pushed up their breasts and fixed their hair, trying to impress the handsome guy.

Qin Guan dared not go. He had to fabricate an excuse to escape.

What will I do later in the studio?

The director was not interested in Qin Guan's feelings. The first scene began soon.

In a show full of women, Qin Guan's part was not that big. In the first scene, he committed adultery with Ningr, his wife's servant. Unfortunately, he was caught by Wang.

Jia Lian was quite a mighty man! He even debated putting on his clothes again.

It was a perfect scene. The director stopped three times, because Ningr was staring at Qin Guan's chest. Wang Xifeng also forgot her lines five times, because she was staring at his face. Generally speaking, the two-minute scene was a f\*cking success!

Exhausted, Qin Guan walked out of the studio. Huang Bo tried his best to suppress his laughter. His small charming eyes seemed to be gloating.

To Qin Guan's disappointment, Huang was too young at the time to have his symbolic wrinkles.

Staring at Huang and Yuanyang before the camera, Qin Guan sighed with emotion. The superstar is still a nobody. He can only play a manservant.

He had a long way to go before he became successful. Those roles were insignificant, but his hard work would lead to success.

Qin Guan came back to Earth and saw Huang finish his scene smoothly. Then the two of them got together again and began to criticize the scriptwriter. With some beer and cold dishes, they

could talk about that awful script for a whole day.

"After the birth of her daughter, [her tripe became a rock!](#)"

It indicates infertility.

"She deserves it. As servant girls, we have to fight for our destiny."

The two guys were left speechless by the lines. They laughed so hard that they started feeling dizzy.

Then it was time for Qin Guan's next scene. He had to put on a cloak weaved by black and white yarn.

"Pingr has my son? Pingr has my son? I had no idea! How?"

The director made a grimace full of anxiousness and excitement.

"Pingr has my son?" Huang fell on the ground and rolled around in laughter. What funny lines! Is that your father's son? What a tragedy!

"Madam and Master promised me that I could marry anyone I like." Those lines must have been written by a group of illiterates. You could get a concubine, but never marry her!

"Wang Xifeng! You always bully me, but you have to obey me now!"

Qin Guan's character seemed like a coward who was only strong on the outside. His voice was shaking as he recited his lines.

His secret of success was imagining that Cong Nianwei had discovered his own adultery. Wang Xifeng was nothing but a firecracker, but Cong Nianwei was a canon!

He had never experienced the anger of that calm girl.

Qin Guan could not help but shiver at the thought.

"Ha ha ha!" Huang Bo fell off his seat from laughing too hard. He's so talented! How can he be this good when he's so young? A man cannot be judged by his looks.

The director looked at Huang speechlessly. He also hated that terrible show, but he had to carry on. He was under great pressure. Nobody knew his pain.

Are you the troublemaker? You're lucky the final shot was finished, or I'd kill you!

# Chapter 187: Accepting The Younger Brother

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"Shut up! Silence! Do your f\*cking work! Move! Get ready for the next scene!" The director cast a warning glance at Huang Bo.

Huang bent his head and hid behind his script. He wouldn't miss the next action scene for the world. Perhaps you're wondering why there was an action scene in that show? Keep watching to find out!

Pingr was torn by grief. She intended to commit suicide with the scissors on the table, but Jia Lian seized the scissors and shouted, "No! I'll die with you!" The two of them started wrestling together, fighting over the scissors.

Huang's tiny eyes were shining with laughter. It looked like he was farting.

Wang Xifeng was shocked. "Second Master, calm down! Look at the bigger picture!"

"You look at the f\*cking bigger picture! You are always blocking the view from me!" Jia Lian couldn't seize the scissors from a girl, so the three of them ended up wrestling together. What a mess it was!

"Okay!" the director shouted. He ran outside immediately, as if relieved from a heavy load. Huang was still laughing.

Annoyed, Qin Guan took off his gown and told Huang, "My work is done for today. I'll be free for several days. You have no lines left. What's your plan?"

Huang grinned and said in a self-mocking tone, "I'll just be waiting for notices. I have to stay in the area and look for new opportunities."

Qin Guan had a flash of inspiration. He pulled Huang with him and walked towards Sister Xue, who was standing sleepily by the set. He wanted to introduce them to each other. That way, Sister Xue wouldn't starve when he left.

He made a mutual introduction, which surprised them both.

Huang was thinking, "Should I get an agent? It's too early. Does an extra even need an agent?"

Sister Xue was thinking to herself, "What a joke! No brand will hire such a short boy as a model. And look at his face!"

After negotiating, Sister Xue had agreed to remain Qin Guan's agent until he left for the US. Then he wouldn't need to worry about the film or TV circle anymore.

Qin Guan just wanted Sister Xue to give Huang a chance. The final outcome would depend on his talent.

The shepherd didn't care about the number of the sheep after all.



Besides, the new sheep was obviously a wild goat, so he would be much easier to deal with than Qin Guan.

Sister Xue learned about figurant auditions from several crew members and made a tight schedule for Huang. She was unprecedentedly satisfied with his admiring expression.

Compared to picky Qi Guan, Huang was by far the better actor. He was afraid of neither hardship nor fatigue. Besides, he asked for very little in a play. He was happy with one line or a close-up of his face. Could he become my next source of money in the future?

In the flourishing film and TV industry, there were many similar groups doing business on their own. Neither Qin Guan nor Huang were famous at the time though, and big companies held such small fish in contempt.

They had no desire to sign a contract with Sister Xue, so she and Qin Guan had been free and unfettered for a long time. Those wonderful days would be gone though, as Qin Guan's advertisements were aired on all TV channels.

The pharmacy plant had invested a large amount of money in promotion, and the other two famous brands had done the same.

The TV audience thought this was a strange phenomenon. Whenever they turned on their TV, no matter the channel, they would see that handsome boy.

"Xianqu Biscuits, your best choice!"

In the evening, a housewife saw the advertisement during the break of a cooking program. On the screen, Qin Guan was fighting with a cute dog over a package of biscuits.

The woman swallowed her saliva as her tiny dog barked at the TV.

"Okay! We'll go to the supermarket after supper and buy those biscuits!"

The dog lay down on the floor again silently. Not long after, the woman stood up and prepared to go out. "Still hungry? Let's have a snack first!"

...

Another woman was watching her favorite health program, when she saw a snotty boy on the screen.

"Poor boy! He should go to the hospital at once!"

In one second, Qin Guan had already recovered and he was smiling at her, holding the XXX medicine.

Absorbed in thought, the woman stood up and decided to buy the medicine. It seems to have a good effect! Don't judge it only by an

advertisement, woman!

It was late at night, and a young white-collar woman was lying down on the couch. She looked exhausted. Overcome by boredom, she turned on the TV to watch a midnight series. Suddenly, a naked handsome young man appeared on the screen.

She cheered up at once. Sitting up, she fixed her eyes on the screen.

Qin Guan was in the shower. Water drops were flowing along the sexy muscles of his back and down to his slender waist. Qin Guan wiped the water from his face and turned around, facing the audience.

It was a high-definition ad. The blue veins on the woman's hand, the one that was holding the remote, popped up.

"Turn around! Turn around!" Chest. Abdominal muscles. The Adidas body wash. "I love sports, but I also love taking a shower afterwards. Adidas body wash, the right choice!"

# Chapter 188: Becoming Famous

---

F\*cking body wash! She threw the controller at the couch angrily. Tomorrow I'll buy it! Who said sports body wash is only for men? Who?

Finally, Qin Guan had become famous. His advertisements were everywhere. Of course, the audience didn't remember his name, but it was familiar with his striking face.

J clothing and LEE jeans were doing good on sales, and so was ELLE clothing, which had published a photo of Qin Guan on its back cover. The brands who had invited Qin Guan to their shows could also show off to their distribution partners.

Qin Guan's status in the modelling circle was upgraded to somewhere between B+ and A-. The director of the Marketing Department at New Silk Road was in a really good mood. A rising star would promote the image of the whole company.

The offers for advertisements, runway shows and printed media came one by one. His phone nearly exploded from ringing 24/7. The audience had made its decision.

Other big 4A advertising companies rushed over. Very seldom could a face be remembered by the audience like that, let alone a face that belonged to a male model.

Film companies, who always observed the events in the entertainment circle, also took action.

A guy that 30% to 40% of the audience was familiar with was extraordinary even for them. Qin Guan was more famous than their second level stars. They could never let such a talent slip away.

Sister Xue's phone kept ringing from early morning till late night.

They wanted to have an interview, take photos, invite Qin Guan to fashion shows, or sign a contract with him. Sister Xue was very annoyed.

That was only one side of reality though. Meanwhile, a terrible rumor was spreading on the internet.

"The most handsome actor in period dramas was originally a model." That was the gossip going around.

"I have a catalogue of Qin Guan's photos!" Fans had made a film using Qin Guan's videos and photos.

"Qin Guan is a senior here!" This was a post from a traitor from college. In a short time, the posts about Qin Guan reached the top of the Haijiao Forum.

It was the first time Qin Guan felt annoyed by his fame. The students at his college knew him well, so he was under observation all the time.

Putting on sunglasses and a cap, Qin Guan met the real estate agent in secret. He sighed in relief. It was a wise decision to buy a car in advance. Otherwise, I would not be able to escape from college. They keep gossiping about everything. They follow me everywhere and share their experience online with other fans.

The attitude of the agent had changed completely. I have served a star. Although he was only an advertisement star, it was enough for him to show off to his other clients.

I'm Qin Guan's exclusive agent. He bought more than ten houses from me. That sounds really powerful and professional!

He put a pile of paperwork on the desk. He had gone through every street and hutong, distributed leaflets, and fought with the neighborhood committees, all for Qin Guan.

In 10 days, he had found eight small houses of different structures in different areas. He had also gotten the phone numbers of the owners. That day, he would show Qin Guan everything.

They walked around an area with one-storey houses. The houses there had grey walls and seemed very old.

Qin Guan entered a small house. At first glance, he saw bed sheets, clothing and diapers hanging on a clothesline in the yard.

The agent led Qin Guan through all the blocks. Finally, they reached the house furthest to the right. Before he took out the key, an old woman stopped him. She was cleaning vegetables right next door.

"Hey, young man. Where are you from? Why are you going into Zhang's house?"

"I'm an agent, madam. The owner has hired me to sell the house. This is a buyer."

The old woman was surprised. She put down the vegetables and stood up. "Aha! You're that boy from the advertisements! The medicine, the biscuits... I've watched them all!"

Qin Guan smiled.

The old woman cheered up. He is more handsome than he looks in the advertisements. I should help him so he doesn't lose any money.

She followed them into the house in high spirits. She was afraid that Qin Guan might be cheated by the agent.

It was a small house with only one bedroom and a living room. In fact, it was just one room divided by a wall. The kitchen was in the yard, and the washing room was outside. There was nothing much to see.

The room was facing east and west, and it was around 30 square metres. It would be a good residence for a single man.

The old woman thought Qin Guan would leave in disappointment. The agent looked nervous as well.

"How much is it?" Qin Guan asked.

"4,000 yuan per square meter. More than 120,000 in total."

"Okay, deal! Show me the next one!" The other two were shocked. You're buying a house after only one glance? You should bargain, or try to look for shortcomings!

By the time the old woman came back to her senses, they had already left.

"That boy is so generous. Lao Zhang is really lucky! He got rid of that shabby house!"



# Chapter 189: Negotiation

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It took them less than an hour to go through the whole area.

There were eight houses on sale. The total area was about 500 square metres, and the unit prices ranged between 3,500 yuan to 4,200 yuan. Qin Guan actually bought them all!

The total amount was two million, which was enough to buy three houses in the city.

The agent was over the moon. After that last round, Qin Guan signed the contract in satisfaction.

The agent was mad with joy. If he added his commission that month and Qin Guan's bonus, he had made a big fortune!

Besides, Qin Guan had entrusted the leases of all eight houses to him. Houses in that area were popular in the house-renting market.

Hiding behind his desk, the agent opened the envelope with his bonus excitedly. Judging by its thickness, there had to be at least 1,000 yuan in it. Good, new 10-yuan bills. That's why it was so thick...

Qin Guan was finally relieved. He didn't need to do anything anymore. He just had to wait till Wanda started its business in 2004. Then his money would be multiplied by six.

My capital was limited. Otherwise, I would have invested more.

In the summer, the sun was shining fiercely in the capital and in Sister Xue's heart, who was now addressed respectfully as 'Sister' in the modelling circle.

In the past few years, there had been many female models springing up, but male models were as rare as pandas. The combination of an informal agent and an independent model had shocked everyone in the circle.

Reviewing Qin Guan's past, they discovered that as a green hand, he had participated in top shows and received positive evaluations. Thanks to his fame in the entertainment circle, Qin Guan had also become popular in the domestic modelling circle.

Sister Xue was meeting with delegates from film companies in her private meeting room at New Silk Road.

"Impossible! You're really stingy about sharing profits! I won't sign a contract with you!"

One of the delegates knocked on the contract in dissatisfaction. "Two of a trade can never agree. It's common sense. But you invited us here, you cunning woman! You have the perfect model, so you make all the calls!"

"We should just put all the terms on the table. That way, you can

choose the best option. As long as you're satisfied, we have nothing to complain about. You are Qin Guan's exclusive agent after all."

"But she's saying no to everything! Are you kidding?"

Sister Xue forced a smile and picked up her pack of cigarettes. "Would you mind?"

The men also took out their cigarettes with a nervous expression. "Not at all."

Everyone started smoking together.

Sister Xue blew some smoke out before sighing. "I know your terms are as favorable as possible for us, but do you know what my share was at the beginning?"

"80 percent?"

"70 percent?"

"60 percent? Couldn't have been lower than that."

"30 percent! 30 percent for me and 70 for him!"

Everyone was stunned. The cigarettes nearly burnt their fingers. Impossible! They immediately felt sympathetic towards Sister Xue.

They now shared the bitter hatred of a common enemy.

Sister Xue started telling them about her woes, "He took only part-time jobs in his spare time. He refused to sign a long-term contract. He didn't accept plays outside the capital for fear of them affecting his courses. He denied longer plays or roles for the same reason..."

The delegates were feeling more and more sorry for Sister Sue. Misfortune always narrowed the gap between people. Sharing one's miserable experiences with others brought people close and strengthened the friendship between them.

Silence prevailed in the meeting room. No company could meet Qin Guan's demands.

He had been born an independent guy, but this was like waiting for food to start falling from the sky.

As a rising green hand, one could not set such strict terms on their contract. They had to compromise in order to become a superstar.

Sister Xue saw the opportunity and grabbed it.

"I know why you are all so eager to sign a contract with Qin Guan. I know him very well. He is an amazing model, but you must be wary of him. I promise that, as long as he is my model, he will cooperate with you whenever you need him, provided that the

schedule is okay. The pay will also be reasonable. Don't worry, we won't play any dirty tricks when competing for roles, or seize main roles in plays with larger investments. Now, there's some good news. Qin Guan is a great student at college. He will go abroad in two years. Don't be afraid. Actors can see a clear sky after a cloudy soon. Be tolerant!"

The delegates burst into tears. The one from H. Brothers was the most inconsolable.

According to his boss, he had to sign a contract with Qin Guan at any cost.

What will I do now? I achieved my goal without doing anything. I should stop wasting time here. I should go back and report everything to my boss!

# Chapter 190: Dedicating Oneself To The Motherland

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By the time they left, they had already become good friends and exchanged information with each other. When they were all gone, Sister Xue fell back against her chair and began beating her chest and stamping her feet.

She was really jealous of the contracts, which provided favorable enough terms for a second level star. I'm treating you fairly, Master Qin. I could have sold you at a high price just now, but I didn't.

The bosses were calm when they received the reports, but they suspended several actors. Good luck to them. They had to depend on their own skills now.

Qin Guan's refusal was a symbol of pureness in the entertainment circle. Some actors, who were frustrated with their talent, finally saw the light.

Qin Guan was chatting with Huang Bo, who was about to get a bonus that day. His character would commit suicide soon.

As an NPC, Huang Bo was sitting by the road, watching the final scene between Qin Guan and the protagonist.

Qin Guan was wearing a black gown and shining golden armor and sitting in a cave where treasure was buried. Huang wanted to

ask if Qin Guan was a close relative of the prop master. His costume was the best one in the whole play.

Holding the order flag with both hands, Qin Guan sat up before [Chen Youliang](#)'s deadee.

Chen Youliang (1320-1363) was one of the leaders of the peasant uprising at the end of the Yuan Dynasty.

The director zoomed in on his sad face. The cameraman was speechless. This is discrimination.

The director had his own reasons. The audience ratings would be raised by 0.01. That was the truth. The biscuits advertisement, where Qin Guan's face had occupied the whole screen, had seemed like a makeup advertisement.

"Camera!"

Qin Guan read his lines in a heart-breaking tone. "My lady, the young lord has betrayed you. I have the order flag, but I'm powerless." He closed his eyes in grief and indignation.

Disregarding his sorrow, Consort Shu criticized Gao loudly.

Qin Guan stared at her in disappointment.

"I had originally planned on killing Zhu Di, but he died. I can drop the idea of becoming queen forever now!"

Qin Guan closed his eyes, tears falling down.

Huang Bo was shocked. What a wonderful actor! He cries so naturally. Qin Guan continued speaking.

"Gao Fuming, return with me and admit your guilt," the heroine tried to convince him.

Qin Guan laughed crazily. Huang was learning from him.

Everyone had a good opinion of Qin Guan. Gao was a loyal man, but he had a really stupid master.

Qin Guan laughed miserably before he said loudly, "I am a patriot, and I'm loyal to the throne. You should be feeling guilty. You are the one who betrayed our country!"

By then, the assistants and script girls watching Gao Fuming had tears in their eyes. They could feel the extreme despair of failing to dedicate oneself to one's country.

Qin Guan cried before the deadee, "My Lord, I'm coming! I'll die with everlasting regret!"

He threw the order flag up to the sky, took out his sword, and touched his neck with the sharp blade.



All the shots were close-ups, without exception.

Qin Guan supported his body with the sword as he kneeled before the deadee. His eyes were wild, and his armor was shining. This was the last glory of his miserable life.

As one girl stopped crying, another one started. The director waited for a long time before he shouted, "Okay!" The cameraman cast another supercilious look at him.

Qin Guan stood up on his aching knees. Huang Bo walked up to him.

"Hey, bro. Wonderful acting! You started crying just in time!"

Qin Guan looked around and whispered to Huang, "I'll tell you my secret. You can have tears in your eyes in ten seconds."

"Just close your mouth and take a deep breath through your nostrils. Just like a yawn. Don't open your mouth though."

Huang did as Qin Guan told him.

"Hold up and blow out slowly through your nostrils, just like holding in a yawn. Your nose feels sour, right? Tears must be on the corners of your eyes now!"

"If you want the tears to start flowing, just repeat the process."

Huang listened carefully. It's so simple! It's much easier than triggering my emotions!

Sister Xue smirked in disdain. Lazy guys like Qin Guan used their high IQ to come up with tricks. He must have thought really hard about this one.

After sharing his secret with Huang, Qin Guan tried to take off his armor. "What are you doing?" the assistant director asked him.

"My part is over. I have to go to another filming studio." The female servants were all waiting for him.

"You have to play the corpse!"

Qin Guan put on his helmet again speechlessly. Who added that part? Why not something better? I know your plan! You just want to shoot my face! I don't care as long as you pay me!

Huang wanted to laugh again, but he held his laughter back. He had to ask Qin Guan for a lift to the next studio.

# Chapter 191: Different Ways Of Life

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Qin Guan finished all his scenes for the show. When he went out of the dressing room, several crew members silently put snacks in his hand.

What a considerate crew! Qin Guan said goodbye to Xu Zheng, Zhang Ting and the other actors on the set and left officially.

Exhausted, he returned to his dormitory. Only when he lay down on his bed did he realize that the semester was coming to an end and exam season was approaching. Tomorrow he would be taking his first exam!

He jumped out of bed and took out a dust-covered flashlight from a tool box under his bed. I'm a rich man now, but I still need that scholarship to show my academic achievements.

Besides, he also had to keep Bu and Wang's books. He really had to work hard.

What was happening? Why were his roommates getting up one by one?

"You dressed up like a miner and tied a flashlight to your head! We are not deaf! We heard you ask Wang Lei about what the tutor said about the exam!

They couldn't sleep thanks to Qin Guan's activities, so they

decided to study all night long.

They lit up candles, which made the whole room look like a mourning hall. It was not a good idea to study under the light of the lamps in the corridor. There were too many mosquitoes outside!

Not long after, they began to chat. The topic was switched naturally to their plans for the future.

"What are your plans after graduation? Everyone knows Qin Guan will go to the US. He won't be competing for a postgraduate recommendation with us, or hunting for a job at the talent fair."

Liu Xiaoyang scratched his head as he replied, "My credits are enough for four years. Our tutor informed me that he will be my personal tutor next year, so I'll get my postgraduate degree at our college."

"What?" Li Jie was stunned by the news. I had originally planned on studying hard during my senior year to get a postgraduate degree, but Liu will already be a postgraduate student next year! He skipped a grade again!

His roommates were amused by his thunderstruck expression as another dagger was stabbed in his heart. "It seems that two guys from our dormitory will be postgraduate students in the future. One has already succeeded."

Li Jie felt like crying, but he could not produce any tears.

Wang Lei said leisurely, "I'll get my diploma next year and choose a suitable job at the recruiting fair. After two years, I'll try to take the exam and become a Certified Public Accountant. Then a promotion and a salary increase will follow."

It was a solid career plan from a sensible guy.

Qin Guan hugged Wang and tried to tempt him, "In two years, when you get your CPA certificate, I'll be returning to China. We could set up a business together then!"

Wang Lei narrowed his eyes and stared at Qin Guan intensely. "In the US, accountants, actuaries and auditors are completely different from their peers in China. You can't bring back what you'll learn there, and you won't be able to get a part-time job as an accountant in the US, as your Chinese diploma will mean nothing there. Besides, your postgraduate schedule will be too tight for you to get a job at a large company."

"Judging by your pride, you won't ask financial support from your family. Your girlfriend will go to either MIT, Harvard, or Columbia. I think you will choose a university in New York, as there's a top fashion industry there."

"After you graduate, you will return to China to look after your parents. Then you can have a talk with me. I'll already be an elite CFO at a national enterprise or a state-run bank."

"That's my guess. You go now!"

Everyone was speechless. What the f\*ck shall I say now?

Thoroughly rejected, Qin Guan lay down on the desk next to Li Jie.

Mu Lejiang massaged his nose shyly. "I'm planning on marrying my girlfriend as soon as I graduate. Then we'll return to my hometown, and I'll find a job in the provincial capital, which is thirsty for talented young men like me. I'll get promoted soon. My girlfriend is a dancer, so she can be a teacher or open her own studio. I'll support her."

The serious academic plan was suddenly replaced by a warm family future. Everyone admired the couple's future happiness and wished them their best.

"Send us an invitation to your wedding!"

"Of course! You will be my groomsmen!"

"Yeah!"

They all rushed up to him happily and embraced him.

Then they returned to their seats and picked up their books again.

Suddenly, Ye Dong seemed to recall something. He turned to Mu and said, "You two are the perfect couple. You care about each other and make compromises. Yang Jing and I are exhausted though. Our future looks dim."

Silence prevailed as Ye Dong talked about his problems, "My father and I have decided that I'll stay in the capital after graduation. I'll go fetch my parents as soon as I have some financial security in the city. Maybe I'll take the exam and become a civil servant. Our tutor asked me to stay and work here at college, but I refused. It's a good chance, but it's not enough for me. I'll probably get a recommendation and work for the Ministry of Finance and Economics. I'll work hard and climb up the hierarchy if I get hired. Gold always shines in the end."

Before Liu Xiaoyang could say anything, Ye Dong stopped him with a gesture. "I know what you want to say. I'm not a native, but except for the staff at the bottom of the hierarchy, there are few natives at the top. I'm patient. They say the salary at the Ministry is not bad anyway, so I won't starve to death."

# Chapter 192: A Group Visit To The Studio

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Qin Guan smiled to himself. Ye Dong, you are a wise man. You will only take an exam for the capital registered permanent residence!

Ye Dong paused there. "Yang Jing would rather return home. After four years, she still doesn't feel like she belongs here. She loves her small hometown."

They all got silent, the atmosphere suddenly becoming heavy. Mu Lejiang and Qin Guan felt lucky about their girlfriends compared to Ye Dong.

Qin Guan's girlfriend would go anywhere with him, and Mu Lejiang's was his childhood sweetheart. They wouldn't suffer the pain of parting or the melancholy of forgetting each other in the desolated world.

Liu Xiaoyang sniffled. It was too sad. He and Li Jie were close to tears whenever they thought about parting in one year.

Qin Guan was more sensitive towards other people's emotions after working in film-making. He changed the topic as soon as possible.

"Hey, guys. The preliminary matches for the World Cup will begin soon, right? Japan and South Korea are the hosts. We'll get a ticket without a doubt!"



Their attention was diverted from their sorrow. "Yes, you're right. The World Cup taking place in Asian countries is the best solution for our team."

"That's true. We won't have to compete against Japan and South Korea this time, but Iran, Iraq, Kuwait and Thailand might be a threat!"

Seriously? Is it right to sneer at one's own team?

The next morning, the boys entered the examination room with big yawns and black circles under their eyes. They were still thinking about the soccer match.

They wouldn't return home for the summer holidays. What was the most important thing during the last summer holidays? Being with one's brothers, of course! Okay, actually, soccer matches, beer and freedom were also important.

They gathered after the exams and looked at each other knowingly. They knew that most crazy holidays were coming!

Liu Xiaoyang returned home to check in with his parents. The others picked up their luggage and started for Qin Guan's home.

Cong Nianwei was the last one to hear the news. When she did, she sneered and hung up the phone.

Blinded by his excitement, Qin Guan ignored her sneering. He was anxiously waiting for the carnival.

Before that though, he would have to finish filming his last scenes. His roommates, who wanted to stir up trouble, said that they would be his temporary assistants.

"It's our first time on set ever! Aren't you a loyal friend?"

"We can be your assistants or fans! They say fans can visit their idols on set."

Qin Guan was hesitant. "It's not my fault. The first two shows would have been better for you. This one is a little strange though. It's a show for ladies. There are tens of actresses around. If you add the female extras, there must be about 100 girls working on set. The show itself is inexplicable. They overturn props and pay no attention to audience ratings. I think some fat cat is just spending money on promoting his girlfriend!"

His roommates looked even happier. "We're even more interested now! Maybe some girl will fall in love with us. We are handsome ourselves after all."

Wang Lei looked at Li Jie with a disdainful expression. He pointed at Qin Guan's face and said, "Stop dreaming! Try again when you are older."

Qin Guan was annoyed, but he called Sister Xue and got her

approval. Then they started for the studio together.

The girls were shocked when they saw the young men getting out of Qin Guan's car.

The boys began talking heatedly as soon as they saw the actresses.

"Who is the heroine? Are all of them heroines? They're really ugly!"

"Right! My Ayimina is better than them. I was an idiot to squeeze into that crowded car and drive all this way!"

Actually, the young men had very good taste. As prospective social elites, business moguls and government leaders, they preferred Qin Guan's face to those girls'.

The actresses misunderstood the looks they were giving Qin Guan.

"Wow! They are really Qin Guan's fans. Look at their expressions!"

"Alas! We have to compete with both female and male fans!"

Sister Xue hid herself silently.

By that time, Huang Bo had come out of the dressing room and spotted Qin Guan.

They greeted each other, and Qin Guan secretly introduced his roommates to him, which only fueled the actresses' discussion.

"Hang is so intimate with Qin Guan. He even greeted his fans. Do you think..."

"Impossible! Huang has a girlfriend."

"That wouldn't influence his love for another man..."

"Impossible! Qin Guan is so charming..."

"You didn't have a scene him! Right, Wang Xifeng and Pingr? Don't forget the producer of the show. If his girlfriend fell in love with Qin Guan..."

The girls kept chattering. Sister Xue brought several stools for them.

When Second Master Lian came out of the dressing room, the guys made sounds of admiration. He was the only good-looking character in the show.

When the setting was finished, Qin Guan's temporary partner, Xiao Hong, arrived.

"It's you!" they said at the same time.

It was an acquaintance. Xiao Hong used to play Zhang Chuchu's servant in "Romance Across Time and Space".

The girl was quite interesting.

# Chapter 193: Luring Glances

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The girl had been scuttling between filming studios throughout the year. Because of the limitation of her looks, she played different servant girls in different plays.

Before Qin Guan's rebirth, she had been in that situation for more than ten years, failing to get any good roles in a show.

She had appeared in about 100 plays, and the audience had recognized her, but never remembered her name. Was her name too simple? Or was the black spot on her lips too ugly?

Both of them were hard-working, but Qin Guan was much luckier than her. One advertisement of his equalled ten of her shows.

They had acted together before, so the scene went a lot smoother.

Feeling drunk, Jia Lian walked into Xiao Hong's room and attempted to molest her. When Jia Yun entered Xiao Hong's room, he immediately hid under the bed.

This was the first time Qin Guan's roommates saw him act like that. He was evil and concupiscent. Qin Guan hugged Xiao Hong, and Liu Xiaoyang took out his cell phone and snapped photos like crazy. He would use those photos in the future.

Jia Lian wanted to do something, but Pingr ran into the room to

stop him.

Jumping to a conclusion, the boys said, "F\*ck! Is she the producer's girlfriend? Why is she in every scene?"

"Impossible! If that's the producer's taste... Okay, forget it. Just watch Qin Guan. Leave the gossip for later."

The director was satisfied with their performance. "Prepare for the next scene!" he shouted at the prop master. "Lian and Xiao Hong will talk secretly about their wedding!"

"What the hell?" Mu Lejiang was nearly scared to death by his words. Xiao Hong and Jia Lian were having an affair? I'll kill the scriptwriter! I can't bear it! That's evil!

Jia Lian was a pig in the original work. It was common for him to molest servant girls, but make love with Xiao Hong?

That f\*cking show was known for its creative script. It was supposed to be about servant girls who rebelled against feudalistic oppression.

The others stopped him. They didn't want to lose the chance to watch such a funny show. Liu Xiaoyang hid among the crew members to get a good angle to take photos.

Sister Xue was teaching Huang a lesson. "Don't learn from Qin Guan. He's a money-grabber. I'll check for offers for you in the

future."

Huang was a good boy. "No problem! I'll take any show if it pays well."

Sister Xue was worried about him. One money-grubber went away, and another one came. Huang's only advantage was his free nature. Qin Guan put too many restrictions on himself. Judging by Huang's behavior, she thought she would get more profit out of him.

The scene changed. Qin Guan and Xiao Hong were talking under the candlelight. "Sure, I'll marry you. But I'm too busy these days. Besides, I don't have any money."

Xiao Hong was wearing white pajamas and smoothing her long hair with her fingers. "I know Wang Xifeng has a new idea to make money. I'll tell you if you marry me."

"Really? Tomorrow I'll report to the Madam. If we succeed, I'll marry you."

Mu Lejiang was pulled away from the site by his friends, tears covering his face.

You should get a concubine, not get married!

Nobody understood his sorrow. Qin Guan hugged Xiao Hong, who was not wearing much. Liu Xiaoyang's breathing quickened,



but he didn't stop snapping pictures.

Li Qian was lost in Qin Guan's charming smile. Following her heart, she fell on the bed in Qin Guan's arms.

All the actresses around were shouting in their minds, "Let Qin Guan go! Let me try instead!"

The scene ended with a shot of a red candle.

"Cut!" Qin Guan immediately tried to get up from the bed, but Li Qian was pulling on his clothes.

She winked at him and asked in a low voice, "Do you want a girlfriend in the entertainment circle?"

Qin Guan was shocked. He had kept his distance from everyone in the crew for a long time. What was happening now?

It was very simple. Partners in former TV shows were considered VIPs. Besides, those were older women.

On the set of "Grace Princess", Fang Pingping had protected him like a tigress. Nobody had dared approach him.

On the set of "Romance Across Space and Time", Qin Guan had had to shuttle between three studios, so he'd had no time to chat with other people. Li Qian had noticed him during that show, but

had failed to approach him because of his busy schedule.

Now they were partners though! His handsome face lingered in her mind.

I could show off with such a handsome boyfriend.

Qin Guan had no idea about her thoughts. He jumped out of bed, as if being stung by a scorpion. Keeping a distance of three metres from her and trying to look calm, he said, "I already have a girlfriend."

Li Qian smiled and leaned against the bedside table. "There's nothing to be nervous about. You can just select the best one." She raised her beautiful eyes up to him.

Qin Guan took several steps back and answered her seriously, "I'm planning on proposing to my girlfriend. This is only about work, not romance."

Li Qian doubted he was a virgin. Her interest was aroused even more.

She used her acting skills on Qin Guan. With a luring, soft glance, she said, "Would you like a trial before the wedding ceremony? I'm volunteering."

# Chapter 194: Drinking The Strongest Liquor And Marrying The Most Beautiful Woman

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Stunned, Qin Guan walked towards the door. He nearly stumbled on the threshold. Quivering, he replied, "No, thank you."

Then he disappeared like the wind.

Li Qian was amused by his escape. Such a pure guy is rare in the entertainment circle. I should protect him from the hungry wolves.

During their last scene, Li Qian was completely calm. She even cast a reassuring glance at Qin Guan.

Qin Guan secretly wiped cold sweat from his forehead. What the hell is this? There are thistles and thorns everywhere in the circle. Fortunately, I'm strong enough to protect myself. Others might have lost control and been seduced by her.

His roommates lost their interest in the next scene. Qin Guan was having a secret affair with another actress. It's so boring! Men, women, romance, adultery... It's nothing new. Is there anything even remotely original? Definitely! Surprising plot twists were everywhere. Pingr found her son, who had been lost for a long time, and escaped with a fortune before Jia Lian could find out.

Qin Guan was desperate when he heard the news. He looked up at the sky and laughed. "Wang Xifeng, why am I doomed? Why did

the gods destroy my family?"

As a fan of the original work, Mu remained silent. He was wearing earplugs and covering his eyes so he wouldn't do anything reckless.

After several scenes, the boys lost all interest in the shooting. It was getting hotter and hotter in the room, and they felt hungry and bored.

When the director announced the end of the shooting for that day, they turned their heads towards Qin Guan.

Qin Guan paid no attention to them. Instead, he said farewell to the director. All his scenes had been finished. Fortunately, his character didn't die in the play, which was definitely an advantage.

The group of actresses gathered around him.

"Are you leaving, Qin Guan? Why didn't you say goodbye to us?"

"I'll miss you, Brother Qin. Will you have a cup of tea with me sometime?"

"Hey! You are old enough to be his mother! How dare you call him brother?"

"What are you saying? I'm only 18! You're just jealous of me,

bitch!"

"That's ridiculous! You look like 50!"

"What are you saying, bitch?"

"I'll kill you!"

They began to fight. The director looked around and made sure the set and props would be safe. Then he went to drink his tea, pretending to see nothing.

The prop crew was the most anxious. Several strong men separated the women. Taking advantage of the chaos, Qin Guan sneaked away with his roommates.

Sister Xue felt ashamed on his behalf, but she had to stay with Huang Bo till the afternoon.

Qin Guan and his roommates escaped from the film studio. As soon as they squeezed into the car, they burst into wild laughter.

Liu Xiaoyang showed his photos to everyone proudly. Qin Guan was being pulled and pushed by girls in the pictures. After several failed attempts, he had to sign an agreement. He would cook for his roommates during the entire summer and treat the six hungry wolves on the way back.

What was the best food for a hot summer day? A foodie would go for vegetarian food.

Naturally, they thought of Zhenglongzhai, a cake shop with an 100-year history. There was a restaurant not far from Guangji Temple, for the convenience of monks and believers.

It was a small restaurant crowded by pilgrims.

It also had a small window for take-away. Products such as baked wheaten cakes, sweet fritters, walnut cakes and polished glutinous rice had a special Beijing flavor.

After a feast without meat and oil, they left in satisfaction. They had also bought some take-away cakes. It seemed that they would order dessert from that place for the whole holidays.

They returned to Qin Guan's house and drank beer while sitting on the couch. Soon, they started making plans for the summer.

Ye Dong and Mu Lejiang would do some volunteering work organized by the municipal government. They would work under the sun for eight to ten hours a day, helping tourists in the busiest sightseeing areas.

Qin Guan expressed his sincere admiration of them and their pursuit of power. Li Jie would follow Li Xiaoyang and attend his potential tutor's lessons. To be frank, he would use all available resources to carve a path for passing the exams for postgraduate

admission.

Wang Lei had a clear aim. The company he had been working for for three years had become a comprehensive company engaging in public relations and consulting. At the beginning, he had just been a claims man. Gradually though, he had been promoted to director and become in charge of all affairs related to part-time jobs, including recruitment, arrangement, cooperation and negotiation with affiliated companies.

Qin Guan was wondering if a gifted student from the Accounting Department could maintain his original goals after graduation. Wang Lei had succeeded in some aspects though.

Of course, Qin Guan considered himself the most successful and happy guy among them. As the saying went, a man had to drink the strongest liquor and marry the most beautiful woman.

# Chapter 195: You Are Jealous Of Me

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Qin Guan had drunk the strongest liquor, and the most beautiful woman was Cong Nianwei!

The next day, he got up, only to realize that all his friends had gone out to work and left him alone. That was not the worst thing that could happen. The worst thing was going to your first ever audition for a magazine, a magazine that was way too popular for you to say no, and meeting your arch enemy on the site.

Qin Guan and Shao Xiaobing met at ELLE's studio. If it wasn't for that meeting, Qin Guan would never have heard any news about that hypocrite again.

Qin Guan's status in the circle had been gradually upgraded though, so he would inevitably meet Shao at a fashion show at some point.

Ever since Shao's conspiracy had been discovered by New Silk Road, Qin Guan didn't think he would influence his life anymore.

Without jobs from the company, brand businessmen would contact him directly. Besides, Sister Xue was good at public relations.

The countless trouble Shao caused him was like an annoying fly though.



Generally speaking, their status in the modelling circle was equal. Shao had been struggling in the field since he was 14 years old though, so he had more contacts than Qin Guan. He could cause him lots of trouble if he wanted.

It was unpleasant to have such a narrow-minded rival. Shao used to call all the models he knew to isolate him, or delay his measurements. Sometimes, he even collided with Qin Guan secretly before a show. Qin Guan was a tough man, so could bear all those tricks. The only thing he couldn't bear was Shao's slander.

Qin Guan had no wild ambitions, but he still had some ideals.

He could sell Spring Festival scrolls in the chilly winter and kebabs in the hot summer. He could also sell women's swimsuits.

He had given up his carefree college life for his modelling career while he was still in the prime time of his youth. He had been trained by the best domestic tutors, and tolerated their rebuke and punishments.

He had learned about dancing, traditional Chinese formalities, classical Western formalities, musical instruments, calligraphy, chess, even martial arts. He had worked with different groups, such as printed media, advertising companies, and film and TV productions.

He had practiced a basic gesture repeatedly in an empty room in the deep night. He had read lines again and again in his bed to

learn from other actors.

Although he had been gifted with an extraordinary memory, he knew what the real meaning of his rebirth was and had worked hard to learn.

By then, everyone was saying what a lucky boy he was. No one paid attention to his secret endeavours.

During the audition, Qin Guan finally exploded.

He had a casual chat with Shao, but he couldn't stand the guy's malevolence anymore.

They would settle this once and for all in the empty waiting room.

Shao was sitting on the couch with his eyes closed. He kept sneering at Qin Guan, until Qin Guan pulled him up by his collar and pushed him against the wall.

It was the first time they were looking at each other from such a close distance.

After a slight confusion, Shao came back to his senses.

"What are you doing? You want to beat me? I've ashamed you into anger, huh?"

Qin Guan looked at him with the most sincere expression, delivering every single word clearly, "I don't know the reason behind your conspiracy, but I know I'm not the troublemaker here. I just wanted to tell you that you have wronged me!"

Shao stared at Qin Guan's eyes. He noticed that the young man had a pair of transparent, clean eyes with dark, mysterious pupils that hypnotized anyone who looked at them.

Shao Xiaobing realized the truth he had been ignoring. Qin Guan couldn't be suppressed by a single person or a company.

His looks were the reason for his success, and Shao was clear on the fact that, as long as Qin Guan existed, he would never reach the top.

He smiled bitterly at the thought.

"Is there anything wrong with my disapproval? I just don't like your extraordinary looks and nonchalant attitude."

Envy flashed across Shao's eyes. "There are so many models striving for years to participate in a show, and you turn down shows because the date doesn't suit you. There are so many models who want a place in the circle and a formal contract, so many models fighting to make ends meet... Some models can't even pay their rent!"

"Some lucky guys earn 5,000 to 8,000 yuan a month, while others earn that much in a year. What do you want to say to them? Why is this so unfair? You and your perfect looks! We have to kneel down to worship you! We can't blame god because he didn't give us better looks!"

Shao was getting more and more agitated as he spoke.

Qin Guan smiled gently. "You are jealous of me!"

# Chapter 196: Tangled

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"Nonsense! Jealous of you? Jealous of what? Your arrogance or your unreliable attitude towards life?"

Qin Guan loosened his collar, smiling like an evil spirit. "Everything. My unparalleled face, my attractive body..."

Shao was speechless. Why the hell am I even fighting with such a guy? He felt a deep sense of helplessness.

Smiling proudly, Qin Guan sat back down on the couch. "Actually, I'm a lucky guy. God gifted me with a perfect appearance, a smart brain and lots of luck. I also have a wonderful girlfriend..."

Shao rubbed his forehead. If Qin Guan kept showing off, he couldn't guarantee that he wouldn't beat him to the ground, although Qin Guan was much stronger than him.

"But..." Qin Guan suddenly changed his attitude. With the most serious expression, he turned around and faced his arch enemy.

"Ever since I was born, I have been struggling to live my life right. I do everything cautiously and conscientiously, no matter how important it is. I never skip a class; I treat all my friends honestly; I try my best to love my family and my girlfriend..."

"Why would you think that I'd treat my part-time job

irresponsibly? You are a famous model yourself. Do you believe sponsors and designers would praise me only for my perfect face and figure? You're really naive!"

"You think a director would tolerate my terrible acting for my good looks? Oh, I forgot. You've never acted. You can't understand the difficulties of being a supporting actor."

Shao looked amused. "Are you saying that I've treated you unjustly? If my memory serves, a photographer asked several background models to stand in the cold sea in winter to hold you on their shoulders so your unparalleled face would not freeze and influence the final outcome."

"If my memory serves, a director asked some staff standing around you to block the wind so the man-made wind would blow your hair back. I don't want to waste my breath on you..."

Shao wanted to stop the conversation there. His envy would only be exposed if he went on. He wanted to take some fresh air outside. He hated the righteous man sitting right across from him.

Qin Guan had gotten some useful information from Shao. He grabbed Shao's shoulder to stop him. "You realize you are jealous of my looks, not my attitude. Don't pretend to be so indifferent. I even felt a little guilty just now."

Shao was ashamed into anger. He turned his head around and stared at Qin Guan coldly. "I don't want to talk to you. Let me go!"

Qin Guan grinned. "Apologize to me!"

"Go to hell!"

"You dare hit me?"

"F\*ck! You're pulling my hair! Go away!"

They started fighting with each other, turning over the couch and the tea table. They fell down on the floor and began rolling around, their long legs getting tangled up.

They struggled to suppress each other in that limited space. Finally, the assistant outside heard the noise and pushed in, finding the exciting scene.

The two handsome guys were hugging each other with pink cheeks. Thin sweat covered their foreheads, and their slender legs were tangled together.

Qin Guan was laying on Shao's body. They had squeezed themselves in the small space between the couch and the wall. They were both looking at the assistant in surprise.

The young assistant understood. He gave them an apologetic smile and nodded. "Sorry, just go on. I just wanted to inform you that the interview is about to begin. I can wait another 20 minutes for you though."

"No need, we'll come at once!"

"Wait, we're ready!"

They spoke at the same time. Exchanging a glance with each other, they turned their heads in different directions.

The assistant was clear on the situation. They're shy. It's all my fault.

He looked at them kindly. Qin Guan and Shao Xiaobing managed to get out from under the couch. Shao fixed his hair in the mirror and realized a piece was missing. Meanwhile, Qin Guan massaged his jaw. Is there a scratch?

Putting on their most polite expression, they followed the assistant to the interviewing hall.

The interview was for a feature of domestic models telling stories about rising models.

For the readers of ELLE, it was a big deal. Besides, this was Qin Guan's first formal interview with ELLE.

He wanted that issue to sell like crazy.

With a calm expression, Shao watched Qin Guan interview before



him. It was another indirect indication that he was behind Qin Guan in the modelling circle.

The journalist working for ELLE turned on her recorder and began the interview.

Question 1: Had you thought of engaging in this profession before? Or some other profession related to beauty?

Qin Guan: Never. I'm a student at the Accounting Department of my university. My major is the most boring one there is. It is my aim now though. For me, the fashion industry is like Alice's Wonderland. It is unbelievably beautiful!

Shao's expression eased up a bit.

# Chapter 197: Arousing Enthusiasm

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Question 2: How did your modelling career begin? Can you tell us about your experience?

Qin Guan: I like making money the best. I learned about this profession by accident while I was doing a part-time job.

Shao nearly burst into laughter. His agent sent him to give an interview without advance preparation? That's really brave of her!

If Sister Xue had been there, she would have been mortified. She thought Qin Guan, who had been working really hard recently, would be more reliable than he used to be. She had been too busy helping Huang Bo to come.

Qin Guan explained to the surprised journalist, "After I started though, I discovered the hardships of the job. I'm lucky that I don't need to accumulate experience through far-fetched jobs. I met with talent scouts right from the beginning, and they made a plan for me and helped me get where I am today. I have worked at car exhibitions and fashion shows. I have done advertisements for both printed media and TV. After one year, I have earned a lot of experience."

.....

There were routine questions, which Qin Guan answered sincerely. Shao now had a better understanding of Qin Guan than before. It seemed that Qin Guan was not a man who depended

solely on his face.

After each routine question, the journalist would ask an interesting question to attract the readers' attention.

Question 10: You have a larger career than most traditional domestic models. You have worked in TV shows, advertisements and fashion shows. Many people think that you just rely on your youth. What are your expectations and wishes for your future development? Will you focus on modelling, or try something else?

I'm not an idiot. I won't tell the truth. If I reveal that I'm going to the US in one year, it may influence the ratings of the TV shows!

Qin Guan decided to muddle along with a vague answer.

"My friends always complain about how fast time passes. One year ago, I was only a green hand in the circle. With a lot of effort, I have managed to turn into a bird ready to fly in the sky. Although I am still far from becoming a swan, nobody grows up without getting older. That's how you get life experiences."

"Of course, fans don't need to worry about the influence of time. In 10 years, I'll be a handsome celebrity. In 20 years, I'll be a successful man. In 30 years, I'll be an old man with a lingering charm. No matter my age, I'll always be relying on my heart. That doesn't change with the passing of time."

The journalist was amused. They all laughed together.

Qin Guan thought this was the perfect chance to put a captivating end to his interview. With a serious, sincere expression, he said, "Before every job, I like to know the story behind the beautiful costumes, the script, or the creative advertisement."

You mean you like to know the profit you'll be making.

"Every job has been like a trip for me. Every time I feel a flash of inspiration, I'll continue my fashion journey."

Translation: Part-time jobs are everywhere, both domestically and internationally.

"Some roads are much longer than you think. Not only in the entertainment circle, but in other industries of the world as well. Travellers without patience and courage will never see their end. Half of this life is reality, and the other half is a dream. I know there will be a lot of pressure ahead, but no matter if I succeed or fail, the experience is always going to be unique. I'll cherish every chance I get."

Qin Guan applied his acting skills to the interview. He looked up to prevent tears from falling from his eyes.

Shao Xiaobing coughed pointedly. Could he be a sincere boy in nature?

Qin Guan closed his eyes and opened them again. The tears had

disappeared, but his face was shining. If Sister Xue had been there, she would have known that the bastard was about to play his best card.

"I keep looking for the most suitable role, but there is no recipe for success. Time and concentration are the only path, and integrity is the only necessity."

He looked at Shao unconsciously, giving him an honest smile. Then he turned around to express his gratitude to the journalist, who finished the interview in satisfaction.

Well done! I could be a speech-writer for party leaders!

Qin Guan stared at Shao, sighing in relief. It seems that I convinced him. My heartfelt speech and lies moved even him, the toughest man in the modelling circle.

Before leaving, the journalist told Qin Guan that his acquaintance, the Chief Editor, had invited him to her office.

Qin Guan nodded and bid Shao farewell. As he went out, he felt Shao stare at him in confusion.

For a long time, Shao was unable to make up his mind. The journalist brought him back to reality though, and he put on his symbolic gentle smile and sat in the same couch as Qin Guan.

Outside the room, Qin Guan turned around suddenly and stared

at Shao secretly. He could see his concentration clearly.

He watched Shao until the interview began. Then he left for the office of the Chief Editor to meet Yin Yan, who thought very highly of him.

# Chapter 198: What A Shame!

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Yi Yan was sitting behind her large desk in a colorful linen dress, reading magazines carefully. She passed them to Qin Guan after he took a seat on the couch.

They were all in foreign languages. VOGUE was in English, and ELLE and COSMOPOLITAN were in French.

Qin Guan looked up at Yin, waiting for an explanation.

Yin Yan massaged her eyebrows. "You know why ELLE chose me as the Chief Editor of its Asian version. I'm French-Chinese after all, and I have a systematic knowledge of the fashion industry. I graduated from a Fashion Editor School in France."

"The Asian version is separate from the original magazine, and I'm the director. The headquarters have acknowledged my work of taking China as the foothold of conquering Asia though."

"In the past two years, ELLE Asia has brought in 40% of the total income, creating more investing opportunities for ELLE in China."

"On the other side, our competitors have realized there's money to be made and they want to share it with us. VOGUE is a fashion magazine in the US, and COSMOPOLITAN is ELLE's main rival in France. They are all among the top five fashion magazines in the world."

"Here is some good news for you, Qin Guan. VOGUE is about to enter the domestic market, followed by COSMOPOLITAN. VOGUE has reached an agreement with our headquarters. We'll work together to drive COSMOPOLITAN out of the market. It's funny! They did this only because we were rivals."

"I am strongly against this agreement. I don't think we should cooperate with our rivals. The headquarters thought it would be okay to lend you to VOGUE for several issues though."

"So congratulations, Qin Guan! You have another contract with a top fashion magazine. Even if it's only the Asian version. Believe me, those American guys are much more shrewd than the French."  
"

Feeling awkward, Qin Guan said, "Sister, we are friends. Please stop beating around the bush. You're worried about me, aren't you? You're afraid they'll take me away with a higher salary."

"Yes," Yin Yan replied. "That's why I'm asking what your plan is."

Qin Guan leaned back against the couch, smiling happily. The flowers on the tea table seemed dull compared to his smile.

"Sister Yin, I'm not a green hand anymore. I won't say no to a job for anybody. That's the reality of the modelling circle. With enough popularity, a model can appear in all five top magazines at the same time, not just two. I suggest you change your future plans. Stop competing with Rayli. The Japanese are short-sighted."



A model cannot help everyone prevail in this situation."

"When the domestic fashion magazines come out, there will be fierce competition. All flowers will bloom at once, and you will be having a really hard time. Don't worry though, I'll never say no to you."

Qin Guan raised his eyebrows at Yin, casting a soft glance at her. Yin threw a small box fastened with a ribbon at his head and waved him away. "Go! Go! So much for this business! I don't want to hear your advice! This is a gift from f\*cking VOGUE! Take it and go to hell!"

Qin Guan caught the box, blinking at her. He retreated from the office quickly before she threw the scissors as well.

He opened the gift on his way to the parking lot. It must be an interesting guy who asks an opponent to hand over a gift. Yin Yan thinks she is facing a formidable enemy. Qin Guan was curious about the man.

When he got to the parking lot, he saw that there was a BOSS tie clip in the box. BOSS was considered the most rigorous fashion brand in Germany. He was so shocked by the gift that he posed like a pheasant, standing on one foot and shouting, "YES!"

A little girl standing nearby pulled at her mother's sleeve and pointed at Qin Guan. "Mum, is that big boy silly? Why is he posing like that?"

Her mother locked the car and turned around, only to see Qin Guan standing still in the parking lot. He was standing on one foot, his other foot curled up. His arms were both raised up above his head.

He looked like a thief sneaking around in the most exaggerated, cartoonish manner. Putting on a black mask would have worked better.

Holding her daughter's hand, the mother stared at Qin Guan's strange pose silently.

"I don't know, darling. We'd better not disturb him though. He might be a performance artist. I've heard that there are many artists like that in foreign countries."

"Really? So he just poses in an empty space? He could be pushed down among a crowd. He is so handsome!"

They both expressed their admiration of the artist. The capital is the center of the fashion industry. That's why we get to watch such an elegant performance!

They stared at Qin Guan and talked for a short while. Unable to bear the pain on his waist any longer, Qin Guan put his arms down.

The woman and the girl walked up to him with shining eyes. A small hand was stretched out towards him with a 10-yuan bill in it.

"Here you go, big brother. There's nobody left here. Have a rest while you wait for an audience!" The girl gave him the tip and waved at him happily. Then she left with her mother.

# Chapter 199: The Strict Chief Editor

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Although it was scorching summer, Qin Guan felt a cool breeze around his ankles. I'd better go. They thought I was a performer, but someone else might think I'm a beggar.

At home, Qin Guan put the elegant gift in its small container on the dressing table. He always felt like he was forgetting something in the summer. Working the next day would drive that thought out of his mind though.

In the evening, he replied to Bu Qinglu's email, typing with a single finger. It was something about accounts and statistics. In less than five minutes, Qin Guan had picked up two bugs and replied, drinking iced beer.

He had made a good beginning, so the work was as simple as drinking water for him.

Bu was sitting before his computer, lost in thought. He got Qin Guan's reply right away. All he had to do was pretend to be clever in front of the new accountant.

It was not the first time he would be doing it. The accountant was admiring him more and more by the minute. His reputation as a wise man was rising among the company.

He replied to Qin Guan's email with only one word, "Awesome!" Qin Guan was considering whether he could ask for a salary increase at an appropriate time.

The scorching summer was the worst in 100 years, and Qin Guan's car was experiencing obvious problems.

The air conditioner was in a bad condition, and the leakproofness of the carriage was not so good. Even if Qin Guan turned the air conditioner on to the maximum, he still couldn't feel cool in the car.

After a full 30 minutes, when it was finally cold inside, Qin Guan had already reached his destination.

Qin Guan wanted to change his car, but he was about to go abroad.

He got out of the car leisurely and observed the familiar building.

It was interesting to see VOGUE's headquarters just opposite the ELLE building.

Great! Maybe COSMOPOLITAN will build a building on the other side.

Qin Guan was taking pleasure in Yin's misfortune. He put the car key in his pocket and entered the building, wearing his Halley sunglasses.

The girl at the reception suppressed a scream. She called the

chief editor right away.

As an official fan, she knew everything about Qin Guan. She was different than his nymphomaniac fans in the entertainment circle.

She was also a queen of data, so she had gathered all information concerning Qin Guan.

Up to that point, Qin Guan had participated in 17 shows of different fashion brands, taken pictures for two magazines, and appeared in eight TV advertisements and five posters. He was also the ambassador of a brand.

The ordinary girl kept all this information in her mind.

As Qin Guan sat in a chair and listened to the girl recite his job history, he began to suspect that even Sister Xue wouldn't be able to provide the exact dates of his activities that fast.

Qu Xuemei, the chief editor of VOGUE, heard their dialogue by accident. She felt it was necessary for her to get a good look at ELLE's exclusive model and the clear-headed receptionist.

At the sound of her high heels, the girl suddenly stopped talking. She looked like a snake was staring at her.

Qin Guan watched the lady slowly walk up to him from behind the receptionist.

She was a slender woman, 170 centimeters tall. Even though it was blazing summer, she was wearing a stern grey suit and high heels. The collar of her shirt was buttoned up, and her hair was pinned in a meticulous bun behind her head.

The only accessory she was wearing was the golden chain hanging from her golden-framed glasses, swaying naturally next to her temples as she walked. The swaying chain made her look lively.

The keen girl realized who was behind her immediately and made a grimace.

Qin Guan couldn't help but burst into laughter.

Qu Xuemei stared at the model, who was wearing a tight white cotton T-shirt and dark blue jeans. His legs were slender. He was as pretty as a painting.

She blushed and coughed to cover up her awkwardness. "Qin Guan? My assistant will lead you to the dressing room in a bit and tell you about the do's and don't's of the shoot. Zhang Yuan, follow me."

Trembling in fear, the girl followed the chief editor. At the last moment, she turned around and cast a glance at her prince.

Bad luck! As long as I get a final glance though, I'll die without

any regrets.

The door was closed. Qin Guan could do nothing but pray to the gods for the girl. He headed to the assistant's room instead.

Interesting! Chief editors of fashion magazines are always experts on the fashion industry. They are hot, bold and unrestrained, filled with knowledge about art and advanced concepts.

This chief editor had exceeded his imagination though. Judging by her clothes and manner, she seemed like a self-disciplined, strict German woman.

She should be working on Wall Street.

I'm looking forward to this new magazine.

Before he could think more deeply about the problem, he was led into the dressing room.

There were three rows of mirrors inside. This must have cost a lot.



# Chapter 200: Black And White

---

The stylist opened his black suitcase, which had folded shelves.

What? What are you talking about? This is Japanese! Not Chinese!

Japan used to have the most advanced fashion industry among all Asian countries. Their fashion magazines held a great share in Asia.

The strict chief editor was pursuing perfectness in all aspects. Qin Guan had the impulse to give her a thumbs-up.

VOGUE had hired a male model for its first issue in China. It was a bold idea that ELLE dared not copy.

To meet the demands of their readers, most of whom were women, the covers of fashion magazines were mainly occupied by female models or actresses. Through their elegant style, professional, matching clothes and aesthetic shooting methods, their readers could experience the effect of top fashion magazines.

That was why clothing, bag and watch advertisements in magazines could promote sales. They were trend leaders, who could guide readers into pursuing a more fashionable style.

Therefore, a cover with a male model did not match ELLE's conservatism.

Qin Guan knew that he would have to take only one picture for the cover. After a series of fussy steps though, he was shocked.

The lenses were good, but the frames were bad. The chief editor of VOGUE had to be the most insane person in the industry.

This was not a man-oriented magazine, and the sales volume of the first issue would be enough to decide the fate of the chief editor and the whole continent.

The photographer was an American who had been sent in advance to make arrangements with the chief editor, and the prop master was French and filled with romantic ideas.

The cover would be a black-and-white picture, far different from the colorful covers of other magazines. Thus, the chief editor had set high standards for the photo, which had made the photographer and prop master quite nervous.

Tens of magazines would appear in newsstands and bookstores during the same period.

The magazines would be arranged in one line on the same shelf. The order was decided by the retailers according to their experience.

The nearer to the readers though, the better it was.

How could one publish the most striking magazine and attract readers at first glance? Extreme beauty was required!

France was called the fashion capital of the world for a reason. Their keenness and pursuit of beauty was too far ahead from other nations.

Qu's brave effort was not just about shooting a black-and-white cover, but also taking a close shot of Qin Guan's face.

It was a testament to photography as well as the model itself.

The prop master was prepared. He gave Qin Guan an elegant mask weaved with ancient mooring ropes. Lotuses were blooming on it, and there was a sense of harmonious conflict to it.

The mask covered Qin Guan's cheekbones, but exposed his beautiful eyes. His eyelids flapped down naturally, his long eyelashes covering his clear black pupils. His eyes looked really mysterious.

He lifted his jaw to expose his Adam's apple. His thin lips would tempt anyone to commit a crime.

It was a photo of high taste, quite different from the superstars of famous brands. The audience would admire Qin Guan's god-like beauty.

Qin Guan held the mask up for more than ten minutes, keeping

his body still. After countless small adjustments, the final version came out.

It had a literary, reminiscent style to it.

Qin Guan went to the dressing room with a stiff neck. The excited assistant put the photos on Qu's desk as soon as they were ready.

The receptionist was sitting outside the chief editor's suite.

Qu had assigned her to be her second secretary, so she was in charge of everything concerning Asian models.

It was like a god-sent gift!!

She was really glad, not just because of the salary and position, but also because this was the job of her dreams. From then on, she could file all the paperwork of famous models and hand in the final data. Her dream had come true.

The chief editor looked at the pictures and finally pointed at one of them. "Tell the publishing group that this will be the cover of our first issue."

Her assistant nodded silently and sent out the picture. The brave decision had come to a temporary close. They could only wait for the day of the release now.

Qin Guan went out of the fitting room and was hugged by the crew. They had been working in the industry for many years, yet they'd unexpectedly found a shining gem in a mysterious country.